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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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FEBRUARY
1912

PAUL JONES RAISING THE FLAG

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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CUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Man and misery are twins.
Patience is the art of hoping.
Misery is everywhere and so is happiness.
Fate gives us parents; choice gives us friends.
Men are the cause of women's dislike for each other.
When flattery is unsuccessful it is because of the flatterer.

We are no longer happy as soon as we wish to be happier.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.

One is very near being ungrateful when he weighs a service.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

One does not reason with his heart; he either breaks it, or yields to it.

The want of goods is easily repaired, but poverty of soul is irreparable.

Poverty destroys pride; it is impossible for an empty bag to stand upright.

The ideal man exists only in the mind of the woman who has never married.

No one perfectly loves God who does not perfectly love some of His creatures.

A woman is more influenced by what she guesses than by what she is told.

Women, cats and birds are the creatures that waste most time on their toilets.

Kidnapping a Bridegroom

By Elizabeth R. Carpenter

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Graham, a hustling young New Hampshire business man, registers at a New York hotel, and half an hour later in the evening, two strangers, who introduce themselves as Jacobs and Jones, call on him in his room. They address him as "my lord the Duke," and when Graham assures them that he is no duke and evidently not the person they are looking for, they insist that Graham is in fact the Duke of Charteris travelling under an assumed name. John Graham has just arrived from England. In spite of their pretended belief that he is the Duke, Graham is suspected of trickery and demands that they tell him their game. Thereupon, Jacobs explains that the unscrupulous stepfather of a certain beautiful young heiress in New York is desirous, for personal reasons, to marry her to the Duke of Charteris, expected to arrive that evening from Europe, and has promised them \$5,000.00 if they will get the Duke's consent. As the real Duke might be a difficult subject to handle as they propose to use Graham for bridegroom, as he resembles the Duke so closely that the stepfather is not likely to discover the imposture until after the ceremony and they have got their money for the job. Graham attempts to reach the bell button to summon help from the hotel office, but is stopped by a cocked revolver which Jacobs thrusts in his face. Graham sits down mind the that two men are not clever enough to make him offend against his will. Jacobs explains that he is Monsieur Dufault, the celebrated mesmerist, and that he intends to use his mysterious powers to get control of Graham's will and compel him to act the part of the Duke, and immediately begins working over Graham to accomplish his purpose. After a few passes Graham sinks back in his chair, his eyes assume a vacant stare, and he appears to be completely under control of the expert hypnotist. Jacobs tells him to forget the name of Graham and to remember only that he is the Duke of Charteris, about to marry Helen Winston, and as soon as the ceremony is over he is to sail with his bride for Geneva. Satisfied with the success of his experiment, Jacobs hurries Graham into a cab and Jones follows with Graham's baggage. They drive to an elegant residence where they find the stepfather with a clergyman, and the intended bride richly gowned for traveling. Everything seems in readiness and Jacobs insists on hurrying the ceremony as it is past eleven and he says there is just time to catch the steamer which sails at midnight. As they stand before the minister Graham's eyes meet those of the girl and he sees in them an expression of helpless appeal at first—then one of slowly dawning joy. Under his newly assumed name and character he is married, and at the close of the ceremony the bride signs her name "Helen G. Winston" in the marriage register; then Jacobs gives him his last cue to sign his name "John, Duke of Charteris, Glastonbury, England," but never doubting his complete control over his victim turns to attend to another matter while the bridegroom writes his name "John F. Graham, Canaan, N. H.," and closes the book. Jacobs rushes the bride and groom into an automobile, in which their baggage had already been deposited, and gives orders to drive them quickly to the North German Lloyd dock in Hoboken.

CHAPTER II.

THE car moved swiftly, easily over the smooth wet asphalt. For a time there was silence. The girl swathed in her heavy garments and furs, sat in the extreme corner of the ample seat, entirely lost to view in the darkness. John Graham was more distinctly ill at ease than ever before in his happy-go-lucky existence. His ready good nature and wit failed to help him now. He felt unspeakably uncomfortable and, yes he was compelled to admit it, shy. Yet above these new and novel sensations one desire predominated. More than anything else on earth, he wanted a smoke! He craved that soothing influence, and a smoke he must have. He leaned forward, "Madam—I wonder if I may—smoke?" "Certainly."

"Thank you." He pulled forth his cigarette case and in a moment drew a couple of long draughts. He began to feel decidedly better, almost sociable. Again he leaned a little forward. "Awful habit this—smoking. Makes a slave out of a fellow. It's downright pernicious. I'll lower the window this side just a crack, with your permission. So, how's that? Too cold?"

"No."

Another lengthy pause ensued and Graham

was racking his brains for another commonplace, when she spoke.

"Lord Charteris—?"

He turned swiftly. "You don't believe that, do you?"

She seemed to be considering the matter, and after a pause she said: "So I've been deceived; you are not a—Duke?"

"No more than I'm Pasha!"

"Ah!" After a moment he said softly, "I wonder where he is,—the real Duke?"

Graham laughed. "Lord knows. Probably arrived soon after I did. I hope the slight error discovered before those—dunderheads get their ransom."

"And so," continued the girl absently, "you were perhaps—not under the spell of—mesmerism?"

"No more than I am now! In fact not as much as I am now. Why—"

He fancied he heard a smothered laugh. "Then why on earth—"

"Listen!" he cried leaning forward and speaking rapidly. "It won't take long to make you understand. You know, of course, of the plans of those scoundrels. They came to my room, to fall in with their scheme. Well, I suddenly decided to meet them on their own ground, and be quits. I intended as soon as we reached your home to expose their villainy. If that failed to get me my liberty, I was prepared to fight tooth and nail for my freedom. But I calculated that the person would not be in their dastardly plot. I was going to appeal to him. I little dreamed of actually going through the marriage ceremony. As we stood in front of the minister, just as I was about to speak, I looked into your face—your eyes. I saw, not only your helplessness and your terror and your need of a friend, but I saw—prepare for a shock Miss Winston, I saw an old friend!"

"You say you were not under the power of mesmerism?" she asked in a puzzled voice.

"Not for one instant, although I fooled them both—"

"But then—I don't understand how you could have thought me an old friend."

"Miss Winston, will you let your memory hark back a while? Where were you three years ago?"

After a moment she replied, "Why, in New Hampshire; I was a junior at 'Hawarth'."

"So you were! I, too, was in New Hampshire, a senior at 'Canaan Law School'."

After a moment's silence he again strove to collect his disordered forces.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; s. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Outing Jacket

THIS empire style crocheted jacket is very much easier to put on than a sweater, so is especially comfortable for stout or elderly people. As pictured it was made of gray and black wool. Any color may be used.

The yoke is made up and down across the shoulders, in place of around the neck. It is started on the left side and the piece worked across the shoulder, then the back to it, then stitches added for the right shoulder and this worked, then on both sides inward more are added for the fronts.

In detail it is like this: Ch. 105, on this work 102 d. c. beginning on 4th ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. under each double, the crochet needle passing under from right to left around the double instead of on top of it. This makes a very heavy rib and every stitch in the yoke is made in this way, work ch. 3 on the end. Repeat this row until 9 ribs are complete (two rows make a rib). For fear of confusion mark the end where you started. The completed 9 ribs end on the opposite end.

For the back of yoke work up 42 stitches back and forth until 7 ribs are complete, finishing on the neck side.

For right shoulder add ch. 63, begin on 4th and work 9 complete ribs. Fasten off.



OUTING JACKET.

For right front piece fasten yarn on the 16th stitch up from the back yoke, ch. 3 and continue the ribs until four (or more if full bust) are made.

Make the left front to correspond. Begin the under arm yoke at the marked end and work 8 ribs on 16 stitches, join to the back yoke; this makes the armhole. Make the other to correspond.

Star and Dot

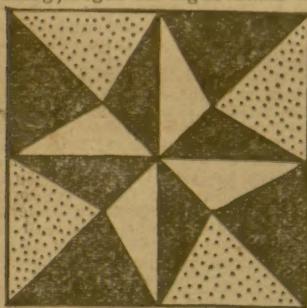
With the black yarn now make two rows of star and dot stitch around the neck for trimming; begin on right hand front and ch. 5, bring up a loop through each of ch. 4 and three through three rows.

Yarn over and draw through all the loops, yarn over and draw through one loop. This is to fasten and is the eye of the star. Now make a dot in the eye of the star. Draw the loop half an inch; (yarn over the

needle, take up a loop through eye of star), repeat this five times, which makes a very heavy dot; yarn over and draw through all the loops; yarn over and through one loop to fasten. This is eye of dot, and finishes the first stitch. The first stitch of every row is like it, only the foundation is different.

To make the second and all other stitches, do like this: Take up a loop on needle through eye of dot, one through the underside of dot, one through the lower part of star, and three through three rows. This makes seven on needle, and is now repeated from *, no dot being made with last star at end of row.

Ch. 1, a s. c. in eye of star, a s. c. in top of star, a s. c. in eye of dot. This makes



DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.
By Miss Viola Kruschke.

After this, to plan a border similar to the one shown, measure the width of your scarf carefully, and mark out the spaces to be drawn with a ruler, allowing from 2 1/2 to 3 inches space for the open work, according to how the space to be used can best be divided.

Draw all threads both ways and cut the corners carefully. Buttonhole all cut edges and divide the threads into groups by hemstitching. Then the pattern shown or any draw-work design can be used, and the corners filled with darned-in stars, butterflies or wheel.

MRS. E. L. KIMMEEY.

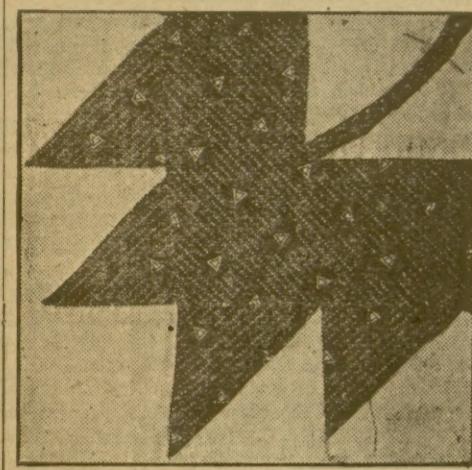
Original Patchwork Designs

Miss Viola Kruschke sent in the two attractive and easily made designs for working up light and dark calico or plain goods of two colors.

three s. c. over a stitch and must be made carefully, or when you work back you may not get your dots straight in a line up and down. To work the three s. c. over the next stitch, press the dot away from you to get to the eye of the star and make the s. c. not too loose, so it will not throw out the dot in relief. On the end stitch, to get the three s. c., make the last one in the chain used in the beginning. In the corners take up the loops on both

Patchwork Patterns

Either of these patterns, Lovers' Knot and Poplar Leaf are effective ways of working up calico scraps into attractive quilts. The Lovers' Knot can be made by seaming the different



POPLAR LEAF. By Jennie Benight.

pieces together or a square made of four pieces cut as shown, and the light pieces appliqued on afterwards. The Poplar Leaf pattern is an easy design to cut.

sides, three from a side, and draw together so the corner does not get full or ruffled. Repeat these two rows up both fronts, then on the bottom of yoke and to the short sleeve which are made of 9 ribs running around the armhole. The joining of the sleeve is made in the center of the under armpiece and is worked back and forth to make the rib.

For the flounce to the yoke and sleeves begin on the wrong side for the first row. Fasten on end and ch. 4 (a d. c. in 2nd s. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 2 1 s. c. in next 2nd s. c., ch. 2, a s. c. in next 2nd s. c., ch. 2), repeat this for the length; try and end with the two d. c. in same place.

2nd row.—Ch. 4* (a shell of 2 d. c. with ch. 2 between into the space made by the 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2 and 1 s. c. on top of d. c.), now roll shell of four roll stitches over 10 times under the ch. 2 between the 2 s. c. in first row, fasten on next d. c., ch. 2), * repeat from * to * and end with open shell.

3rd row.—Ch. 4* (2 d. c. with ch. 2 between into the space made by previous 2 d. c., ch. 2 and 1 s. c. along side of the roll shell, ch. 2 and 1 s. c. on other side of the shell, ch. 2), * repeat from * to * the entire length. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until jacket and sleeves are as long as desired and with last row make five chain picots with every ch. 2 in open shells and at the end of three of the four roll stitches.

Make a stand-up collar of two rows of star and dot stitch, the same as little black yoke and other trimming.

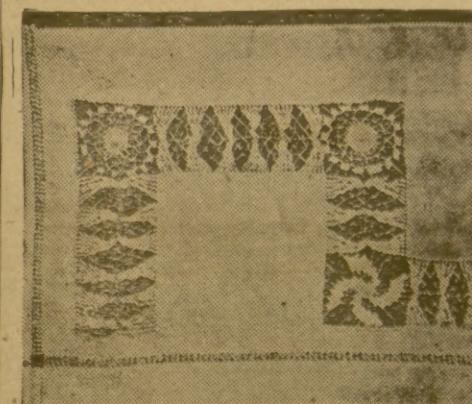
Face the yoke on both sides with black ribbon and sew on small black hooks and eyes for the closing.

This jacket was designed for a lady 36-inch bust, but will do for several inches either way owing to its elastic yoke.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Drawnwork Scarf

A piece of white or natural linen should first be cut by a thread the desired size, hemmed planned, threads drawn and then hemstitched all around.



DRAWNWORK SCARF. By Mrs. E. L. Kimmey.

After this, to plan a border similar to the one shown, measure the width of your scarf carefully, and mark out the spaces to be drawn with a ruler, allowing from 2 1/2 to 3 inches space for the open work, according to how the space to be used can best be divided.

Draw all threads both ways and cut the corners carefully. Buttonhole all cut edges and divide the threads into groups by hemstitching. Then the pattern shown or any drawn-work design can be used, and the corners filled with darned-in stars, butterflies or wheel.

MRS. E. L. KIMMEEY.

Gilpin Lace

Chain 20.

1st row.—Skip 3, 6 d. c. in next 6 sts., ch. 6, skip 6, 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2 skip 2, 1 d. c. in next ch. 5, 1 s. c. in last st., ch. 20.

2nd row.—8 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, catch in 3rd st. of 8 d. c., repeat, making 3 spaces, 8 d. c. under each ch. 5, this makes one scallop, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—8 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. on second d. c. of last row, ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—8 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5 fasten end of 4th row, 8 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5 catch in 3rd d. c., make 2 more chs. 5, turn and under each ch. 5 work 8 d. c., sl. st. back along the edge of 1 1/2 scallops or 12 double crochet. Ch. 5 catch between second and third scallop of last completed scallop, ch. 6 catch between the second and third scallops of first scallop, ch. 5, catch in 5th d. c. or center of first scallop. This joins the two scallops, turn and work 4 s. c. under last ch. 5, 1 tr. c. under first ch. 5, this makes line parallel with ch. 6, under this tr. c. work 8 d. c., then 4 s. c. under ch. 5, slip st. around scallop.

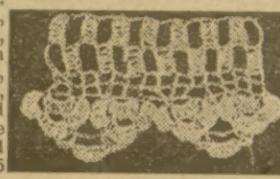
6th row.—Ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—Same as 4th row.

9th row.—Same as 5th row, and so on.

HATTIE THOMPSON.



GILPIN LACE.

Crocheted Driving Coat

Light gray wool trimmed with border of dark gray was used in this crocheted coat, but other combinations or a single color would answer.

This coat is started on the left-hand shoulder and the front worked to the under arm; next the right-hand front which laps over is made also to the under arm. After this the back is worked on these fronts with additional stitches between the fronts for the neck; this piece is also worked to the under arm. Now the skirt part is worked back and forth until as long as desired.

Left-hand front.—Ch. 34, on this work 10 stars and 9 dots as per star and dot stitch direction given on this page.

2nd row.—Ch. 1 to turn (a single crochet in eye of a star, a s. c. in star, a s. c. in eye of dot), repeat this to the end of the row. Always push the dots over away from you to the right side; this makes them stand out in relief. There must always be 3 s. c. to a star and dot, so this row has 30 s. c., the last one is made in the edge of first star.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, this is made like first row, only now you have s. c. for the foundation in place of chains. There are 10 stars and 9 dots in the row.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—Same as 3rd row. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until 12 rows are made. The 12th is the row of s. c., in this add ch. 19 at the end for under the chin.

13th row.—On the ch. 19 work 5 stars and 5 dots and across as before; 15 stars and 14 dots in the row.

14th row.—Single crochet across, with ch. 7 on the end for an increase of 1 star and 1 dot; this is for the double breast.

15th row.—Sixteen stars and 15 dots in the row.

16th row.—Same as 14th row.

17th row.—Seventeen stars and 16 dots in the row.

18th row.—Same as 14th row.

19th row.—Eighteen stars and 17 dots in the row.

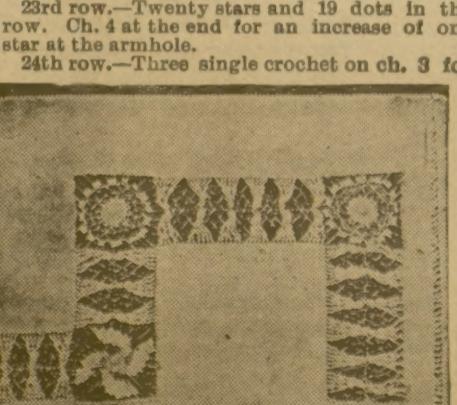
20th row.—Same as 14th row.

21st row.—Nineteen stars and 18 dots.

22nd row.—Same as 14th row.

23rd row.—Twenty stars and 19 dots in the row. Ch. 4 at the end for an increase of one star at the armhole.

24th row.—Three single crochet on ch. 3 for



LOVERS' KNOT. By Mrs. Gertie H. Wilson.

dots in the row.

16th row.—Same as 14th row.

17th row.—Seventeen stars and 16 dots in the row.

18th row.—Same as 14th row.

19th row.—Eighteen stars and 17 dots in the row.

20th row.—Same as 14th row.

21st row.—Nineteen stars and 18 dots.

22nd row.—Same as 14th row.

23rd row.—Twenty stars and 19 dots in the row. Ch. 4 at the end for an increase of one star at the armhole.

24th row.—Twenty-three stars and 22 dots in the row. Fasten off.

Right-hand front.—Make the first 11 rows like the left-hand front. At the end of the 11th row ch. 16 for under the chin. Work back with s. c. The 13th row will have 15 stars and 14 dots.

This front must be exactly as the other only that the increasing is done on different sides. To make the increase of the one star in the front use ch. 4 and use the s. c. over, and under the arm use ch. 7 to make the star.

Back yoke.—Ch. 24 sts. between the two front yoke pieces for the nape of the neck. Fasten

on the right side and work 28 stars and 27 dots on the shoulder pieces and the ch. 24. Work backward and forward on this until there are 11 star and dot rows, which is deep enough for yoke. Now ch. 8 from one yoke to the other for the under arm. After this you work back and forth until long enough. If for a very full-breasted person with large hips increase occasionally under the arm where it is the least noticeable, prepare for it in the row of singles by working twice in one place three times in succession, this will make an extra three stitches for a star. If found necessary to increase frequently then do not do it always in the same place but move backwards or forwards, this will prevent making a point on the edge.

Make as long as desired with the gray and for a trimming use the dark gray for last two rows of star and dot.

Sleeves.—Use dark gray for the first two rows. Start in the armhole where the sleeve seam comes in a dress and work 28 stars and 25 dots in the round, join to first star, work back on wrong side with the s. c. One more round of dark gray, then five rounds of light gray without any decrease. After this decrease one star every third round to the wrist. To decrease, in the single row skip three stitches in succession near the joining, this makes one star less. For the last two rows again use the dark.

Around the neck make a little yoke of the dark using two rows of the star and dot stitch. In the corners, to turn, leave off the dot and make a star on both sides in succession. For the collar work straight across the corners without missing the dot, make three rows, more or less as required.

Border

A Few Words by the Editor

AT a recent trial in New York of some score or more of commission men who were found guilty of conspiring together to raise the price of poultry, it developed that six different prices were tagged against the homely but all necessary chicken in its eventful journey from producer to ultimate consumer. Four, and we might add, five at least of these six charges, which of course the ultimate consumer has to pay, were paid to men who perform no useful service whatsoever, either to the producer or the consumer, and certainly not to the chicken. These charges were, in fact, made by mere industrial highwaymen, who had projected themselves into the poultry business, simply with the idea of robbing both producer and consumer.

The case was tried before a real, live judge, who has no corporate strings attached to him, and the poultry pirates were heavily fined, and packed off without further ceremony to jail, to the intense consternation of the pirates themselves, and to the astonishment of the good (?) citizens of New York, who never expect to see anyone go to jail that has money or Tammany influence back of him.

The high cost of living is the greatest problem before the American people today. Next to lowering the present iniquitous tariff and the proper curbing of the trusts, the greatest means of reducing the price of the necessities of life and the high cost of living lies in bringing into the closest possible relation to each other, the producer and consumer of life's essentials.

Butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, bread, fish and meat, these are the articles we all require, and which form the largest part of both the rich and the poor man's means of subsistence, and these articles should pass freely, without let or hindrance from producer to consumer, without any interruption or any taxation from the sharks and parasites found in every avenue of commerce, and especially numerous in those channels of trade through which all articles of food travel from farm to table.

If our state representatives had the welfare of the people at heart, instead of the welfare of the interests, and if you, the people, elected real men to represent you, instead of politicians with financial axes to grind, we would see our legislators bending every energy towards perfecting plans by which producer and consumer could be brought into the closest relationship with one another.

We have chambers of commerce galore all over the land, but all these bodies apparently do, is to eat a number of dinners yearly, dispense platitudes, and work always for the

interests of the middlemen and those thoroughly well able to take care of themselves.

As an instance of what we want in this country, the writer wishes to draw your attention to the public-spirited action of the present Mayor of Indianapolis. Finding that commission men had cornered the potato market in the city over which he presides, the Mayor promptly telegraphed to Michigan for several car loads of potatoes which he sold at cost to the housewives and citizens generally. The food pirates were soon in a panic, and prices began to tumble instantly.

What a pity we have not a few millions of such men as this public-spirited Hoosier Mayor. It takes only initiative and civic spirit to outwit commercial pirates, but, alas! these qualities are sadly lacking in our public men.

It may astonish our readers to know that a bushel of potatoes sold by a farmer on Long Island for twenty-five cents brought \$2.50 when it reached New York, a few miles away. These potatoes passed through four hands before they reached the final purchaser. In New York City, people pay nine and ten cents a quart for milk. For this milk the up-state farmer receives from two and one-half to three cents a quart. Allowing three cents for transportation and distribution, there remains some three cents to be accounted for, and these three cents are filched from the pocket of the consumer.

This plundering of the consumer in the course of the year, on milk alone, would amount to between eleven and fifteen dollars for each family in the city of New York, or a tax of some fifteen million dollars yearly levied on the entire city population—and this on one of life's necessities only.

With a view to remedying this deplorable state of things fifty Pennsylvania farmers recently visited New York, to see if they could not devise some means of getting their products directly to the consumers of the great metropolis, for the mutual benefit of both. The Pennsylvania farmer found that the chicken for which he received twenty-five cents, sold in the city for a dollar. The farmers found that sheep for which they received \$3.50 each, sold in New York for \$12.00. Hay for which they were paid \$10.00 a ton, the city purchaser paid \$36.00. Potatoes for which the farmers were glad to get fifty cents a bushel, cost the consumer from \$1.50 to \$3.50, the larger price being exacted from those small purchasers, who bought only a quart at a time. Butter worth about twenty cents in the country, in New York brought forty-five cents a pound. Eggs for which the farmer received from fifteen to twenty

cents a dozen, were being retailed for forty-five cents, and these eggs are never strictly fresh. The farmers declared that the commission men and the cold storage sharks are as thick as thieves and work together. Chickens which were purchased in the summer at from twenty to thirty cents apiece, and which might have been sold to the hungry hordes of the great city at a good profit at fifty cents, were put in cold storage, thus creating a summer poultry famine, making prices exorbitantly high, and were held until winter for still higher prices.

Thus the consumer not only has to pay high prices for everything he consumes, but he seldom if ever gets anything strictly fresh. All he eats is months old. Thus are the people robbed and the public health undermined that food pirates may flourish and grow rich at the expense of a long suffering public.

The Secretary of Agriculture reports that on most farm products, the consumer pays three times as much as the farmer receives. Now, what does that mean? It means this, that out of every big silver dollar that the poor man hands out for the necessities of life, no less than sixty-seven cents of it is appropriated by the middlemen who reap without sowing, fattening on the toil of others, thus making the problem of existence for both producer and consumer a cruelly hard one.

The whole thing is an outrage. It is an outrage against the rich as well as the poor, but the rich can bear the burden while the poor man cannot. There is no reason on earth why the agriculturists of the nation should not combine and maintain depots and markets in all cities, both large and small, and through the hands of their paid agents distribute their products to the consumer, at about half what the consumer now pays, thus ridding commerce of pirates and parasites, lowering the cost of living, making life more bearable for the masses, and greatly adding to the profits of the producing farmer. With a parcel's post, both the consumer and producer would be freed from many of the extortionate taxes of the middle man, while the honest merchant, who renders real-service to the community, would suffer no loss whatsoever.

Our country readers should study this matter, and by combination and cooperation seek to gather in the profits which now go to those who pretend to engage in trade but are really engaged cornering the market and forcing the price to the producers down and the price to the consumer up.

Comfort's Editor.

A Valentine by Wireless *By William S. Birge, M. D.*

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FEBrUARY along our Atlantic coast is a month of storms. Fierce nor'easters, roll up huge, combing seas athwart the Gulf Stream upon far reaching reefs off Hatteras and other projecting capes. Then, before the fogs drawn from that warm breathing current cease to hide danger, mayhap the mercury falls as the gale shifts westerly. The freezing lookouts on steamer's bridge, or schooner's fo'castle, face blinding blizzards of snow and ice scarcely less dangerous and infinitely more uncomfortable.

Usually a brief lull marks ominous intermission between these wintry changes. On board the big liner Dorinda, ploughing northward midway of the broadening "Gulf," one of these short intermissions began while Second Officer Goodwill, on the bridge, staring through his night glass, heard the call of his "wireless" operator from his little cabin on the high deck under neath.

"Can't make it out," he muttered, peering at the falling mercury which indicated the approaching gale off shore. "Fog's too thick to see the light, I guess. We may be too far out to hear the bell, but—I hardly know. That sound—if it was a sound, comes from the wrong direction, or—the ship's compass is wrong."

Again came the impatient summons from below. "Oh! Mr. Goodwill. Please come down a moment if you can. It's after twelve. I want to send that message. The Ethelinda must be within our radius if she has kept outside the 'Gulf' going south."

"What message? Can't come. Is it important?"

"It is the 14th. Have you forgotten, Mr. Goodwill?"

"Confound you, Bland!" The second officer was provoked. "What do you mean by bothering me about nothing. I am alone just now. Send whatever you want, and—watch out for the lightship's signals. If we can't see nor hear yet, we may later on. Nor'wester brewing off Kittyhawk."

Goodwill, still annoyed, slammed the bridge enunciator into its socket, and again turned his night glass in the direction from which, a few minutes before, he had heard—or thought so—that muffled echo from "the wrong direction."

Meanwhile young Bland, in his little wireless closet, was calling a sister ship of the line, then supposed to be somewhere eastward within one or two hundred miles, well on her way from New York to the West Indies. For a time no answer came, and Phil Bland wondered if that northeastern storm center could have seized the Ethelinda in a fiercer grip and hurled her tremendous steel bulk, further on her course, out of the narrower limit of "wireless" connection, on this stormy eve of good old St. Valentine.

While the young operator still waited, a treacherous tapping in the receptor began. At first Bland almost doubted that its cause could be owing to human agency, so faint a palpitation ensued. A mere fluttering, like the rustle of wings athwart one's senses, rather than one's ears.

"That is not the Ethelinda—" he began. "Yet it may be some new fellow; not Jack." The vibration ceased. Impatient, Phil again sprang his call into the company's private code. "That you Ethelinda? What's the matter? Where are you, Jack? Sounds like someone else."

No one answered; or seemed to. Still more impatient, Bland pressed hard upon his key, until hiss and crash, the great, blue, dull flame leaped strongly across the spark-gap; and the Dorinda's call, for the third time, shot from eighty foot aerials into the bellowing darkness of that storm-thrashed ocean. At this instant, while Bland was waiting for Jack's answer (Jack was another operator, supposed to be on the Ethelinda), Second Officer Goodwill called down from the bridge:

"What is the matter down there? Who are you calling? Do you get any reply? If so, where from?"

"Hold on just a moment, sir," came through the tube from young Bland, and Goodwill, not unwise as to the uncertain circumference of range on such a night, waited. In a minute, from Bland again. "Someone is calling, sir. May be the Ethelinda; but if so, something is wrong. Do you know just where she is, in reference to our position?"

But that Goodwill, of course, could only infer.

He had again heard that half-smothered sound—from the "wrong direction" which simulated breakers, yet could not be. Why? Well, the nearest breakers eastward from that Carolina coast were off Bermuda, hundreds of miles away.

At this juncture the other officer on watch returned to the bridge, and Mr. Goodwill went down for a moment to see what Bland was at.

To say the truth the veteran second mate of the Dorinda was puzzled. This was no earthquake region, nor one unknown—in a sea-sense. The shoals off Hatteras and the ocean floor along our North Atlantic coast are as well charted as any land area near our greater cities.

Moreover, despite the well-known lighthouse on

the Dorinda ought to be. He was less sure but reasonably confident of the eastward position of the Ethelinda, providing that this southbound steamship was—nautically speaking—on time. And finally, the fog, ever brewing over the Gulf Stream, was already thinning out before he left the bridge. Only the cold nor'wester, coming off shore, could be the cause of that.

Why, therefore, could they neither see the light off Kittyhawk, nor get an answer from the Ethelinda? Or in fact, seem to see, hear or feel anything beyond the ordinary storm-sounds of the sea which sailorwise sense could make head or tail of? Phil Bland, when Goodwill appeared, had his receivers fastened over his ears, and was

two pencilled messages, at the same time keeping his attention upon the resonator which indicates an incoming dispatch.

The Second Officer read the first. "If I O you, do you O me? Are you my valentine? If you don't O me, as I O you, will you ever O to be mine? Phil to Jack."

"What folly is this?" Goodwill scowled but Bland was still listening; so the other passed to the second message, that ran as follows: "I am not Jack. Who are you, Phil? You're boozed with love or wine. Go east, not west—Phil, Jack or Jill; or you'll miss my Valentine."

By this time Goodwill was thoroughly angry. "On a night like this such nonsense passes endurance," he exploded. "Be good enough to instantly explain. Valentines by wireless off Hatteras, may mean putting this ship inside Deadman's Bight."

This is a specially out-reaching shoal a dozen miles from land, with a southerly entrance which, while offering apparent safety, is sure to lead the doomed ship to destruction beyond, especially in thick weather.

One of the electric bell buoys had for months clanged out a muffled warning here. Also, further northeast, the second light-ship had been assigned a place. The absence of either light, or any explainable sounds, was one cause of the second officer's nervous irritation. He turned to one of the tubes leading from the wireless operator's table, to order the captain to be called, but Phil stopped him.

"I believe it is the Ethelinda, sir. But I am getting these through someone else. I feel sure of that."

Goodwill paused, mouthpiece in hand. "What do you mean?" he curtly demanded. "Be quick about it, too."

"I think the Ethelinda is too far off to reach us on such a night; but someone nearer—or between us, has repeated and answered for both."

"Strange we neither hear the buoy, nor see that nearest light—"

A call came from the tube from the bridge. "Well—what is it?" replied Goodwill, irritably, "want me?"

"It is clearing fast, sir," came the hollow voice of the man left on watch. "I am sure we catch the flash of the Cape light now."

"How does it bear with our present course?" Eagerly this, from Goodwill.

While this was going on Bland rapidly made some changes in the first of the penciled messages that had excited the second officer's ire.

"I don't like it at all, Harris," shouted back Goodwill. "Either that light is from the first or old light-ship north of Kittyhawk, or we are bearing too much to the north."

"Can't mistake the Cape light, sir. And we are not yet in sight of the first light-ship. Shall we bear more east, sir?"

"Yes, but wait until I call the Captain," which Goodwill did, then and there. He was about to return to the bridge himself, when Bland pushed forward the corrected messages, saying:

"Suppose you read this again, sir." Goodwill glowered at the lad.

"Mr. Bland," began he, sternly—then his eyes fell on the corrected lines. The frown gradually turned to a sort of amused wrinkle, while Phil himself, read over his Valentine with corrections.

"If I sign for 'cipher' (0) you, do you sign for 'cipher' (0) me? Are you my Valentine? If you don't sign for 'cipher' (0) me, as I sign for (0) you; will you ever sign for (0) to be mine? Phil to Jack."

Pointing to the reply, already given, Bland said: "One thing that made me think the Ethelinda is sending to us through an intermediary, is that this chap, whoever or whatever he is, did not catch on to the cipher part. That is one of my own tricks in enigmatic valentining."

"Who or what can the other craft be?" gloomed Goodwill perplexedly.

"I asked that, sir, while you were talking to the bridge." Bland put out a third penciled message, replying to his own query.

"Who are we, Phil, Jack—whatever you are? Oh, well—we are the Merry H—l, broke loose, if you don't sign for EAST—sharp, you'll catch it, where you are, in short order."

"He seems to be a merry joker for a night like this, sir," added Bland. "I can't make him out. He said he was barely in touch with the Ethel-

Your Mission

This beautiful and inspiring old song is said to have been Lincoln's favorite.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows, laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them, as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley, while the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure, as they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver, ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted, o'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple, sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent, you can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting for some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess, she will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard, do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor, you can find it everywhere.

that dangerous cape, there was a light-ship still further out along the Kittyhawk shoals, with more than one electric buoy which the keepers on board were supposed to look after. Of late anouncement had been made of a second light-ship to be placed still further southeastward miles from the first, and double that distance from the Hatteras Light itself. Wireless equipments are now on everyone of these dangerous listening—listening. On the boy's face was an intent, wrapt expression, almost painful.

"Well Bland," said the second officer, "what do you hear? Is it the lighthouse folks answering, or our own people due east?"

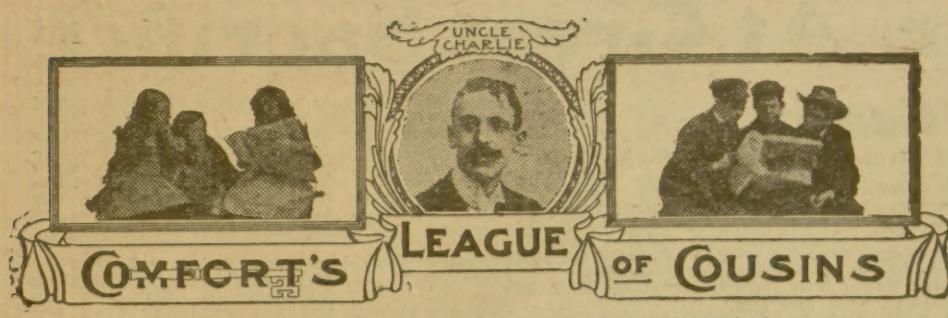
"I can't make it out, sir. It comes from the east. I've just made out that. But it isn't the Ethelinda."

"How do you know—yet?"

"When I first heard them, they seemed scared or nervous. Couldn't make them out as I told you. Then, on a venture, I sent my Valentine message. I knew Jack would understand that; but it don't work, somehow."

"How is that? You must be plainer with me." Goodwill, vaguely anxious, was preparing to leave, when Bland pushed along the little table

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HERE we are again in the same old place. Hop up on my lap. If there is no room on my lap, sit on my collar button, but please don't fall down my back as it tickles. Talking of collar buttons reminds me that I have not used one of these articles in fifteen years, nor a pair of pants either. This is a month of anniversaries. Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays occurred this month, and fifteen years ago on the third of this month, I went to bed and have remained there ever since, which naturally is a more important event to me than the birthdays of the two great men previously mentioned.

One hundred and seventy-nine years ago, Washington was born, and 141 years ago he decided that the American people should own and run their own country to suit themselves, which is a heap sight more than they do today. Washington was the father of his country and the leader of his people. He fought against taxation without representation and won out. Today we need a leader, another George Washington, a new "white hope," who will hand a knock out punch to the American tyrants, who have sprung up by the scores, and who make the one king we had to contend with, poor old ossified King George, look like a four flusher. I need only refer to a few of our American tyrants. You know them well enough, this American royal family of ours; Kings Steel, Coal, Meat, Sugar, Oil and others, for it is they who tax everything we eat and wear to the limit. Don't you think that George Washington would be astounded if he were to come back to life and see the condition of things in this country today. We find some ninety millions of people allowed a vote, but having practically no say in the government of their own country. Ninety millions of people taxed to the limit of endurance by our royal family of trust kings, who control legislation, appoint judges and other officials, and hold the government and too often the courts in the hollows of their hands. Oh, surely George would be highly edified if he saw things as they are today the old iniquitous system of taxation without representation which he fought, as rampart as ever. He would of course be astounded at the tremendous energy and genius of the people he had freed from the thralldom of Britain. The development of the country would astonish him, but he would wonder how a people possessed of such energy, determination and genius, could allow the government to pass from their hands into the hands of an arrogant plutocracy. He would wonder that such a people could be such supine sheep as to allow themselves to be enslaved the second time by foes within instead of without. He would do one of two things—return to the better land from whence he came, in disgust, or call for his trusty sword, and can't I just see him chasing Lorimer and the sweet-scented bunch that make it possible for this same Lorimer to sit in the Senate. Can't I, and can't you, see him chasing the lobbyists, and jabbing them as they ran. Again we can see him scouring the wretches who adulterate the food of the nation the interests that were so busy trying to throw Dr. Wiley out of office, so that they could poison us without interference; chasing, too, the wretches who have banished wool from our clothing and garbed the whole nation in shoddy; smiting the fiends who buy up the food of the land when it is cheapest, keep it in cold storage until it is putrid, and then when provisions are scarce, force the workers to pay ruinous prices for it or starve. Would not George wave his trusty sword over the heads of the rum-sellers and white slave demons who traffic in women; the heartless employers of child labor, and the other malefactors who have piled up great wealth by sucking the life-blood out of the masses, in order that a pampered few may revel in luxury and live vulgarly and riotously. Dr. Rutledge Rutherford estimates that 250,000 children were killed last year from eating chemically treated food and candy, and now they are even painting green oranges with yellow poison to make them appear eatable. Don't for a moment think that I have tried to make a lot of smoke without having a good fire underneath. I can give you the facts and make good any statement that I make. When I talk of political rotteness, I mean just that much. Nearly two thousand men pleaded guilty to selling their votes in one county in Ohio recently. The judge who tried these cases said this condition was not peculiar to his county alone, but the same thing prevailed all over the state. The people today in scores of communities have nothing on their politicians in the way of corruption. Corruption began at the top and has filtered down to the masses below. Let me quote these words from a current magazine: "The buying and selling of votes has had its fruit in the state wide betrayal of the people of Ohio and in the lasting disgrace of that commonwealth. An investigation set on foot last spring has proved that the present legislature is the most hopelessly corrupt body of public looters that ever disgraced Ohio or any other state. Already the nineteen indictments against members of the House and Senate and employees thereof for soliciting and accepting bribes—for selling their political birthrights, for bargaining openly, brazenly, flagrantly with the representatives of privilege—have been returned by a Franklin Co. (Columbus) grand jury, and there is little doubt that an additional score of indictments will yet be found."

This is the way one state is run, and it is pretty much the same all over. So you see after George Washington had punished the oppressors of the masses, he would need to give the people a thorough good spanking too. It is useless for a nation to progress in material things; unless it progresses in character, honesty, probity, rectitude and honor. Corruption in high places has become so common, so much the rule, that it has leaked down through every stratum of our national fabric, until it has reached and demoralized the masses of our people. It is not a case of republicans buying democratic votes and vice-versa, but something worse and more alarming, for today tens of thousands of our people simply will not vote at all unless they are paid. It is a terrible exhibition of national degeneracy. Contrast this exhibition of moral turpitude with the superb example set by the glorious father of our country, the incorruptible George, who would not accept one penny for the services he rendered his country during the long and terribly trying struggle with Great Britain. To the one Benedict Arnold we had then, we have a million today. All of you should study the life and character of George Washington. He would not impose on anyone, he could not tell a lie and he would not be dishonest, he would not steal, and he loved his country so much that he would

not ask one red cent for saving its national life from extinction. We need another Washington today. One who will lead the people as Moses did of old, up and out of the quagmires of corruption and poverty, indifference and slothfulness in which they are now wallowing pitifully, inspiring them with the George Washington brand of patriotism, that makes bribe takers into men, men into heroes, heroes into gods. The George Washington brand of patriotism alone can give the masses of the people the strength and courage to take back the government of the country into their own hands, to put an end to taxation without representation, and set about a national house cleaning and general purification that will make them worthy of the glorious country they inhabit, and of the great and heroic soul who gave this nation birth, and made our national existence possible.

The best valentine you can send to sweetheart, relative or friend, is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, the greatest book of funny verse ever published. This matchless book is in a class by itself; 160 pages of glorious fun, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth. Send in a club of four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this beautiful book is yours free of cost.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is another perfect valentine. Twenty-eight gems of mirth, melody and sentiment, complete for both voice and piano, for only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. The photographs of Uncle Charlie on this superb song folio are alone worth a club of two. These, COMFORT's star premiums count towards your grand cash prizes. Work for them today. They will make the long evenings around the fireside joyous ones for you. Now for the letters.

MANKER, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am what old fogies term an "old maid," although I am not old maidish. Do not nurse a dog, or sleep with the cat. However, I nurse my aged mother, and invalid brother, also nursed my father through ten years illness, he having passed away a few years ago. I still miss his dear, kind old face. We live on a farm in the hills and I get very lonely at times. I never spent two weeks in the city in my life, hence I am quite a "greenie." When my friend (from the city) visited me, she laughed at my hair, because I hadn't two or three "rats" done up in it, and a half dozen Chinese queues piled on top. Now Uncle dear, I want your advice. Do you think it strictly proper, that I should wear those traps? Kindly insert a request in COMFORT that some of its readers will contribute to help me get them. As I should be financially embarrassed, if I attempted to purchase them for as near as I can determine, it will require about two bushels of hair, to bring my head up to the most popular size; for I will confess to you uncle, that I am rather small in the upper story. Thanking you in advance for the advice, should you grant it, will close for the present. Will tell you about our "hen-coop" later.

MISS LIDA L. J. (No. 33,586.)

I am only too glad to express my opinion on the subject of false hair and rats. The women who put hair mattresses on their cocoanuts, are about on a par with, that is to my humble way of thinking, the South Sea Islander and the Zulu, who put rings through their noses, and make their wool stand up straight, like a bunch of miniature telegraph poles. We can understand savages doing these things, because they don't know any better, but civilized women do know



COUSIN MILFORD BOWEN (13), 10 SOUTHMONT AVE., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

better, and ought to have more sense than to put a bunch of horse hair and dead Chinamen's pigtail on heads which God Almighty never intended for any such barbaric defilement. A woman's head is supposed to be the seat of her intelligence, her brain; and nature has, in the majority of cases, made that head beautiful, and covered it with hair, which is, as a rule, woman's crowning glory. Why any sane woman should want to stuff a lot of pig's hair, frog's wool, horses' whiskers and dead Chinamen's pigtail on the top of her head, Heaven above knows, for I don't. To contemplate a woman with her head as big as a bushel basket at night, and then see her crawling down to breakfast next morning with a cranium as big as a Boston bean, is certainly enough to give one palpitation of the liver pad. A lady informs me that she has to wear puffs because big hats are in style. That is all rot for I know two or three young ladies with



From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.

"The Center of Population"

A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—U. S. Census Bulletin.

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

It is the point which can be reached with "the minimum aggregate travel," by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

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sense and character, who have never worn rats or puffs, and who would not, under any circumstances put any mattresses on their heads. These girls have very pretty, small hats, hats that are infinitely more becoming than those enormous contraptions that are anchored with umpteen stenches long pins, daggers, harpoons, skewers, swords, or whatever you like to call them, to heads upholstered with mountainous masses of hog's wool and horse's feathers. I was informed the other day that one had better be dead than out of style. I replied to the lady who told me that, that she had better be dead than in style. She sat down in a chair at the foot of my bed, abstracted a harpoon from her bewhiskered Chinese graveyard, and placed her hat, which was as big as a circus tent, with a sigh of satisfaction, on my lounge. As she talked the sun streamed in through the window onto that mountain of puffs and rats, on which the wind had blown all the dust of the streets, for by the way it was a windy day. In the sunlight I could see Billy Microbe and Jimmy Germ playing tag on the pig's wool and horse's feathers that surmounted what God Almighty intended to be an intelligent head. Either in taking off her hat or in buffeting the fierce gales out of doors, her Pike's Peak of puffs and rats had flopped over about three yards to the starboard, and I expected every moment to see the whole, fuzzy, wuzzy, microbe mass of horse hair and pig's wool, flop with a crash on to the floor of my chicken coop. Thank heaven the horrible mass held on, until finally the lady departed to my intense joy, and took her microbe, heathenish head furniture with her. Now, girls cut out the rats and puffs. Your head never looks prettier than when adorned solely with your own hair. For God's sake be natural. Be yourselves. Do you know that there is a terrible plague raging in China? Everyone who gets that plague dies dead in a few hours. Not one living soul who has ever got it has escaped. It is reported that the queues are being cut from the heads of the plague victims, fumigated, sterilized and shipped to Europe. Some of the false hair on your head may have been taken from a plague victim. Only the other day a girl in Michigan contracted a horrible scalp disease from wearing false hair. This disease turned out to be that dreadful scourge—leprosy. She will have to linger in agony for years, and then die alone. Another thing scientists say, that if women continue to smother their scalps with all sorts of abominations cut from dead humans or dead animals, the whole sex will soon go bald. This means that the false hair junk on a woman's head, heats the scalp and interferes with the circulation, and will eventually, make womankind bald. It is all rubbish to think you will be considered eccentric, if you don't follow the fashions. A woman should dress her hair with the hair God gave her, and in the way that most becomes her. Hats and puffs never became anybody. Such things are an evidence of weakness of character, and are keeping the sex from progressing. A man does not give a continental whether he is in the fashion or not, as long as he feels comfortable. Cannot you women have as much sense as a man in this regard? In the matter of clothes you can follow the styles without going to extremes. There is a fat woman in a hobble skirt who passes my window every day. She is a sight, and if she could only come to a realizing sense of just how ridiculous she appears, she would either put on some clothing that did not make her look like an apoplectic sausage, or a bologna with the droops, or lock herself in the house until the fashions change. Because some idiots go to extremes in hair dressing and costuming, you don't need to make yourselves hideous and ridiculous copying them. Adopt no style unless it is becoming to you, and then show your character and your sense by not going to the

extreme in any style, for the extremes in all styles are invariably preposterous, absurd, barbaric and ridiculous.

MARVIN, VIRGINIA.

I am sixteen years old, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds and am five feet four inches tall. We live on a farm and keep a store here where Shacks' Mills was until it was discontinued.

Next, I'll tell you what I can do. I can make hay, dig potatoes, hoe corn, mow, plough, clerk, and many little things.

Uncle, bring all the cousins down, and I will give you the time of your lives, clerking, eating candy and smoking cigars. But I don't like to smoke, as it is injurious to our health. What do you think about young men and boys smoking, Uncle? Last evening I saw a little boy about ten or eleven, smoking cigarettes to beat the band.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as a small figure on an Exmoor pony appears. The rider, Mrs. Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the tumble-down stable, where she cares for her pony. Entering the house she inquires of Martha, the woman of all work, for her father. Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter, who inherits from a Scotch mother, strength and ambition. The Ryall land is mortgaged and the home practically in ruins. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora asks no questions, but her eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. At supper-time Martha can only talk of Sir Joseph Ferrand and the grand doings at the Hall. Going to the barn she finds Ned fast asleep. A heifer is missing, and she starts in search of it. Coming to a gap in the hedge, bounding the Ferrands' land she sees the Brindle, Sir Joseph's cousin, Elliot Graham, who is in the capacity of a caretaker on the Ferrand estate, assists her. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and inquires the trouble. Nora honestly explains that Bob resents the stranger's familiarity and is responsible for his fall. Elliot introduces Miss Ryall of Ryall—he has been fishing in the Ryall water without permission and apologizes. Nora tells Elliot of Mr. Ferrand's audacity, and fearing a quarrel between them prevents Elliot from following him. Elliot wishes he bore the relationship of brother and will keep Mr. Selwyn Ferrand from annoying her again.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventures, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and Nora's poor clothes. They eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the little cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. She inquires the way to the Hall, and further conversation reveals his name and that he cares for Sir Joseph's horses. Expressing a desire to see them Elliot leads her to the stables. She approaches too near and Elliot saves her from danger. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and demands an explanation. When he learns it is about Miss Bartley he reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself and not the first time either. Selwyn Ferrand going to the Hall meets a man shambling along. He demands his business and he admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk, Stripley meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will give an answer to the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily thrusts something into his pocket and he wonders did she see him. Nora walks to the banks of the moor. Elliot Graham appears. He realizes Nora is in trouble, and she confides in him, and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. She hears her father call her and her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlash.

Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph. He invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes loosened. The guests look curiously and Sir Joseph is more attentive. Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse and then busies herself about the kitchen, bringing order into a disorderly kitchen. Next morning as she takes hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

CHAPTER XII.

THE dinner at the Hall, at which Mrs. Ryall had been such a very pronounced success was the beginning of a series of galettes in which that lady, to her immense satisfaction, took a prominent part. She was shrewd enough to know that it was impossible to return the Ferrands' hospitality at the Grange, but it occurred to her that they might have a picnic.

"The great thing, my dear Reginald," she said, as she discussed it with him, "is to have plenty of champagne, and a good brand. Champagne makes up for everything; the men don't care what they eat as long as they have plenty to drink; and if the men are satisfied the women are sure to be. I'll write to Lady Ferrand and ask them for Thursday; we'll have it at the place by the river where the water falls over."

Dyall listened, and nodded uneasily. It was some days since Nora had disappeared, and he was exceedingly anxious.

"That woman wants us to go to a picnic," said Lady Ferrand, fretfully, when she had read Mrs. Ryall's badly-written letter. "I will write and tell her that we are engaged, Joseph."

"You won't do anything of the sort, Betsy—you will write and accept."

"Why should we, Joseph?" remonstrated Lady Ferrand, almost in tears. "She's not a good wife, whatever her husband may be; she's not as good as us; I don't believe she's even respectable."

"Look 'ere Betsy, it suits me to be friendly with these Ryalls and just you do as I tell you. You've never known me make a mistake, and you can be your life I am not making a mistake now."

Fortunately for Mrs. Ryall, the weather on the Thursday proved unexceptionable. The case of champagne had arrived. Martha had made some particularly indigestible pies, and Ned drove the materials for the feast to the spot chosen. The party from the Hall arrived with all the loud-voiced excitement and hilarity which characterizes present-day functions of this kind, and the quiet of the fairy-like glen, through which poor Nora had so often ridden, echoed with shrill voices and witless laughter. Mrs. Ryall was in her element, and, with Selwyn Ferrand at her side to play foolish tricks with the food and crockery, presided, like a faded and passee goddess, over a rout of Comus. It was:

"Who'll have some pigeon pie? Lady Ferrand, let me give you some am. Do for goodness sake open the wine, Mr. Selwyn; I'm sure we're all

By Charles Garvice

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thirsty." She ogled the men with a knowing leer, and hummed the first line of the popular musical ballad.

"Champagne is the wine for me, boys."

The men laughed loudly, and applauded; the wine passed round rapidly; the picnic promised to be a great success. Ryall sat, crouched rather in the uncomfortable picnic attitude opposite his wife, with a would-be genial smile on his weak lips. Next him, in a more graceful attitude, was Florence Bartley.

As the meal proceeded, and the ease of champagne decreased, the spirits of the party sought some vent. Someone suggested blind man's buff. They romped like a party of costermongers on Hamsteap Heath, their shrieks and laughter cleaving the air and echoing from the hills.

The hideous uproar reached Elliot Graham as he was walking down the valley. He had come in search of Nora; he had been seeking her ever since the night he had held her in his arms, and his desire for a sight of her was making his heart ache. He walked round the bend of the river and came full upon the scene.

At that moment Florence was playing the part of blind man. Elliot came upon them from behind some boulders, and stood for a moment watching them. Florence swerved suddenly, and came towards the mass of granite by which he stood. She would have dashed herself against it, but Elliot caught her by both arms, and held her rigid. The laughter and noise ceased suddenly. Thrilled by a feeling which she afterwards found difficult to analyze, Florence put up her hand and tore off the bandage. Her eyes met Elliot's grave regard; she glanced at the rock, and then up at him.

"I see!" she said, almost in a whisper. "I should have gone against that and hurt myself. Thank you!"

Elliot raised his cap, and was turning away, when Selwyn Ferrand called out:

"Hi there, Graham! Now you are here you can make yourself useful! You want these things packed, don't you, Mrs. Ryall? Here's one of our men; he can do it."

Sir Joseph was about to speak, but Mrs. Ryall broke in with:

"Oh, 'ow thoughtful of you, Mr. Selwyn! Come this way, young man."

For just a second he hesitated, then he went to the hamper and began to pack the things.

"What a delightful time we have had, Mrs. Ryall!" said Florence.

"So sweet of you to say so! We 'ave 'ad some fun, 'aven't we? We must really get up another."

"I hope you will, and that next time Miss Ryall will be with us. Is she making a long stay with her friends?"

As she put the question she glanced at the

minded way, and Nora had grown to like her.

One day she was weeding the garden, when Mr. Trunton, the Nelsworthy lawyer drove up the avenue. She dropped her tools and fled, quaking, to her room; from the window of which she saw him drive away again an hour or so later.

That evening Miss Deborah looked up from her mechanical meal and said:

"You will have to go over to Lonaway tomorrow, Jacob. Mr. Trunton wants some papers taken over."

Jacob grunted, but afterwards, when Nora and he were at supper, he gave vent to his feelings.

"Lonaway, indeed! And me got the rheumatics as bad as can be! If ever there was a God-forsaken place, it's Lonaway. I wish it was sunk in the middle of the sea!"

He went on to describe it in detail, until Nora became fascinated by the picture of it all, and longed to see it.

"Why couldn't I go, Jacob?" she asked, breathlessly.

He set down his knife and fork and stared at her, an expression of relief spreading over his gnarled countenance.

"That's a good idea of yours, my lad. And come to think of it, you'd enjoy the voyage; and after all Lonaway ain't such a bad place—especially for a boy. I dessay you'd enjoy it terribly. You've been a good behaved boy, and—yes, I'll let you go."

So it came about that Nora went down to Porlash quay at nine the next morning, and found Captain Marks' boat nearly ready to start.

The Captain was interested in this handsome boy who was crossing to Lonaway instead of Jacobs, whom he had often taken there; and before the voyage was over his interest had grown into liking. As he waved to her after she left the boat, he remarked to the "Happy Lucy:"

"That's the likeliest and spryest youngster of a boy as ever I clapped eyes on!"

Nora climbed up to the top of the cliff, and reached a very small farmhouse.

"Is this Mr. Hodges's?" she asked of a rather pretty girl, who came out with a milk-can on her arm.

The girl nodded; she seemed too shy to reply in words.

"Is he at home, can I see him?"

Mr. Hodges made Nora very welcome. As he explained, they had few visitors and were glad to see a new face in that lonely spot. When Nora handed him the notice to quit, he seemed in no way surprised. It was evidently a formality he was quite accustomed to, for he thrust it carelessly into his breeches pocket. Nora was led to understand that she was to stay some time on the island, and that the farmer and his daughter Margery were to do their best to make her happy.

After supper she visited the other tenant, Shuf-

deep and passionate one, and he felt half-stunned and crushed by the blow.

It never occurred to him to doubt Mrs. Ryall's statement, and he instantly found some corroboration of it in Nora's manner and speech when he had told her of his love in the plantation. She had said, "You must not!" she had put him away from her, had broken away from him as if she regretted having listened to him, having let him kiss her.

Three of his horses were going to London for sale and he decided that he would go with them himself. After he had seen them into the London stables, and was wandering down one of the streets in South Lambeth in search of a hotel, he suddenly woke from a reverie, and, looking round, saw Mr. Stripley.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Stripley. "Who would have thought it? I am delighted to see you! And what may have brought you up from Devonshire, Mr. Graham?"

"I have come up to sell some horses," said Elliot.

"Now really! How fortunate that I should have run across you. If you are not too proud, Mr. Graham, I should be delighted to offer you hospitality. I live out Wandsworth way. Now, I beg of you! don't refuse!"

"You are very kind," said Elliot; "I shall be very glad."

They mounted a bus, and proceeded to Mr. Stripley's abode. Stripley's kindness was overpowering. All the time he kept up a running accompaniment of talk. He praised Sir Joseph in a most extraordinary manner, to which, it is to be feared, Elliot did not listen very attentively. Suddenly he heard the word "Australia," and looked up.

Mr. Stripley caught the steady look of the grave eyes, and coughed over his pipe. The door opened, and the grandmother's head appeared, with an inquiry regarding a fresh supply of water. Stripley dismissed her a trifle impatiently, and resumed, staring with a pensive smile at an "ornament" in the fireplace which suggested a jack-in-the-green run wild.

"We were speaking of Australia, weren't we?" he said.

"Were we?" said Elliot, apologetically. "I'm afraid I was not listening."

"I take a great interest in Australia. Were you ever connected with a place called Wally Hollow?"

"Yes, it was my father's place. We had a sheep run there. It was there my father lost his fortune. We had a long drought, he got into difficulties."

"Dear, dear! and what was the outcome of it?"

"My father was ruined. Sir Joseph came to our assistance—he could not save us from ruin, but he saved our good name."

"Just like him, just like him!" said Stripley, fervently. "And—er—the estate?"

"I don't know what became of it. I suppose Sir Joseph took it over with the debts and liabilities."

"Do you—er—happen to know what kind of an agreement your father signed? Your story is so—so interesting, and so—so interesting, and so characteristic of Sir Joseph's good heart, that I—er—

"My father signed an agreement that Sir Joseph should hold the Wally Hollow estate until the liabilities were paid."

After he had conducted Elliot to bed, he said to himself, with a ghoulish laugh. "Clever man, Sir Joseph! He's got this Wally Hollow estate in his grip, and it must be worth £100,000 at least, and it belongs to this young man up-stairs! No wonder he likes to keep his Australian letters to himself!"

Next day Elliot left Mr. Stripley's house, after a very effusive farewell from him, and returned to the city to transact the business for which he had come.

A few days afterwards, crossing Oxford Street, he saw no less a person than Mrs. Ryall alighting from a hansom, in company with a lady of even gayer appearance than herself. Acting on the desire to hear something of Nora, he hurried over and raised his hat. Mrs. Ryall seemed rather taken aback, but exclaimed:

"Lor! What a surprise! Who ever would have thought of seeing you?"

She introduced her friend as "Miss Gertrude Montmorency—'Monty Gert' you know," with a proud nod of significance.

Inspired by a happy thought, Elliot invited the ladies to take tea with him, and Mrs. Ryall led the way to Fuller's. As soon as he found an opportunity to stem the torrent of chatter, he said:

"I suppose you have seen Miss Ryall? I hope she—is well."

Mrs. Ryall had been trying to stave off this inquiry, but she rose to the occasion with the readiness of an accomplished Sapphira.

"Oh, yes, I've been staying with her—that is, in the same 'ouse. She left yesterday for the Continent with her friends—and her special friend. I am 'appy to say that's all settled—a most satisfactory match—never saw young girl so 'appy. Ah! Love's young dream, Mr. Graham!"

As they were bidding him farewell Mrs. Ryall lingered for a moment, and, patting him playfully on the arm, said:

"Oh, Mr. Graham, you need not mention 'aving met me, especially to Sir Joseph. Not that there's any harm—but you know what ladies are when they get up to town on the loose!"

Elliot did not know, but he gave the promise readily, and departed with his wounded heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Practical Christianity

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IT has been told of the late William McKinley that in his younger days in the political arena he was followed from place to place during a certain campaign by a reporter for a paper of opposite political faith who seemed especially skillful in misrepresentation. Almost everything that Mr. McKinley said was twisted out of all semblance of truth and made to do him damage. The future president was extremely annoyed, but his annoyance was not unmixed with compassion for the reporter was poorly clad, was almost ill, and had a distressing cough.

One night Mr. McKinley took a closed carriage for a neighboring town at which he was announced to speak. The weather was raw and cold. He had not gone far when he heard the peculiar cough with which he was so familiar and knew that the reporter was riding with the driver on the exposed seat. Stopping the carriage Mr. McKinley alighted.

"Get down off that seat!" he commanded.

The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the Major's vengeance had come.



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THE acquired blessing means far more to the individual than one always possessed.

Is patience acquired?

Mrs. Wright asks the secret of cultivating patience, and I believe we could do no better than have some letters on this subject, so important to us all; for who is there that does not require patience when it is the root of everything well done—be it work or pleasure.

Great writers have written on the meaning of patience for centuries, and some of you may be able to give us helpful quotations. Shakespeare says:

"How poor are they who have not patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Although I have been a silent reader of dear OLD COMFORT for several years, and enjoyed the Sisters' Corner so much and every word I read in the papers each month, I have never attempted to write to this corner, as I could write nothing very interesting, I just left space for a more interesting missive than I could write.

I live in old Virginia, a very hilly railroad village of seventy-five or eighty inhabitants, but a very nice place with lots of friends and neighbors.

I have three children, the oldest six, and one four, and one thirteen months old, so you see they are at the right age to keep mother busy, but lots of company. My only trouble is, I haven't the patience with them that I should have.

Wish some sisters would tell me the secret of cultivating patience. My husband is a railroad man, and I am cook, bottlewasher and nurse. Now I would be pleased to hear from any sister.

Wishing a prosperous new year to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I am,

Mrs. N. E. WRIGHT, Gladstone, Nelson Co., Va.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a devoted reader of your interesting and valuable paper for sometime, my mother being a subscriber, and we cannot say too much in praise of it.

I think dear Mrs. Wilkinson you have an excellent idea of what a Christian life should be, in doing the noble work you are doing. My idea of a Christian life, as practiced by millions of good souls, is to follow and practice Christ, from whom the word Christian is derived, and who is the author of all good; or in other words, to keep His Commandments as laid down by Him, and which everyone is familiar with, or should be, to help bear each other's burdens, and to be ever gentle, kind, patient and forbearing, especially toward those weaker and less fortunate than ourselves. I know very well, and I suppose you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters have experienced how very trying it is, to tolerate some natures; what it costs us to come in contact with some characters; how our pride suffers; but it is our duty to down our pride and humble ourselves when the cause is a good one, and therein lies the reward, for where there is no battle, there is no victory. I think in a sense, we all ought to be missionaries and not leave the uplifting and ennobling of souls to a few. We all ought to endeavor to bring as many souls as possible to the knowledge of God, and we can do much by good example. The opportunity to better the condition of our fellow creatures is often ours if we wish to grasp it, and very often it lies very near our own door if we would but put ourselves out a little to look for it. To do to others as we would be done by, and to become as near perfect as possible, and to do our very best, to make others so is our true destiny. We may not always succeed, but we can at least make an endeavor.

To quote a noble man's saying, "We all fail of singing Heaven is our True Home," but we fail to provide the necessary furniture for it. Some of us may say this is all very well in theory, but with the assistance of the Omnipotent God, all is possible; we know all have our free will to do as we please. We know right from wrong and we all know God is independent of us, that He has no need of us whatever, but still longs for our salvation, because He loves us, therefore when we neglect doing good, we alone are at loss.

There is so much suffering, so much real suffering in this world that at every turn we see and hear of it, and nearly everyone with whom we converse have their manifold tales of woe to relate, and what do we do to alleviate it all? I am very much afraid the great majority of us do very little, and it isn't that we do not sympathize or do not care, but we are very often apt to be careless and heedless, at least until it comes home to ourselves, then some of us only begin to realize and wake up.

I fear self-interest is the pet sin of the most of us. I myself have often been thoughtless and selfish, thinking only of myself, my own amusements and pleasures, but it was the fault I think of my petted and pampered upbringing. Never to know a want or care and to have every wish and whim indulged will eventually, I think, make a child more or less selfish.

Heretofore the hearing or reading of a pitiful tale would affect me and have a lasting impression on me, but that was the end of it. To sympathize with the sufferings of others is all very well, but to be up and doing to act, is countless times better. I have grown wiser, thank God, and have seen the folly of sitting down idly with folded hands, while there was so much good to be done. Even if there was no promise of eternal reward from one who can neither deceive nor be deceived it would be an ignoble thing on our part, to be merely an onlooker, while our fellow beings stood in need of our assistance. I have set to work to do all that I possibly can and with God's help hope to persevere to the end.

To think godly, to speak godly and to act godly is my motto. Do you not think it a good one my dears? I have in mind at present, a beautiful character, one very near and dear to me, whose mode of life to my mind is an ideal one. The first thing, when she arises in the morning, she thanks God for His protection during the night, and asks His blessing on her and hers for the coming day. Each day she tries

uproot any tendency to evil there might be in her nature. Never lets a day pass by without doing some little act of kindness, never gossips or encourages gossip, always and ever considers others before herself, and especially her parents. The reverence and devotion she showers on her parents is truly admirable and praiseworthy. Their wishes are ever hers, never has she willingly caused her parents a moment's uneasiness. Instead of visiting and attending matinees as a great many girls of her age and station are doing, she remains at home, devoting her time to her parents, or in deeds of charity. I do not think there can be much improvement in her manner of living and I think her deserving the name of *Christian*.

I am lovingly,
M. T. V. DOLAN, Cedar Lane, Woodhaven, N. Y.

COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but did not get to do it. I must say that I like COMFORT better than any other paper and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first. It seems to me as if I knew you all when I read the letters.

I think every girl should learn how to cook and do housework, for it will always help them. If they get married, I did not know how to make a cake or pie or even bread when I got married, but now I get along fine. I have only been married five years come February. I have three little girls from three and one half years to seven months old. I came from England, and conditions are very different in this country. Over there they do little baking, as they can buy things cheaper than we can over here, and just as good as our own make. So you see I felt pretty "green" when I first came over here, not knowing very much about anything. I think parents ought to teach their girls to do everything around the house as it will help them sometime or other.

I should be pleased to hear from some of the sisters.

MRS. ERNEST HAM, Oregon, R. R. 1, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a Virginia sister to chat a while. How much comfort and help we gain from our page! We never fail to find something concerning our little ones, and you know all young mothers enjoy that. What a blessedness it is to be given the care of God's little angels, for such they are, and oh, how we ought to try to train them in the way they should go. Husband and I are very proud of our two little ones—a little girl and boy named Pauline and Curtiss. There is no bag of the golden treasure on earth that could take our darlings from us. No price that could buy the, "I am mamma's and papa's little girl," or the "Dad-dad," from the little boy. We are so blind that we cannot see how good God has been to us. To have health and be happy is the richest blessing on earth.

We live in the southwest part of Virginia, on a little blue-grass farm. Husband is in the cattle trade and you see he is away most of the time.

How grand to be ready to give the man or woman a kind look and cheerful word! It makes work lighter and hearts happier.

I will close with loving good wishes to all and to our editor for this column.

MRS. MAGGIE BUCKLES, Lebanon, Va.

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we have no school. So I am teaching school at home. My children are as follows: Violet was nine in December, Deila eight in December and Howard was five October 3rd. They are all happy, healthy, hearty youngsters and help me lots of times. The one great wish of all of us, especially Howard, is that he had a little brother. Won't someone please help us out and one? One between the ages of two and three years. For myself I prefer one that hasn't learned to talk everything, but as to the color of hair or eyes I'm not so particular. My description of one if I should give it would be as follows: A Caucasian, and in good health, not deformed in any way or badly marked with birthmarks.

Before I close let me urge all mothers to teach their little ones to be "useful as well as ornamental."

I wish all a Happy New Year and especially to the shut-ins and children. I hope we can all remember the poor with something more than thoughts. Wishing you good health and many more subscribers.

Mrs. E. M. MELLIS, Sentinel Butte, N. Dak.

out the phlegm and is easy in five minutes. The powder will not blaze; just smokes.

Papa is fifty-seven years old and can't work at all.

Now girls don't be ashamed to work and help mother while you can. I have been married sixteen years; have four boys, my baby being nine years old.

I would give you sisters a pen picture, but I am too old fashioned and homely. Would like to hear from some sister whose life's path has had thorns with their roses, especially those bearing my maiden name, Rosenbalm, I am thirty-five years old.

Mrs. LAURA B. HAYES, Tazewell, R. R. 6, Box 21, Tenn.

Mrs. Hayes. For the benefit of those who may know Jimson by another name I make the following statement: Jimson-weed is a corruption of Jamestown-weed, so called because early observed as a rank weed in Jamestown, Va. Stramonium

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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The Fortune Teller

By Violet Knapp

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CHAPTER I.

WHAT'S this?" said Rebecca Ford as she picked up a crimson card which had been tucked under the door.

"Humph, great stuff, that is, Marian Ford, don't you ever let me catch you going to one o' them fortune tellers."

"No'm," said Marian, adding mentally, "I guess I wouldn't let you catch me, but I've a mind to go just the same." She continued aloud, "Why are they so dreadful?"

"They put notions and fears into your head. Leave 'em alone. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, but they do tell things true sometimes, don't they?"

Rebecca bit her thread thoughtfully. "They prophesy things and get folks scared and then that makes 'em happen—sometimes."

"Oh, like what it says in the Bible, 'The thing I greatly feared came upon me?'"

"Yes, something like."

Marian started for the kitchen saying, "I'm going to fix the fire for supper. Give me the card if you want it burned."

When the kitchen was reached she carefully tore off the edges of the red card and threw them in the coal hod, then thrust the rest of it in her blouse. "I've got that dollar I earned picking strawberries last week and I can take fifty cents of that," she meditated. "Lucky I have it, and that it is all my own."

It may as well be stated that Marian was both young and foolish. Her quiet life in the New England village had not given her much opportunity of meeting varied types of people, nor much education, so at nineteen she was more unsophisticated than many a city lass of twelve or thirteen. Therefore the wily promises of the traveling fortune teller, or "Psychic Expert," as he styled himself in his advertisement, fell on rich soil, Marian's easy credulity.

Since the death of her parents she had lived with Cousin Rebecca, a poor widow who did some of the village dressmaking, and Marian divided her time between the daily routine of housework and helping Cousin Rebecca with the plainer sewing.

After supper it was too dusky to sew and not dark enough for a light so the two women sat on the piazza overlooking a beautiful stretch of the Sound which now gave back the brilliancy of the setting sun. Soon the gate clicked and a small trim figure came up the neat brick walk.

"Oh, you are sitting out here, are you? That's good. I love to be out in the open all I can," said a pleasantly modulated voice.

"Come right up and set down, Miss Evans. Take that rocker. It does seem good to have you back here in Eastport again," said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, I am about as certain of appearing the last of June as are the cherries. Boston is all right the rest of the year, but in hot weather there is no place for me like Eastport," said the visitor.

"And now before I forget it, Mr. Plunkett, proprietor of the Inn wished me to find a place for one of his boarders—that is, just a room, you know. The Inn is overcrowded and he is putting guests out in the village homes for sleeping; of course they eat at the hotel. He is to have an Englishman, an author, I believe, come tomorrow, and Mr. Plunkett is in a sad frame of mind to know what to do with him. I immediately thought of your dear little house, so cozy and neat, and promised him I would see you about it. You know I have been coming to the Inn so many years I feel like the assistant manager or something of the sort."

Rebecca looked at Marian in doubt but the girl turned a radiant face to her cousin, saying, "Just the thing. I think it is great! A real author! Cousin Rebecca, think of it, here under our own roof. Do say yes. What a lark!"

And the young girl's face was eagerly scanning Rebecca's. Mrs. Ford pictured to herself what it would be like to have an elderly Englishman, very likely with spectacles and a book always under his arm, prowling in and out of her well-ordered house at all times of day and night.

Just here Marian was crafty enough to say, "And think of the money, too, Cousin Rebecca. Every little helps, and maybe you wouldn't have to sew so hard all through the hot August days."

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Ford," chimed in Miss Evans, "Mr. Plunkett will pay you four dollars a week for the room if it is a good one."

This last was too much for Rebecca. She had supposed it would not be over a dollar or two at most.

"Four dollars! Why some folks don't get any more than that here for regular boarders in winter."

"Then it is settled, Mrs. Ford?" said Miss Evans.

"Why yes, I guess so. I feel it would be flying in the face of Providence not to take the good that comes along like this."

As Miss Evans a half hour later wended her way back to the Inn she was in a very pleased frame of mind for the English guest who was coming was a very noted modern writer, traveling under an assumed name, so as to get material for his next novel in which he purposed to introduce several typical American characters of the sturdy New England type. This much Mr. Plunkett had told her and that was why she had suggested that he have a room at Mrs. Ford's, rather than give up her own room at the Inn to him as she would willingly have done.

"The very place," ejaculated Mr. Plunkett. "Mrs. Ford and Marian are material for a novel in themselves," an opinion in which Miss Evans heartily agreed. No better place could be found, provided the arrangement suited the renowned author.

The next morning after Marian had put the finishing touches to the spotless "spare chamber" in readiness for the guest, she made an excuse to go to the village square on an errand, taking in her hand bag the fortune teller's crimson card.

"I may stop and see Miss Evans on my way back, Cousin Rebecca, so don't look for me for an hour or so."

"Now don't go to hanging around that hotel, Marian, or Sam Plunkett will be orderin' you off the premises. Miss Evans has just seen you last night. She don't want nothing of you now."

Having done her trifling errand Marian turned down a shabby, side street which she seldom had occasion to go on and was looking shyly around to see if anyone saw her when she ran almost into the arms of a stalwart young man who came suddenly out of a doorway.

"Good gracious, Marian! What are you doing down here?"

"Minding my own business, sir," she answered pertly, but he saw a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"And that is more than I'm doing, you mean. Well, I am awfully glad to see you on this street or any other, Marian, you know that, don't you? Are you going to be home tonight? I will be up about the usual time."

"No—or yes, I'll be at home, but—er we will be busy this evening. We are to have company."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I wouldn't intrude, and there was a hurt look in the young man's eyes. Any other time will do as well. Good morning, Marian."

"Good by, Tim," said Marian once more in a blithe mood. As he passed out of sight around the corner she stepped quickly up to an old shingled house which stood directly on the sidewalk, and which had a modest card in one of the small paneled windows, which said, "Rooms to Let." On the door was a small visiting card tacked to the middle panel which proclaimed in

a flourishing hand that Prof. Tyndall, the Psychic Expert, was within and had his office hours from nine A. M. to nine P. M. "Please walk right in," ran the instructions. Marian was thankful for this, as she felt if she had to wait for someone to come in response to her knock some acquaintance might pass and see her. Then the whole village including Rebecca and Tim would know that she had been and had her fortune told. The front door opened on a tiny square hall with a door on each side and a tortuously steep narrow stairway directly in front. A placard with a hand pointing up said, "Come up and consult the Wizard."

Slowly and with a beating heart she mounted the stairs thinking tremulously, "What would Rebecca say? What would Tim say? What would Miss Evans say?" By this time a hearty voice said:

"Right this way please. I hear some beautiful young girl coming."

In a room at the right of the stairs was seated a middle-aged man at a table in the center of the room. "Come in, Miss, and I'll just draw this portiere."

After telling her some common characteristics which he could easily read he went on to say, "You are fitted for a much higher station in life. You should be an ornament to society. You should be so situated that you will have an opportunity to display the many gifts with which nature has endowed you. Your latent possibilities are great. Do not be content to remain in your present obscurity. I see a change coming, a new force is about to enter your life. Grasp it! Do not let it go. Old friends with narrow ideas will endeavor to keep you in the old rut. Do not listen to them. Assert your individuality and be free. This summer will be most eventful for you, and in September, ah, in September, I see a momentous question for you to decide. Do not be false to your new ideals when the time comes, but know that a great future is yours for the taking. A man, young and fair, will be a potent influence in your future, the near future, I might say the immediate present. A dark man will endeavor to separate you. Do not listen to him. You should be mated to a fair man, a man suited to your temperament in every way, one who can give you the broad culture and travel you deserve."

Marian paid the fifty cents gladly and went down-stairs and out of the house with a wildly beating heart. What could it all mean? Who was this man "young and fair" who was to be so much to her? Who was the dark one who could interfere? "Tim, of course," she said half audibly, then continued, "That is as clear as daylight. Tim thinks he has got a mortgage on me, but I'll show him a thing or two. He don't cut as much ice as he imagines. Humpf, does he think I'm going to marry him and settle down here in Eastport all my days. Anybody could do that," she continued ambiguously. "Tim thinks he's the whole push. Now I must look out how I encourage him any more."

She feared lest Rebecca would question her as to how she had spent the last hour, but when she reached home she saw a couple of trunks and a crate containing a typewriter on the front porch, and she knew the Englishman had arrived. Rebecca was up-stairs with him, for Marian heard her voice, and felt a great sense of relief, for she knew Rebecca would be too much taken up with the new arrival to think where she had been. As she turned in at the front door which stood unaccustomed open, she was suddenly confronted by the guest coming down the stairs, and he was a man, "young and fair"—no spectacles, no book under his arm, and he was smiling at her—displaying brilliant teeth, and holding out his hand in an easy way, and saying:

"Are you Miss Marian? Mrs. Ford has been saying for the last fifteen minutes 'If Marian were only here she'd know what to do about this and that.' You must be a mine of resources and information." His smile and manner were so winning that poor Marian was dazzled, and accepted his proffered hand saying only:

"I am Marian. Does Cousin Rebecca want me?"

Then passed up the stairs in a whirl of emotion. The Wizard had told her she had great latent possibilities, and now this wonderful apparition had met her and told her she must be a mine of resource and information. Things were certainly happening "in the near future, I might say, the immediate present."

Not many winks of sleep did Marian get that night. Instead she lay planning a brilliant future for herself and the young Englishman. What else could it mean? It was as clear as daylight, even to Tim's interfering meddlesomeness. She pictured herself being presented at the British Drawing Rooms, with a long court train and three plumes in her hair. Had she not read all about it in the Sunday paper's accounts of American girls' triumphs at the court of St. James? Diamond tiaras glistened on her head, dukes and earls were being presented to her in shoals, and she mentally vowed to hunt up book she had read long ago, called "Lady Gwendolen's Mad Escapade," and refresh her mind of things British.

The guest was most agreeable, sunny and genial and spent a portion of his time, and sometimes mornings, sometimes evenings on the side porch with the Fords. He was enjoying the study of their quaint ways and speech hugely, and had written down many of their sayings and characteristics. Marian responded like a flower to his efforts to draw her out, and seemed quite another person from the Marian of a month before. Tim had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to call, but they were either out or Tim saw Mr. Reeves, as he was known, on the piazza, so did not venture in.

It was the longest summer he had ever known, and he was only living for the autumn when those drafted summer boarders took to their heels." He often became so vexed and disengaged that he would speak out thus to his mother, who would always soothe him by saying, "Let her have her fling. Young girls are all foolish. She'll be wiser if not sadder, come October."

One morning in early August, Rebecca and Marian sat on the side veranda sewing, when Rebecca looked sharply at her cousin and said: "What has become of Timothy Dwight? Have you two quarreled?"

Marian flushed and paused, before replying, to fasten a seam. "Timothy Dwight? Oh, I don't know where he is. Probably about somewhere. I saw him down street the other day."

"Marian Ford, you needn't try to pretend to me that Timothy is just an ordinary acquaintance, and that you don't know anything about him. Why, you and he were as good as engaged months ago, and you can't deny it. What has come over you?"

"Engaged to Timothy Dwight? It's no such a thing Cousin Rebecca. I do deny it. He is too ordinary and commonplace for me," introducing words she thought Prof. Tyndall would have approved. But Rebecca Ford and not Prof. Tyndall was her auditor, and her listener's wrath knew no bounds, as she exclaimed:

"He is so pitiful, and rang in her ears for many a week. As she made no answer he turned and strode down the brick walk and disappeared through the dusk."

The days sped on all too swiftly and September was at hand. Mr. Reeves was out more than he had been earlier in his stay and Marian really saw but little of him, for which Rebecca was devoutly thankful for she felt in a vague way that he was the unconscious cause of the change in affairs. Miss Evans came frequently and often dropped a commendatory word about Tim.

"He is so industrious and ambitious, and so attentive to his mother," she would say, and Rebecca would unwisely add:

"Timothy, and he could go with any girl in the township of Eastport."

The Inn was to close on Labor day and Mr.



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man if need be, so long as Rebecca would be thrown off the scent, when the subject of their discussion appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, here you both are. I was looking for you. Mr. Plunkett and Miss Evans have gotten up a little sailing party in a hurry and have sent me over to get you two to go with us. Just put on your bonnets and come along. Mr. Plunkett is the host of this picnic and will furnish all the refreshments," he added as he saw Rebecca's eyes turn to the kitchen. It was the first time either of them had ever been out in the hotel's yacht as it was called, and they felt flattered in spite of themselves. Marian's heart sent forth a plead of praise not only for the interruption to the uncomfortable conversation, but also that she was going with Mr. Reeves and that undoubtedly Tim would see her, for he worked at a boat shop near the hotel dock.

On the way down Mr. Reeves said suddenly, "I have become so interested in a young man here in Eastport who is possessed of unusual talent, and I am going to try to arrange for him to go to some good technical school this fall and take a course in draughting or architecture. Miss Evans recommends the 'Boston Tech,' as she calls it. What do you think of the idea?"

"Lemuel Lee? No, I do not know him. What does he do?"

"He is a clerk in the dry-goods store," chimed in Marian, "and an awful smart fellow. Good looking, too."

Mr. Reeves smiled in spite of himself and said gently, "Beauty is only skin deep, you know, but the young man I have in mind is of a different type. He is well worth cultivating. Eastport will be proud of him some day." Marian did not feel that this specially interested her inasmuch as the scene of her future triumphs would be so far from Eastport, and as the Inn was reached Rebecca did not push the query as to whom the young beneficiary was to be.

Miss Evans monopolized the most of Marian's time aboard the boat for she had seen the girl's strange behavior and felt she must help matters out if possible. For several summers she had known of Tim's devotion to her and that Marian apparently reciprocated it heartily. But now she felt an uneasiness and wondered if Mr. Reeves' proximity had been the cause of the estrangement. So the day was not quite as blissful as Marian had anticipated for Mr. Reeves, although always courteous, acted quite as if he had for the time being forgotten her existence, being occupied with the hotel guests and the sailing of the boat, for he proved to be no mean navigator. "He handles the tiller and ropes almost as well as Tim does," thought Marian and for the first time since their lodger had arrived her heart gave a little sigh for Tim, for she well knew that were he aboard she would not lack for devoted attention.

As the people went ashore after the sail was over Mr. Reeves said to Mrs. Ford, I am going to stay at the Inn tonight, as a man is here whom I want to see very much and we shall probably sit up half the night talking, and so I'll sleep here. Mr. Plunkett says he can accommodate me tonight." Marian's heart sank. No delightful walk home in the gloaming, no sitting on the porch afterwards, no walking by Tim's house with Mr. Reeves busily talking to her. But she must not be discouraged for the fortune-teller had said this man, young and fair, was to have a potent influence in her life, and she must not be faint hearted yet. When they reached the house a tall figure arose from the porch rocker and said:

"Good evening Mrs. Ford and Marian. I never find you in these days so I thought I would just sit down and wait for you to come."

"That's right, quite right Tim," said Rebecca heartily. "Just like old times," and she went swiftly into the house to remove her hat and light wrap. Tim took the opportunity to say swiftly to Marian in an undertone:

"Won't you let it seem like old times again, dear? What have I done? Aren't you glad to see me?"

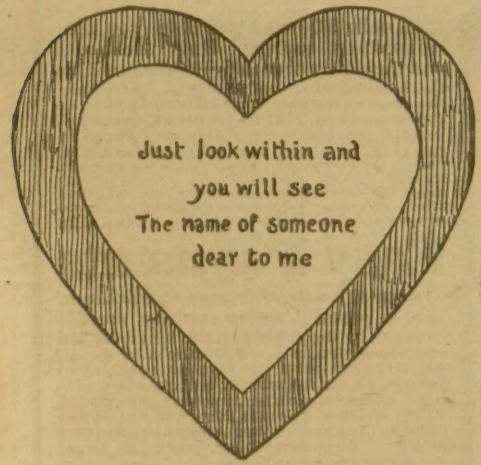
"Why of course I am always glad to see old friends, Tim," and her tone was an effort to imitate Mr. Reeves's cultured English accent. If Tim had not felt so badly he would have laughed outright, as it was he seized both her hands and said earnestly:

How to Make Your Own Valentines

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HAVE you ever tried making the valentines you send to your friends? If you have not you have missed half the joy of St. Valentine's day. Bring your scissors, some cardboard, colored paper and a bottle of mucilage, and learn how to make some pretty little gifts and cards that will be a delight both to work upon and for your friends to receive.

Of course we cannot make valentines without hearts so we will first cut a few heart patterns from stiff brown paper. Fold it double and then, beginning at the point, cut a long sweeping curve and then turn the scissors in toward the fold again. Make this curve quite sharp and short for this will be the indentation between the two sides of the heart. The paper is folded double in order that both sides of your pattern may be exactly alike. The largest heart should measure four inches across its widest part. The next size should be two and three quarter inches by three and a half inches, and then we will need a tiny heart pattern measuring half an inch from indentation to point and three quarters of an inch across its widest part.



Now we are ready to make the valentines and we will begin with one of the simplest which is also a very attractive one. Using the largest pattern, cut a heart of gilt paper, and then, using the pattern of the next size, make a red paper heart. Lay the red heart on top of the gold one so that an even edge of the gold shows all around it and fasten it in place with two little hinges made of strips of paper half an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. These are folded across the middle and pasted close to the top of the heart on each side of the indentation, the open part of the hinge, of course, turned down toward the point of the heart. On the red heart this verse is written or printed:

"Just look within and you will see
The name of someone dear to me."

The name of the person for whom the valentine is intended is now written beneath the red heart and it is ready to send.

Soft gray makes a splendid background for a gold and red design, so let us cut an oblong six inches long and four inches wide from gray cardboard or heavy gray paper, and, first cutting a paper pattern, make a wish-bone of gilt paper and paste it upon the card near the top. From the arch of the wish-bone hang by thin gilt paper strips a red heart cut by your smallest pattern. On a little red oblong beneath this design write:

"My heart's best wishes for your happiness!"

The pattern for the wish-bone is folded back off the arms of the wish-bone which are gently curved and have a knob at the end. Be careful not to cut them too broad for it is usually surprising how much broader things will look when the paper is unfolded and you see the two halves of your pattern spread out.

A four leaf clover design can be formed of four small hearts and a stem and it makes a very pretty valentine placed on a circular card of gray or cream-colored paper. On the back of the card you may write:

"I wish you endless good fortune."

Sometimes we like to send little valentine gifts instead of the cards and an appropriate one is made of red blotting paper cut by your largest heart pattern. Make four of these blotting paper hearts and paste on each one three pages for a small calendar. Next cut two little slits near the top of each heart one on either side of the indentation, and through these slits run a narrow ribbon and fasten the ends together so that they form loops or rings over which the blotters are easily moved when it is necessary to turn them.

A pin-box is another useful and pretty gift. It is made by covering a small box with colored or gilt paper and making on top of it a heart of pins. This heart should be drawn on the box and the pins stuck very carefully through the outline so that the edge will be even. Either ordinary little pins may be used or colored ones. A very gay heart is made by using alternate rows of pins of two or three different colors.



GOOD FORTUNE.

A valentine match holder which takes with it also a seasonable sentiment is made on a red



MATCH BOX.

heart foundation and hung by narrow red ribbon. The box may be made of red, too, some will like it better of gilt. This box part is made from a piece of paper four inches long and two and one half inches wide. From the lower corners of this oblong an inch square piece is cut. This will leave you a section of paper two inches long and a one and one half inch wide flap at each end and at the bottom. Fold these flaps lengthwise through the middle and fold again where they join the main section of the paper. This you will see forms a little box with an inch wide rim on the inner side which is to be pasted against the red heart. Beneath the box is written:

"The hearts that beat with love for you are numerous as the stars."

DAINTY VALENTINE.

Valentine Verses for Any Gift

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OFTEN when Valentine's day comes around you take the opportunity of sending some sort of gift to a friend as a kind of Valentine. It is all the more appreciated if it is accompanied by a suitable little verse tucked in with it somewhere. The verse may be serious or humorous as you like, or as you think your friend will like. Here are a few rhymes to go with different sorts of valentine gifts:

To go with a book.

Some books are rich in wisdom,
Some books are full of fun,
But dearest thoughts of you, my friend,
Are hidden in this one.

To go with a box of chocolates.

Sweeter than a caramel
Or a chocolate cream,
Sweeter far than candy drops,
Thou dost ever seem!

To go with a box of homemade fudge.

Fudge! oh, fudge;
It's mighty sweet,
So I made you some to eat.
It is just a little sign
Of my love, sweet valentine!

To go with a dainty card, or to be written on a sheet of note paper alone.

A little verse for a valentine
To my neighbor over the way
Means a thought and a wish and my love to her
Upon this valentine's day.

To go with a basket of oranges.

Please take this offering I send,
As golden as the hours I spend
In company with you, my friend.

To go with any fruit.

Fair as fruit upon the vine,
Art thou, sweetest valentine.

To go with red roses.

When the world is white with snows,
I will send a red, red rose.
It is but a little sign
Of my love, dear valentine!

With pink, yellow or white roses, the same rhyme may be used by changing red to pink, yellow or white, according to the color of the roses.

To go with any flowers.

When the air is sweet with perfume
From the breathing of the flowers,
Think of me while you remember
Many pleasant summer hours.

To go with a song or piece of music.

Sweeter than music,
Sweeter than song,
Sweeter than bird notes,
Through the day long,
Sweeter than all, you are, my dear,
Your voice I do delight to hear.

To go with a picture or a bit of sculpture.

When you take this bit of art,
Also take my loving heart.

To go with a kitten to a child.

Little Kitty says to you,
"Please be good to me, please do,
For the one that sent me here
Is a friend of yours most dear."

The word kitty may be changed to "doggy," "buddy," "pony," according to the gift.

To go with a bit of jewelry.

This little (pin) can only say
You grow more precious every day.

To go with a heart-shaped blotter.

Tell me you will never blot
Me from out your heart,
For I love you such a lot.
It would hurt to part.

To go with a handkerchief.

For your little nose and eyes,
Here's a valentine surprise,
Think of me when'er you use
Even if you chance to lose it.

To go with a piece of glassware or china.

When you break this little dish,
Love me just the same.
Do not break my heart as well,
That would be a shame.

To go with any gift.

This is a little thing to show
That I think of you, I know,
But my love goes with it, too,
Warm and dear from me to you.

A Valentine by Wireless

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

inda though she was nearly out of range, going south, outside the Gulf Stream."

"Well, what is wrong Mr. Goodwill, demanded a voice of authority from the doorway. It was the Captain of the Dorinda himself.

The situation was again briefly gone over, and the messages re-read. At the words "Merry Hell, broke loose," the captain's anxious frown did not lessen, but a trace of impatient amusement crossed it for an instant. Goodwill, too, had been thinking, but it was of the safety of the ship during his own watch.

"Shall I tell Mr. Harris to bear more eastward sir? It is clearing and he reports the Cape light in sight since I left the bridge, but too far to the north of us, with our present course, unless we are off Deadman's Bight. In that case, sir, as this 'Merry Hi'-I' unknown says, had we not best bear east until the new light-ship, or the bell-buoy let us know just where we are? I thought I heard the last on the bridge, but must have been mistaken."

"Mr. Bland," said the Captain, "call your unknown again. I think I begin to understand, though I don't see why he should be so far eastward of us himself. And you, Mr. Goodwill, tell the bridge to change our course at once. I am glad you sent for me."

While these orders were being attended to the captain went back to his own room, just abaft the high deck whereon the wireless office was located. He returned in a moment with the latest recharted map of that coast, giving the various positions of the buoys, light-ships and other marine safeguards, together with the changes made or being made by the Government Board of Coast Survey.

"I cannot get him now, sir," Bland with the receivers on his ears had been calling the unknown, and also the Ethelinda, though he divined that the last must be, by now, entirely beyond reach. "In fact, I don't seem to get anyone, except once I caught what sounded something like a call for help. After that—noting distinguishable. Must be this nor'west gale, worse now, if anything, than the northeaster we had."

Goodwill, who had gone on the bridge to see himself, that the Dorinda's course was changed, now came in, his face red with cold, and his beard bristling with a sudden rime of frost. Captain Welles spread out his new chart.

"This reached me on this trip at Havana," he explained. "Came direct from Washington, by rail, via Key West. So, it is late. Do you notice the name given to the new light-ship, which we do not seem to find in place?"

"Muriel," read Goodwill, in the margin of explanations on the chart. "Why sir, she only left Cape Henry and Hampton Roads in tow, on the 9th, this note says. She has hardly had time to be properly placed and anchored, has she?"

"Well, neither she nor the new bell-buoy, which she was to bring appear to be very easy for us to find." The Ethelinda smiled. "Looks as if this prior northeaster had bothered them—and now—Oh!"

The captain, rumbling among some letters in his pocket drew forth a yellow sheet, such as telegraph companies have for dispatches. He gave that to Goodwill. It stated, from their own offices, in New York, that if any of the company's steamers met the light-ship Muriel, in tow, to report the fact by wireless, and give aid, if needed, in case of storm or stress. This was addressed to each captain of the line then on the coast.

"You see, Goodwill, one of our own freighters was to do the towing. What perplexes me yet is, what can have happened? The Ethelinda has gone on. It may be our freighter that lost her tow. The Merry Hell has not arrived."

"I see; I see!" Goodwill chuckled to himself.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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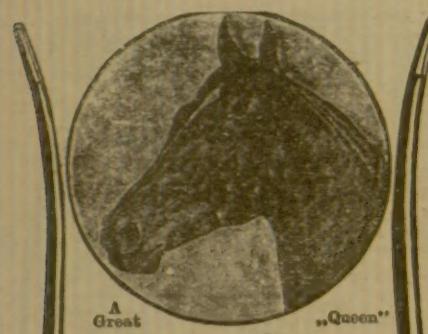
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Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

I am proud to live in the best state in the Union, for our state bears the name of "The Mother of Presidents." You all doubtless know that Captain John Smith planted the first English colony at Jamestown, May 13, 1607.

Our state also bears the name of "The Mother of Presidents." She has furnished seven Presidents of the United States. Their names are as follows: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler and Zachary Taylor.

Virginia's area is 42,450 square miles, of which 40,125 is land, the remaining 2,325 being water.

Population, 1,854,185—census of 1900.

Virginia has one of the "Seven Wonders" which is the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge county.

I wish some of our millionaires were taking Comfort in order to distribute some of their wealth to the shut-ins.

What are your politics, Uncle?

My birthday was January 20th.

I will close, hoping Billy the Goat is out in the pasture. Yours lovingly,

JAS. P. SHORTZ. (No. 34,524.)

has to suffer, and pity a nation so morally dense that permits such frightful injustice.

1832 Hudson Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have written to you three times and you would not grant me the slight favor of publishing and making ridiculous remarks about my letter. I'm vexed with you.

I told you before that I lived in Chicago. Well, I am there yet. I am seventeen years old now. I am a very little girl, not more than five feet tall, and have dark hair and eyes and a fair complexion.

I presume you have heard of the aviation meet we had here, in a little park just beside Lake Michigan. There were aeroplanes and monoplanes that raced for prizes. One day two aviators were killed. I was up to see them, but that was not exciting enough. I would like to be dying in one myself. Wouldn't you Uncle? Maybe you have one. If you have I hope you will remember that I have invited myself to a ride with you. Before a very long time the world will be joyriding in airships and automobiles will be a thing of the past.

I am a lover of music, flowers and books, and I am a postal card fiend.

I go to night school in the winter and am learning shorthand and typewriting. I am going to go every year until I become a very smart woman. I work in the daytime in an office down town.

With love and kisses, I am,

Your affectionate niece, LAURA STROMBERG.

Thank you, Laura, for your exquisitely written letter. You are a bright, clever girl all right. Judging from the way you push a pen, and the breezy way in which you write, I am sorry you had to knock three times before I allowed you to enter my chicken coop. I am rather wary and timid about inviting any of you Chicago girls into my chicken coop. The last young lady who came here from Pig Town, Hopopolis, Porkville, Baconville, whatever you please to call your meatropolis, made things unpleasant for all of us. We got her head and body inside the door, but we could not get her feet through, without taking off the roof, or cutting her tootsies into sections, and as I did not want to lose my roof, and she did not want to send her feet to a planing mill, her visit was unfortunately cut short. As your tootsies, Laura, are of normal proportions, I can admit you without any damage to the architectural beauty of my chicken mansion and rooster hall. You can come up and take an easy chair on my lap. I was very much interested in that aviation meet you had in Chicago. Chicago ought to be strong for aviation. Chicago feet will find it so much more comfortable and convenient to maneuver in the air than on the street. No necessity to set the houses a couple of hundred yards back, so the feet can get up the street. Laura. You say you are five feet tall. If you had lived anywhere else except in Chicago, I could have got a pretty correct idea of your height, but from the fact that you live in the metropolis of Cook county, five feet does not mean anything at all. You must first tell me, dear, whether you are five Chicago feet tall or five ordinary feet. If you are five Chicago feet tall, you may be a mile high, instead of a dear, sweet, petite little girl of the baby variety. Now, as regards that aviation meet. I was horrified at the way the Chicago people acted, when those two poor aviators were dashed to death. In all decency the program should have finished right there, and the people have gone home, out of respect for the brave men who gave their lives in a noble cause—the conquest of the air—and who had done their bravest best, even to the sacrifice of their lives, to make a holiday for a heartless mob. In Kansas the other day, an aviator who had been giving exhibitions for several days, found his motor was out of order, and would not work properly. The mob of bloodthirsty hoodlums, howled, jeered and scoffed at him, and drove him into the air, though the poor fellow we knew he was going to his death. In a few minutes he was lying on the ground, a crushed, mangy, bleeding corpse. Then the bloodthirsty, white-faced Apaches, many of them doubtless highly respected citizens, and members of various local churches, went home with their blood lust satisfied. The poor aviator had the courage to go to his death, but he did not, alas, have the courage to tell this mob of frenzied brutes to go and chase themselves. That is what I would have told them good and plenty. After awhile the bloodthirsty public will not go to an aviation meet, unless positively assured of the fact that at least one or two of the aviators will be killed for their amusement. Once you begin to cater to the baser instincts of humanity or inhumanity, there is no telling where you will stop. Life is cheap in America, so cheap in fact, that one cannot contemplate the future of our race without fear and misgiving. The air must and will be conquered, and brave men will give up their lives to conquer it, but brave air men should not be driven to their death, to satisfy the blood lust of a mob. Laura, I read your letter to Billy the Goat, and when I got to the aviation meet, Billy stopped me. He thought you were referring to the meat that you eat. You see, Billy always associates Chicago with meat, and he thought that aviation meet was a new product of your beef trust or meat trust. He is disgusted to know that it is only air meat, and not something more substantial. He says he has had enough air meat in his time and has no use for sirloin air steaks, or rashes of atmosphere. Laura, I am glad you are learning shorthand, as I may want you to help Maria later when she has more stenography than she can attend to. Short hand, however does not seem as necessary for Chicago girls as short feet. Laura you might start a school for the latter. You would do roaring business in Cook Co. I would advise you, however, to conduct your school in the open, then your scholars would not have any trouble getting in the building and of course when you go into any enterprise, you don't want to lose any business. Don't mind my joking, Laura. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and it is better to laugh than to cry, for laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, or as Billy says: Snore and you sleep alone.

once, as so many thousands are waiting for that honor. Your last contribution, however, was so unique (I guess the cousins read the "Texas Ranger") that I am going to give publicity to your "Dying Fifer." Our readers of course understand that you did not write either of these song poems, but have heard them recited, and have written them down for our benefit in your own unique and original way. The "Dying Fifer" apparently has to be sung to the air of "The Dying California." I never heard of a song of that name, nor a melody with that title, I thought California was very much alive, I had no idea it was dying. What with the "Dying Fifer" and "Dying California" Ruth, you have got on a veritable jag of death. Possibly you mean the air of "The Dying Californian." I don't know the melody, but I have no doubt it is all to the good. Your first verse introduces us to a real hot fight. Evidently the North and the South are trying to slap one another on the wrists in good, gory style. I don't quite understand the third line "Smoke upon our regions curling." Maybe the captain was smoking a corn cob pipe, and some of the tobacco smoke got up in the rigging, that is the masts and sails overhead, though of course it may have been the smoke from the guns. I am inclined to believe, Ruth, that it is rigging instead of regions. The last line, however, is a knock out. You say: "When I heard the parson cry." I have been studying over this for a long time, and am still very much in the dark. What you meant to convey, possibly was: "When I heard the piercing cry." Billy the Goat however thinks you meant: "When I heard the parson cry." He says he thinks you may have had a minister on board, and one of those shells may have pierced his appetite. The next remarkable incident occurs in the third spasm, fourth line, where you gorily remark: "While blood for him in tyrant rand." The only Rand I ever heard of is out in South Africa. It is a gold mining district around Johannesburg. With the help of a bunch of college professors and Billy the Goat's aunt, I have figured out that the line as written originally by the author was: "While blood from him in torrents ran." Evidently the fifer was not anemic, but had a good supply of red corpuscles, but still I don't think he had enough to reach South Africa, and we are quite convinced that the blood ran from him, and not for him. We can imagine a bunch of red corpuscles informing Mr. Fifer they were going to give him a delectable entertainment by swirling in front of him in a crimson stream until further orders. In the fourth spasm you say: "Less the news should break her heart." It is a good deal better to break a person's heart than to break it. You can just get a railroad brakeman to apply the brakes and no harm would come to the old lady's heart or anybody else's, in fact if the heart was going too fast it would do it lots of good. You ought to get a patent on that heart brake, Ruth, it would save many lives. I would buy one right away for my poor old heart gets sorely rent at times. I greatly admire the way you have rhymed your second and fourth line. Anyone who can make heart rhyme with cross—well they can cross their heart, and say they have done something clever. Charlie's mother had not much to mourn about anyway, for you say: "Her Charlie more will ever greet her." Though Charlie was going to die he was still going to continue greeting his mother, though if he was continually crossing the ocean, I don't see how he would have much time between seasickness and meals to spend greeting his mother. In the fifth spasm, Ruth you say, "Hand to hand we'll never ramble, on potomac's pleasant shore." I think I would have them ramble hand in hand, not hand to hand if I were you Ruth. Why didn't you have them rambling by the shore of an American river while you were about it. When you talk of Potomac, and put the accent on the last syllable, I naturally conclude you are referring to an Irish river. It is more than probable, however, that you mean "Potomac's pleasant shore." I have not space for the last two verses, Ruth, and I am rather glad as they are too gruesome. If I had written that

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Two hundred school children marched in safety from the public school building at New Amsterdam, N. Y., while fire raged about them. The blaze started in the furnace-room. The bell for the customary fire drill was sounded and the children marched out without the slightest panic, despite the rapid advance of the flames. The building was completely destroyed and several residences adjoining were damaged.

Under the Mask of Hate
A St. Valentine's Day Story

By Joseph F. Novak

Copyright, 1912, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

“WHEW, but it's cold! Eros. Have the winters out here grown more severe, or is it I who have grown more tender-fleshed?"

Jasper McIntosh uttered the exclamations after greeting his brother-in-law, who had come down to the train to meet him.

It was McIntosh's first visit to his natal town in twelve years and, bundled in his great fur-lined coat and seal cap, he wondered if he were indeed the same being who, years ago, scorned the heavy wraps he now wore.

"Guess it's you, Jappy," Agnew, his brother-in-law, returned, as they clambered into the low box-sled.

As they rode through the main street of the town, McIntosh again exclaimed:

"And this is the place I thought to live in and make my fortune. By George! I would have stagnated. Say" and he turned to his brother-in-law, "what's the matter with this town any way? There hasn't been a change in twelve years. I'll bet if I went into some of the stores, I'd see the same chromes and lithographs that hung there when I left."

"Well, Jappy, we don't move very lively here, I admit," his brother-in-law answered, "but it's a good town, and I like it. Of course, you were always of a roving nature, and I don't blame you for going away like you did. But it seems to me that we each have got to seek out our own happiness in our way. I'm happy in being just a plain farmer, and you, I expect are happy in being a rich man; a cashier of a bank gets all kind of respect and attention paid to him, I suppose."

"Yes, you're right," Jasper answered absently, for he was interested in the rather gloomy street, now in the throes of dusk. From a few stores and shops along the street, flickering lights came.

"O, Lord," he continued after a moment, "there's some of those hideous valentines which I could swear old Jim Peabody sold when I hung around here," and he stared in amusement at the gaudily painted horrible caricatures known as "comic" valentines. "I never thought of it but it is St. Valentine's day. I ought to send a bunch of valentines to my old sweethearts. But pshaw, I suppose they're all married and have from three to seven babies each."

"Yes, most of the girls you did admire are married and sure have kids. Well, we'll be home soon now."

And then for the intervening distance, they exchanged not another word, for Jim Agnew wasn't a talkative man, and Jasper McIntosh was more intent on keeping his face sheltered from the bitter, biting cold of the February twilight.

At length the sled drew up before the house, and McIntosh alighting, ded to the house, where his sister stood waiting. He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly for she was his only sister and he loved her devotedly. He had not quite liked the idea of her marrying Jim Agnew, he felt that Jim was not the man for her, for the girl had been well educated, and when Jasper had gone to the city to make his fortune and succeeded, he felt he could have given her a better social position. But she loved Jim Agnew, and when Jasper saw the love-light still shining in her eyes as she watched her husband, after eleven years of marriage, he felt she had done well.

Supper served and over, Jasper helped his sister clear off the table and while she washed dishes, he wiped which amused his sister who laughingly asked what he would do should any of his fashionable friends see him.

Then as she asked him about himself and he answering her questions, she observed:

"Well, you've gained the riches you've sought. But are you happy? You were always one of those nervous, restless, get-ahead sort. Have you no interest beyond the dollar chase? Why don't you get married? Every letter that comes, I half expect to hear the news. I'd like to see you marry a good girl, for marriage is happiness when built on love as has been mine. Jim and I have had a hard struggle but we wouldn't change our existence for wealth and unhappiness. And I'm afraid your money doesn't make you very happy."

He smiled. "No Nassy" (this pet name for her, her right name being Esther). "It hasn't. I suppose I could find real happiness in marriage, but I haven't seen the girl yet, and I don't intend to marry simply for the sake of marrying. Say," and he changed the conversation abruptly: "What are those kids up to?"

For during their conversation, a few lively youngsters about the same age as Jim Agnew's oldest young hopeful had come in.

"Say, Jimmie Jr., come here, and tell me what the joy is about."

The lad came into the room at his call.

"Now, what's the joke?" McIntosh asked.

"We're gonna send valentines," Jimmie Jr., confessed.

"What kind?"

"Comics." They all grinned.

"To whom?"

"There's one fr' ol' man Jawkins, who's such a toper, an' fr' Bill Smith what thinks he's a sport. Then there's one fr' Nervy Beale, what's an ol' maid—"

"Jimmie! You'll not send any to Minerva Beale. How can you be so cruel? She's always been good to you, and you know she isn't an old maid—"

"Oh yes she is, Mis' Agnew," piped up Billy Horner, "my ma says she is, an' she wears curly like old maid do—"

"That's all right, kids, send her one," said McIntosh.

"Jappy!" reproved his sister.

He laughed. "I didn't know Nervy Beale wasn't married. I believe I'll send the valentine myself. Let me see, kids, what have you got?"

They tendered him an ugly thing, which bore the opprobrious heading of "Silly Old Maid Couquette," with the following graceful "poem":

"You are a foolish, vain coquette,
But, forget your dreams, my dear,
If any man should marry you,
He'd then shoot himself, I fear."

This worse than impossible "rhyme" seemed to strike McIntosh's fancy. "Gee, that's great," he announced, but it did seem rather mean to send it to a harmless woman. Then the thought of its being received by an old maid, who was once his sweetheart, tickled him.

"I'll go with you, boys, and send this one myself. But I'm going to put it in a fancy valentine envelope along with a piece of pasteboard, and she'll think she's getting something fine."

Taking up a pair of scissors, he notched the cardboard so that when hidden in the fancy envelope the deception was perfect. Then when the boys were not looking, he scribbled on the valentine that phrase which many a heart has echoed:

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than a comfortless, cheerless, unhealthy, unattractive home? You can't afford to have yours so, and you don't have to if you know how to do the fixing up yourself. Big Household COMFORT for March will tell you how to do that and give you no end of other helpful hints that will lighten the housework. You can't afford to miss it by letting your subscription run out. Renew today, if the number over your name on the wrapper is 281 or less.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been."

Why he wrote the lines, he knew not. He positively hated Miss Minerva Beale since the time she had flirted and so humiliated him, twelve years ago, when he had been jibed and twitted by his friends, until in desperation, he had left the town to seek his fortune in the city.

Something of this was in his mind as he walked over the crunching snow with the little fellows, the dark February night. As he approached the house, he became possessed of an amused feeling. Egad! wouldn't it make a tale to tell to his club fellows, sending a comic valentine to a former sweetheart, now an old maid!

When the house was reached, he bade the lads meet him at a certain place, saying he would send the valentine to Minerva Beale himself. And with that, the lads ran off toward the village, while he, with stealthy step, stole up to the porch, and sticking the valentine between the door and jamb, he rang the bell, then crouched down to a window, the shade of which was up a trifle, thus giving him an insight into the room, and incidentally the reception of the valentine.

Miss Minerva opened the door. The watching man got a glimpse of her, but though only a glimpse, yet it had the effect of tightening the cords of his throat and setting his heart to beating uncommonly fast. A vague, self-hatred rose in his thumping heart. Jove! What a cad he was!

Oh, well—

Miss Minerva went back to her parlor, and for a moment stood in the center of the room, contemplating the flowery envelope. He wondered what she was thinking of as she turned the envelope over cursorily. That she recognized the handwriting was quite evident from her start. Her heretofore white face flushed, her cheeks became tinted as with roses. Then suddenly she threw the envelope which she had not opened, upon the table and left the room.

He wondered why. And vaguely too, at that moment, he wondered why she had never married. She was quite wealthy, owned several large and productive farms which had come to her by the deaths of her parents and grandparents.

This line of thought was broken off, for Miss Minerva again entered the room. But he scarce knew her, for the becomingly plain gown was gone; it had been substituted with a gown of white, which though of a fashion long ago, was beautiful in its lacy, fluffy whiteness. In her hand, she bore a mirror and comb.

She listened expectantly a moment, then apparently satisfied that no one was near, she brushed the comb through the prim curls, loosened the tightly arranged coil on the top of her head, and with deft brushes, she arranged her hair in a fashion long gone. The metamorphosis was complete. And the gown? It was the one she had worn on a certain memorable evening.

For some time, the watching man wondered at her actions, then their meaning dawned upon him. She had received a valentine from him and was preparing herself to receive it. Something wrenched his heart. He believed it savage joy!

Miss Minerva seated herself, then opened the envelope. In a moment she had drawn forth the horrible caricature. She stared at it, then read the cruel verse under it, and the even more cruel words which her one-time inamorata had penned.

Cruel as the words were, how infinitely more cruel it was to thus re-venge a grievance of years gone by. Her lip trembled, then brushing something from her eyes, she looked again at the hideous thing, and attempted to smile. That she appreciated the full import of the pitiless joke was apparent from the hopeless, somewhat wistful negative shake of her head.

She rose from her chair, and went to a high chiffonier from which, after unlocking a drawer, she took an article wrapped in tissue paper. What was it? The man looked eagerly.

A broken arrow!

A mere bit of trumpery, yet it brought memories. He no longer saw the parlor. It seemed to take on the proportions of a ballroom, in Judge Wenton's splendid home on Sunset Hill, on the eve of a St. Valentine's day ball. The ball had been given by a young woman (he had even forgotten what her name was) whose father had rented the judge's big, old-fashioned house for the winter, bringing his daughter there when the city's distractions and social obligations had claimed her as their victim. Here, to break the monotony, she gave occasional entertainments to which she invited the elite of the small town.

This St. Valentine's ball was one of those affairs. She had invited the choicest young people of the town, and towns surrounding. Also she had invited in a certain young city man. This young man made himself delightful to all the girls. And then a game was arranged wherein the young men wore great hearts upon their bosoms and the young ladies were given bows and arrows. They were to secure their partners by aiming at the heart of the one they loved best.

The young lady was a tease. She told Minerva Beale to aim her arrow at Mr. Vralian. (McIntosh remembered the man's name!) And, the belle of the evening (excepting, of course, Miss who had all the pretty mannerisms of a polished society bud) Minerva had done so. The young lady had already selected a partner, this left Vralian or McIntosh without one.

McIntosh was the one left.

He was living the scene over again. He could even now feel the sting. He saw himself as he seized the arrow which she had allowed to flee from the bow toward Vralian. Saw him self break it in two, and could even now feel the thrill of anger and mortification that beset him, as he denounced her as a flirt and coquette. How humiliated, how twitted he had been. Miss—'s explanations went for naught.

How he had loved Minerva. Loved her? The thought brought him from the midst of his memories.

Minerva picked up the broken arrow and looked upon it with misery in her eyes.

"Apparently she has not ceased to regret."

"Bah!" he thought savagely.

He jumped up and rattled smartly on the door.

Startled by the loud knock, she shrieked slightly. But he heard.

"It's all right, Nervy, it's only Jappy," he cried.

She opened the door, then stood covered with confusion, her one hand trying to conceal the pretty dishevelment of her hair, the other attempting to hide the broken arrow.

"Thought I'd call, Nervy," he commenced blithly, "to see how you were. Somehow or other, I couldn't help it. Got my valentine, I see. The boys said they'd bring it around. Quite appropriate, isn't it? I mean the lines I added, for if we hadn't had that glorious spat that evening, undoubtedly I might have been your husband. How do you like the thought? Grewsome, isn't it?"

"Oh, please, don't, don't make fun of our former engagement, Jappy. Sit down like a good boy, and let's talk, but please, please don't rake over old memories in such fashion. Because, because, I cherish them, don't you know. I suppose I'm getting to be a sentimental old maid, but even

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if I am there's a certain amount of pleasure in looking back to those happy days. But let us talk of something else. You, for instance. You're looking splendid and Nassy tells me you've been successful. I'm so glad you have been."

"Oh, yes, I'm a cashier of a bank, and have a splendid circle of acquaintances. I indulge in all the city's pleasures but motoring is my especial hobby, and when I take the bank president's little daughter along with me, my delight is supreme. But you don't care to hear that. But you tell me about yourself. You're looking uncommonly fine this evening. I believe," and he looked at her critically, "that looks like the dress you wore to the party the night we had that sensational scrap. Do you remember? I was going to punch Vralian's head, though he was not to blame. I must smile now when I think of

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RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty, the promise to care for Walter, and his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes in the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill and dies. Edmund finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," he lets slip through a crack in a quaint desk. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year. Walter goes to the city and applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence and requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. As he leaves he encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby Gordon to a party.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an uninvited guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that's walked into his heart. Ruby Gordon hears Edmund Carpenter expostulating with Owen Ruggles for his presence there and learns that Walter Richardson was a protege of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Christmas comes, and Ruby's gift, an enlarged like-ness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Robert Gordon loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. Ruby secures a position as a teacher. The house is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Edmund Carpenter makes a proposal of marriage. Ruby refuses him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Mrs. Gordon is left a comparatively rich woman. Mr. Gordon in his prosperity takes out insurance policies for fifty thousand dollars. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter, and he renews his offer of marriage.

Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue goes with her. Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He sees the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and she finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter's and her sister's deception. Walter, leaving Ruby goes upstairs, and confronts her sister-in-law, with her duplicity and Mrs. Gordon realizes she is outwitted. Edmund Carpenter calls the next morning. He determines to ruin Walter and Ruby's happiness forever. Walter calls. A heavy shower comes up and Ruby persuades Walter to stay over night, and asks Mrs. Coxon for a room. Edmund overbears Mrs. Coxon and realizes her willingness to help Walter. They are unconscious that Edmund Carpenter hears all this. The next morning Walter rises early to take the train for Chester. As he arrives there he sees a fine-looking woman getting off the Southern Express—she appears to be looking for someone. The woman meets with a serious accident, and Walter gets a carriage, assisting the man with the baggage, noting the trunks were marked Mrs. M. E. Howland. He goes with the driver, and helps her to the house, and she requests to know to whom she is indebted. When she hears the name of her face becomes ghastly white and she exacts a promise he will see her again. Madame Howland, as she is known, has been twice married, and years ago loses an idolized son. Walter comes every morning and at the end of a week he is invited to enter—madam desired to see him. He reminds her of someone she used to know. A servant enters. She gives a frightened look at Walter. An officer is there to arrest him. He demands the charge and Mrs. Howland begs an explanation. Mrs. Robert Gordon, living in Edmund Carpenter's house in Philadelphia, lost money and valuable jewels one week ago. This young man passed the night there, leaving early in the morning. If he proves his innocence he will be released. Walter admits being there, having gone to see Ruby. Gordon to whom he is betrothed. Mrs. Howland becomes responsible for his ball. Mr. Conant arrives and believes the young man innocent. Mrs. Gordon requests Ruby to read the evening paper. There she learns of Walter's arrest. She believes him innocent as she is, and going to see him assures him of her belief in his innocence. She writes Mr. Ruggles and he comes to Ruby's rescue and she takes him into her confidence. Mr. Ruggles confronts Edmund Carpenter and accuses him of being in the scheme to ruin Walter Richardson. After Mr. Ruggles goes home Ruby goes to a seat around a large oak. Mrs. Gordon and Edmund Carpenter take seats on the opposite side and Ruby learns enough from his own lips to convict him—his placing the diamonds in Walter's coat. He fails to conceal the money and he gives it back to Mrs. Gordon, which she regrets—she having given the number of the bill to a detective. He suggests she send it to him and he will send a check. The next morning Ruby goes to the city, calls at Mr. Conant's office and learns that he has gone to Chester to consult with Mr. Richardson.

The evening closes gloomily. Mrs. Coxon builds a fire in the library. Mrs. Gordon and Ruby go there. The bell rings and Edmund Carpenter enters. He would enjoy a game of chess with Mrs. Gordon, and they retire to the parlor, leaving Ruby alone. She sees a mouse; it seeks refuge behind an old-fashioned desk. Removing it from the wall, she cracks a panel, dislodging a paper; it is the Last Will and Testament of Ralph Carpenter. Ruby secretes it between the panel and back of a canvas picture. Going to the parlor she tells Edmund she has broken his desk and he asks indifferently how it happens. When he learns she breaks a panel he looks into the hole and inquires if she found anything. Ruby is confident he knows something. Edmund spends the entire night in the library, and is satisfied that Ruby Gordon has it in her possession. Estelle receives a telegram, her sister is sick, perhaps dying. Mrs. Gordon hastens to Harrisburg, and Ruby decides to go to Redville. Mr. Ruggles calls, they are to start on the four train. He will send a carriage. Edmund Carpenter demands a few minutes conversation and asks for the missing will. Only under certain conditions will she give it to him. He will not permit her to remove her trunks. She will allow them to be packed in the presence of himself and a servant. Edmund Carpenter leaves the house. The rain falls in torrents. A carriage dashes up the driveway. The coachman, his face entirely concealed by his bavoclock, says he is to come for her and the gentleman on his way back. Stopping at a plain house in a quiet street, she learns the gentleman has been taken suddenly ill. Will she step up for a moment and she follows the girl up three flights. Going into a pretty parlor the door is quickly closed, the lock sprung and Ruby Gordon knows she is a prisoner. The next instant the key turns and Edmund Carpenter walks into the room. Ruby demands an explanation. She will be a compulsory guest until she gives the document requested.

Madame Howland desires to know Walter's former history and he tells of his father's early life, his marriage to the wife he loved, the refusal of the family to accept his mother, his father's accident, and the bitter struggle his mother makes to support his father and keep Walter in school. His father's death, his leaving school and begging for money to keep his mother from starving, his asking Mr. Carpenter for money, and going to the wretched home finds his mother was the woman from whom he was separated and still loves. Madame Howland asks if his heart ever yearns for his own kindred. He can never thrust himself upon those who ignored and despised his mother because she was poor. Walter is startled by the effect of his words and the woman implores him not to be too hard and finally confesses she is his father's mother, and she tells the sad story to Walter and begs his love, and he is known as the child of a son by a former marriage from whom Madame Howland was separated by the war.

Ruby's disappearance is discovered and she is rescued, divulging Edmund Carpenter's duplicity, and removing all suspicion of guilt from Walter Richardson.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RUBY'S RELEASE EXPLAINED.

Edmund Carpenter's face had grown absolutely ghastly while the officer was speaking.

He saw that he was hedged about on every side—everything was known, and it would need but a word from Mr. Conant to throw him into prison to await a trial upon charges that were

liable to result in a sentence of penal servitude for perhaps twenty years. Death would be preferable to that; his haughty spirit could never brook confinement; and, turning his white face to the architect, he demanded, sullenly:

"What are your terms?"

"That bank-note first," was the relentless reply.

Without another word, the young man drew from an inner pocket a small Russia-leather covered diary, and taking from it a bank-bill, passed it to Mr. Conant.

He unfolded it, and after a moment's examination, he said:

Then Mr. Conant took from the table near which he was standing a small package of crisp new bills, and passed them to Mr. Carpenter, adding:

"We have no intention of robbing you, sir; you will find the equivalent of this bill here."

He nodded to the officer as he spoke, and the man withdrew, much to Edmund Carpenter's relief.

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He nodded to the officer as he spoke, and the man withdrew, much to Edmund Carpenter's relief.

But at the same moment a door on the opposite side of the room opened, and he saw his old father, Mr. Fairbanks, enter, followed by Mrs. Coxon.

He knew well enough what this arrival portended, and, overcome by the evidence that was accumulating against him, he sank with a groan into a chair, his spirit of defiance all crushed out of him.

Mr. Fairbanks sat down by the table, and produced a document, which he unfolded, saying:

"Mr. Carpenter, I received this instrument this morning; it is yours—it is Mr. Ralph Carpenter's will, which, at the time of his death, I was sure existed. As the parties most interested in it are present, I have been requested to read it here now."

He proceeded to do so, and it was found that Ralph Carpenter had divided his property equally between Edmund Carpenter and Walter Richardson.

"I shall contest that unjust will—my father must have been demented when he did such an outrageous thing," cried Edmund, starting up crimson with anger, when that clause was read. "Ahem! I do not think that would be a wise proceeding for a number of reasons," dryly responded the lawyer, glancing significantly at him over the top of his spectacles. "But wait; perhaps you may be induced to change your mind after you hear Mr. Carpenter's explanation and reasons for bequeathing his property in this way. Listen."

"This division I make because both are dear to me as my own sons. Such a statement may sound strangely, at first and especially so to Edmund, who, doubtless, will feel that I owe him most on account of kinship. But when he knows—as he must learn from other papers which I inclose with this will—that he is an adopted son."

"Adopted!" cried the startled man aghast, but the lawyer read on as if he had not been interrupted.

"He will understand at once why I feel justified in bequeathing the half of my possessions to the son of one who was very dear to me in early life, and who would doubtless have been my wife but for my own willfulness and unreasonable passion."

Then there followed a clear statement of his affairs with two or three small bequests to servants.

In the envelope, with the will, there was found a certificate of the adoption of "Edmund Wales" by Ralph Carpenter and his wife, together with an account of the whole transaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter had traveled a good deal during their early married life, and once, while in the far Southwest, they had come across a little child who had been born in a mining district. The mother had died soon after the birth of her boy, and he had been left to the doubtful care which could be secured in that wild region. Mrs. Carpenter had become immediately interested in the child, and proposed to adopt it if the father's consent could be gained. This was not a very difficult matter, and the baby was taken to San Francisco, where it was supposed to have been born, and no one else had ever known until now that he had been an adopted son.

Walter was as much surprised as anyone by this unexpected disclosure, and, under any other circumstances, he would have wondered at Mr. Carpenter for having made it; but looking back, he could not realize how disappointed the noble-hearted man must have been with the cold return which the boy had given him for all the care and affection he had lavished upon him; and how he must have contrasted his own (Walter's) loving gratitude and tender attentions with the indifference and almost neglect of his supposed son.

Edmund Carpenter was rendered speechless by what he had heard. It was a thunderbolt that served to crush him effectually, and he had not a word further to offer in objection to the conditions of the will.

"These papers, regarding your adoption, I will resign into your hands at once," Mr. Fairbanks resumed, "and now this will must be immediately probated and there must be a fair division of all that you possess. We have ascertained among our other discoveries, that you have been turning all your property into money with the intention of shortly quitting the country. Now this money, since your late father has appointed me executor, must all be relinquished into my hand, and I will see that justice is done. How mark you, Mr. Carpenter, this is a very important condition and a very magnanimous one in my estimation—if you agree to this and give no trouble in this settlement, no proceedings will be taken against you, as Mr. Richardson shrinks from adopting aggressive measures against one who has so long sustained the relationship of son to his beloved benefactor. Miss Gordon, also, is averse to the notoriety of a trial for the wrong that you have done her. How is it, sir, do you agree to our terms?"

There was a dead silence for the space of a minute, then Edmund Carpenter said, in a subdued tone:

"Yes, I agree."

"Will you swear that you will not attempt to leave the city until full restitution has been made to Mr. Richardson?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"Of course I do not need to tell you that every precaution will be taken to prevent your doing so," Mr. Fairbanks said, with emphatic significance, "and now, I believe, we have no further need of your presence here today."

Edmund Carpenter arose at this abrupt dismissal, looking as if years had passed over him since he sat down. He shot one glance of hatred and malice at Walter, who was regarding him with real pity and sorrow; then his eyes rested for an instant with a sort of despairing tenderness upon Ruby's averted face, after which he turned and walked quietly from the room, too thoroughly vanquished even to care to keep up the appearance of defiance.

It may as well be stated here, that he was closely "shadowed" until he delivered half his fortune into Mr. Fairbanks' hands for Walter; which, since it had to be done, he was eager to do immediately, and after that he suddenly disappeared from the city and was never seen there again.

Years afterward, when Walter and Ruby were traveling abroad, they heard of him as living a dissipated life at a noted gambling resort, and fast wasting the noble bequest which he had received from his adopted father.

Now we must go back a little to the previous afternoon, when Mr. Ruggles and Annie Partridge learned the secret of Ruby's disappearance.

Edmund Carpenter's face had grown absolutely ghastly while the officer was speaking.

He saw that he was hedged about on every side—everything was known, and it would need but a word from Mr. Conant to throw him into prison to await a trial upon charges that were

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These certificates entitle the holders thereof to buy anything they want ON CREDIT, without giving notes or security. We have arranged with our Treasurer to issue \$1,000,000 worth of these Credit Purchase Certificates. Each bears the signature of the President of this Company. Only one certificate will be given to each family.

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PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING CO., 342 E Street Detroit, Mich.

TRION, GA.

I went to high school last term but I am tired of it, and am not going any more.

I think a common school education is enough for country girls. You may not agree with me, but I think they should learn housework.

I can do all kinds of housework and also cook and bake. I can cook anything but water and I always burn that. Uncle Charlie, please give me your recipe for cod-fish balls.

I have three brothers younger than myself, and I think they are the most troublesome boys in the United States. They are always into mischief. Two of them cannot see very well, and attend the state school for the blind, at Columbus. The other one is going to start in high school in September. He is thirteen years old.

Now Uncle Charlie don't let Billy the Goat get this and chew it up, for he might get indigestion.

I remain your niece, *Eva M. FANS.*

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Get This Offer

All the clothes you want. All the money you want.

To learn how you can have one of these stunning swell tailored suits absolutely free, not a penny of cost to you (we prepay the express); to learn how you can make \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day, every day of your life, to find out what beautiful tailoring really is, to get all of your own clothes always free, do this to-day, now, this minute, write us a letter or postal and say, "Send me your New Wonderful Tailoring Offer," and receive by return mail, the most astonishing tailoring offer you ever heard of, a beautiful set of samples to pick from, styles that will set your county afire, and get you gauding, so new, so liberal, so wonderful, that you can hardly believe it.

A. J. Polk, Tenn., writes:

"I never had a suit as well."

Made \$10.00 last month, besides my own suit."

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You don't need money or experience. No matter what you are doing, selling books, cutlery, groceries, soap, tailoring for others, or just working, be sure to get our offer, it's so much better than anything else.

We want good agents everywhere.

Your spare time only will do. Write at once and receive fine outfit and samples free. Everything explained. The greatest offer ever heard of. You will succeed sure, make big money and wear nice clothes.

Write now or show this to a friend who may be glad of this great chance. Address

Banner Tailoring Co.

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Trimmed with
big pearl buttons.

terous thing. Usually they say: "If all your readers will send me ten cents they will not miss it, and I could get along nicely." When they ask for ten cents from all our readers, they forget they are asking for the trifling sum of six hundred thousand dollars. People who join this League simply with the idea of getting financial assistance, had better keep out of it. The only people we try to help are the incurable, helpless, bedridden sick. We would help them anyway, whether they were League members or not. I am sorry, Alf, that you have been so badly informed, and I hope you did not join our League simply with the idea that if you got a burn out or a burn in, or a tooth out or a tooth in, that our League members would foot the bill. These ideas might do to try on Trion, Ga., but they would not do to try on Maine. If ever you get to be a bedridden, helpless invalid, Alf, we will do the best in our power to help you, but we don't pay for burn outs, nor do we give a man a dollar a week after he is dead. If you want these advantages you had better apply to a fire or life insurance company. You will get better results than from applying to the C. L. O. C. Alf, you say you'll "biley appreciate tear help." If you want tear help you shall have it. We will all weep for you. And, by the way, since you demand contribution from the cousins to make good your fire loss, which you ought to have insured against, and as you base your claim on your understanding that the League is a sort of mutual relief association, it would be interesting to know how much and how often you have contributed to help the worthy, destitute sufferers for whom this department asks aid each month. Judging from the unworthy motive which you say induced you to part with your nickel and join the League, and from the fact that you do not mention any contribution on your part, I must conclude that you have done nothing in that line. The League exists for the mental, moral, social and spiritual uplift of its members and for the spreading of Christian charity by deed and word; it holds out no mercenary inducements, and those who would join it for purely selfish reasons had better keep out. Again I repeat, the League's charitable aid goes to those that need and are worthy of it regardless of whether they are members or not.

A. B. Brown, Trion, Ga.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

DEAR SIR: Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. I have joined and Subscribed for the COMFORT and membership of the Club and hold no. 34,786 and Mr. Pinkie Fare Post address Hradie, M. C. Informed me if enemy seares or fatal accident should happen to me I could re-clame and Get help from the cousins and I have had a burn out and would like to have help if it be so as I am informed that us cousins Pledg to do so and help. So I will close. Your friend and fellow cosons,

Cousin Brown, I don't know whether your name is Alf or Arthur, but I will call you Alf. I have printed your letter exactly as you wrote it, for I feel sure you would strenuously object to my putting in on your masterly composition. Then too, if I had made any alterations or corrections, it would have robbed your good communication of much of its charm and literary elegance. In your letter you say that "Mr. Pinkie Fare Post address Hradie, M. C. informed me if enemy seares or fatal accident should happen to me I could re-clame and Get help from the cousins. I have had a burn out and would like to have help." Alf, after standing on my bed for several days, weeks and months, and I might almost add years, I got it through my think tank what you were driving at. I could not understand for a long while what seares meant, but with the help of several college graduates and writing experts (and I had to have several writing experts before I could untangle some of your writing), I have come to the conclusion that seares was intended to mean serious. In short, Mr. Pinkie Fare, has been jollying you into believing that if you had a serious or fatal accident you could claim and get help from the cousins. Mr. Pinkie Fare, Alf, either misunderstood the purpose and intent of COMFORT's League of Cousins, or else he has in the slang of the day, been stringing you to the queen's taste, and I judge by your letter that he has got you nicely roped. I would like to write to Mr. Pinkie Fare, but for the life of me I don't know where Hradie, M. C. is. There is no such place in Uncle Sam's postoffice guide, and there is no such state as M. C. in the Union. Billy the Goat thinks that M. C. does not mean a state at all, but is an abbreviation for either musty cabbages or mixed cracker. Personally I think you mean Hardy, N. C. Let us hope so, as I would like to locate Mr. Pinkie and put him right on a subject on which he is woefully wrong. You mention that Hradie is his post address. Why do you want us to post a dress to Mr. Pinkie? Gentlemen don't wear dresses, they wear suits. Make it address next time Alf, then we shan't be forwarding a ladies' wardrobe to your friend and adviser, instead of mail matter, in other words we shall send mail matter and not female matter. You inform us that you have had a burn out. Shake—I have had a tooth out. I wonder which hurt most. How did they get the burn out, Alf? Did they cut it out, or pull it out? I hope you feel better anyway, now that it is out. I am sure it must have been painful or you would not have had it out. Billy the Goat says he thinks you had a fire, a conflagration. I hardly believe that, because you plainly state that you had a burn out, and a burn out never hurt anybody, it is the burn in that does the damage. Your idea that if you met with a serious or fatal accident you could get help from the League is erroneous. If you should meet with a fatal accident you can drop me a line and I will try and get you a dollar a week after you are dead. That's quite an original idea, Alf, putting in a claim after you are dead. Of course if you are married your widow or friends could do that, but it is far more original and interesting for you to do it yourself. There is some class to a man who can push his own claims after he is a gone coon and cemetery fertilizer. Alf, our League was not founded to assist people who had had a burn out. This is a social organization and not a fire insurance agency. If you wanted to insure against fire, you should take out a fire insurance policy with a reliable company. Evidently you had no fire insurance, and the man who carries no fire insurance on his home and property deserves no sympathy from anyone, but he does deserve all that is coming to him in the way of trouble and loss. Scores of people who get burned out or meet with various calamities, rush to subscribe and join this League, and directly they get their card and button, which costs them an extra five cents, they command me to make an appeal for them, for various sums ranging from five hundred to ten thousand dollars, to rebuild their homes or some other crazy, preposterous idea.

Trained Salesmen earn from \$1,200 to \$5,000 a year and expenses. There are hundreds of such positions now open. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be a Salesman in eight weeks by mail and assist you to secure a position where you can earn good wages while you work. Write to Salesman's Training Association, Webster City, Iowa. For full particulars, list of good openings, and testimonials from over a thousand men we have recently placed in good positions. Address Nearest Office Dept. 175.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I know you are very busy, but I will try and not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

SUNSHINE LAMP FREE
to try in your home 15 days. Incandescent 200 Candle Power. Gives better light than gas, electricity, acetylene or ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. Unique for drawing room, dining room, parlor, etc. A wonderful gift. A perfect gift for every purpose. Take advantage of our 15 day free trial offer. Write today. FACTORY PRICE. Sunshine Lamp Co., 65 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Highly silver plated, fancy embossed frame, chain handle. Very popular design of best value. Free for selling only 180 of our beautiful MEXICAN DRAWNWORK HANDKERCHIEFS at ten cents each. Everybody buys them on sight. No money required, we trust you, order to-day. B. W. ELDREDGE, 124 Eldridge Building, Orleans, Vt.

AGENTS—\$45.00 A WEEK MENDETS
Men all ages, married, single, bachelors, bachelorettes, etc. No local, no board, cement or rice. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Smooth. Sample box, 10c. Complete box, 25c. Postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 100, Amsterdam, N.Y.

November Cut-Up Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in November COMFORT.

FIRST PRIZE • \$3.00 Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis.
SECOND PRIZE • \$2.00 Mrs. A. Wagner, Wis.
THIRD PRIZE • \$1.00 Janet L. Normas, Miss.
FOURTH PRIZE • \$1.00 Mrs. Jacob H. Sipe, Ohio.
FIFTH PRIZE • \$1.00 Alice Stevin, Mo.

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each:

J. M. Williams, Ohio; Mrs. F. DeBacker, Ore.; Mrs. C. E. Katterjohn, Ky.; Addie Pierce, Ind.; Anna Victoria Hulberg, Minn.; A. T. Honeyman, Ala.; Earl E. Tenny, Minn.; Miss Irene Douth, Cal.; Mrs. Glen Milligan, Ill.; Mrs. Harry Brown, Ind.

You will not find it this month, and you never will find the Envelope Folder Renewal Blank wrapped loose inside your COMFORT, as you used to when your subscription was expiring. You have to watch out yourself and look at the number over your name on the wrapper. If it is 281, or less, you should renew March COMFORT.

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To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each:

J. M. Williams, Ohio; Mrs. F. DeBacker, Ore.; Mrs. C. E. Katterjohn, Ky.; Addie Pierce, Ind.; Anna Victoria Hulberg, Minn.; A. T. Honeyman, Ala.; Earl E. Tenny, Minn.; Miss Irene Douth, Cal.; Mrs. Glen Milligan, Ill.; Mrs. Harry Brown, Ind.

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There is nothing like being sure. I will prove that my famous incubator—price only \$7.50, freight prepaid—will out-hatch any machine made, no matter what kind or price. Don't you want to be sure? Why pay more than my price for any machine defeated by me?

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Belle City Incubator Company
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Komen Sense Incubators are known everywhere for their simplicity, economy of operation and big hatches. 90 per cent the average. \$6.50 with order; trifling balance after 30 days' use if satisfactory. Send for catalog and offer tonight.

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125 Egg Incubator **\$10** and Brooder **BOTH \$10** if ordered together.

Freight paid east of Rockies. Hot water, copper tanks, double walls, double glass doors. Free catalog.

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I WANT to send every poultry raiser my large free book on home incubator construction. As easy as A. B. C. Thousands of interesting illustrations and other things. I will send you my pastel Lamp, Regulation Thermometer, Tanks, Egg Trays, etc., will save you money, time and worry and give you bigger hatched. Write for FREE book of incubator plans today.

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Easy—Fascinating. Poultry always in demand. Get Ready Now. \$10 Starts You. The Advance, 100 egg incubator and 100 chick brooder, value \$12, both prepaid \$10. We've started hundreds with this outfit. Order today or write for full description how to start, etc.

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Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices.

All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10¢ for postage. J. W. MILLER CO., BOX 200, FREEPORT, ILL.

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Raise poultry, sell eggs. Make \$1000 to \$5000 extra every year. I will help you. STAHL'S EXCELSSION INCUBATOR does its work automatically—best results at least cost. Write today for Free Book and full information of great value.

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Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send for large fine 1912 ANNUAL POULTRY BOOK.

R. F. NEUBERT CO., Box 793, Mankato, Minn.

140 Egg Incubator and 140 Chick Brooder both for \$10

Made of Cold-Drawn Brass. Incubator with automatic water, self-regulating, complete, ready to use. 30 days trial. Money back if not satisfied. Catalog free. Home Incubator Co., Box 28 Racine, Wis.

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Business Everywhere. No capital required. YOUR OPPORTUNITY WILL YOU IMPROVE IT? Write today for our liberal terms.

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Straight Salary and expenses, to men with rigs, to introduce poultry compound.

Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, Parsons, Kan.

WE PAY \$36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound.

Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, Parsons, Kan.



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Care of Pigeons

If your pigeons are laying and hatching well (as they should be at this season of the year) you must be careful to supply the old birds with plenty of the right kind of food, or they can't feed their nestlings; and thin, scrawny squabs don't pay for the trouble of marketing.

Food and Drink Must be Clean

Drinking-fountains and feeding-boxes into which the birds can only get their beaks are imperative for pigeons, for they are most particular, and will not take defiled food or drink unless positively starved into it. Yet if they have open feed and water boxes, they will scatter the contents all over the floor. There is a galvanized iron feeding-box costing one dollar, on the market, which has seven openings, so that many birds can feed at the same time. Water fountains of the same material are virtually indestructible, and cost only fifty cents.

The yard and fly must of course be entirely closed for pigeons, and should be four feet higher than the front of the house, so that the birds can use the roof for a sun-parlor. We use four-by-four joists, cut into twelve-foot lengths, for the front of the house, as they can be nailed to the house and need not be sunk into the ground, as those at the side and far end must be. The joists for the sides and end are cut into thirteen and one half foot lengths, which allows a foot and a half to go into the ground. These measurements allow the use of four foot netting without any waste. For a house twelve feet long, I think the yard should be at least fifty feet. Erect several perches at the far end of the yard, a platform about two feet wide and four feet long on legs three feet high in the center of the yard for the bath-tubs to stand on. Pigeons must have a bath, for cleanliness is a necessity; a pan about two feet square and four inches deep is the best size, and they can be bought in galvanized iron for one dollar each.

Red wheat, Kaffir corn, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp-seed are all appropriate to pigeons. They should be alternated, or one or two mixed together. Of course, sometimes one grain is cheaper than another, or easier to get in certain districts, but don't use any one grain exclusively. Pigeons must have variety.

We follow the rations recommended by W. E. Rice, a very experienced pigeon-raiser. Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kaffir corn and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed-boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground; for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being soiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea.

Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim-milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim-milk and the bread we get from a baker in the town for twenty-five cents a barrel. Freight costs another twenty-five cents, but even at fifty cents a barrel we find it an economical feed when there are a lot of squabs to be fattened for the market.

The Parents Take Care of the Young

The parent birds take all the trouble and responsibility of feeding and raising the young right up to the time when they are ready for market. The hen-bird lays two eggs, with one

two nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Until we discovered this carelessness, we often had a dead squab in the nest. The feed-boxes can be kept filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

Correspondence

A. J. K.—I saw in COMFORT directions for making an oat sprouter. I have made one as close as I could. My sprouter is as follows: It is twenty inches front and seventeen inches side, and is three feet and six inches high. It is made of white pine, with tongue and groove, with one inch dead air space. One-inch pieces are put on sides and back, and then the zinc that you see forms a dead air space. I have a glass door in front as large as possible. In the bottom I have a small lamp to heat the water. This part is as large as above scale is given, and is eight inches high. Lined with asbestos with holes for gas lamp to escape. No gas goes to oats. In the bottom of the glass door I have two holes—one half inch by one inch, and one hole in the top two inches by two inches. Then four drawers are made two and one half inches high; width and length to suit sprouter as above given, and the bottoms are covered with galvanized wire cloth. I soak oats at night, and put them in the next night. I water same twice a day. I keep water in pan, steaming—just a little—all the time. Oats grow all around the edge very thin, and then a little stronger, but don't grow in center. I put it in some one inch deep and two inches deep. In another the center in all of them gets mouldy wherever the oats don't grow. It also doesn't grow very quick after I cut it. When it starts in the first place to grow, it grows one here and one there. I keep it in a room in the house that I don't use. I have tried everything to make it grow, but have failed. I would be very thankful to you if you could make this a success for me, and perhaps for others.

P. G.—I have oat sprouts standing at a northwest window also. Would like answer at once if possible.

A.—Oats don't need light, and in fact ought to be kept dark. Stir the contents of the trough for the first two or three days. I think perhaps you are using too much moisture. If the water-pan is steaming all the time there can be no occasion to sprinkle the troughs twice a day. Try removing the water pan, and perhaps using a lamp a little larger than the one you have. Alternate the troughs so that each one in turn is directly before the lamp.

E. V.—I wish to describe a disease affecting my chickens. I have Brown Leghorns. Early last spring I had four hens get sick. They began by swelling around the eye and getting very pale for about a quarter of an inch all around the eye, and continued swelling until the eye would be entirely closed and a watery discharge would come from the eyes and nose; then in about a week there would appear just between the corner of the eye and the bill, a small lump under the skin, and as the lump grew larger the swelling would go down from around the eye. The lump continued to grow larger until about the size and shape of the end of a person's little finger, and more than half an inch long. It would stand straight out from the head. The lump looked all the time as if full of pus and ready to open, but when lanced seemed to be hard and dry; nothing but a little blood. All the time there was a watery discharge from the eyes, nose and mouth and it had a terrible odor. The hens would eat and drink heartily, and their combs were red until the lump got so large it spread the bill open, so they could neither eat nor drink; then they got so poor the would have died had I not killed them. After I killed them, a light tap on this lump and the skin burst, and a hard yellow lump fell out, leaving a hole you could put your finger in, and this lump being cut in pieces resembled the yellow of a hard-boiled egg—as hard and dry, and on the end fastened to the head a small root about one quarter of an inch long. Those were the worst cases. Have had some since, but they did not get so bad they could not eat, and one or two finally got well, but it still breaks out once in a while. We have used every remedy we knew of, and thinking it might be roup, have used roup remedies, but they do no good. It seems to affect only one side, and in other part of the head except the eye. They will last for weeks before getting well or dying. We keep houses clean as possible, warm and dry, and chickens have free range of the farm. I would like you to tell me through your paper what you think the trouble is, and what can be done to cure, and prevent it spreading? Have been a subscriber of COMFORT for years, besides other regular poultry papers, and have never heard or read of anything like this, so have written to you for advice.

A.—The birds are suffering from an attack of roup. I think the lump is caused by the air passage being clogged by the discharge. As soon as you noticed a bird showing any signs of cold, such as sneezing, watery eyes, or swelling around the eyes, remove it at once to a sheltered coop. You see, a common cold is the foundation from which many ailments develop, and from canker or mere swelling of the race, roup may materialize, and as you doubtless know, roup is a contagious disease, likely to spread through an entire flock unless the affected birds are removed, and the houses, drinking fountains, etc. well disinfected. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water, and then dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with two tablespoonsfuls of water. Fill a small syringe or medicine dropper, open the bird's

beak and put three to four drops in the cleft of the bird's mouth; about twice that quantity down the bird's throat, and after allowing it a minute or two for breath, inject a few drops into each nostril and into each eye. At night, give the bird a teaspoonful of Castor oil. Keep on a light, nourishing diet; repeat the syringe twice a day for four or five days, and if the case has been taken in time, the bird will be cured.

M. H.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and would like to know where I can obtain a setting of Indian Runner duck eggs. I live in northwestern Pennsylvania, and would like to get them as near my home as possible. I shall be very grateful if you can, through the columns of COMFORT, enlighten me.

A.—Look through the advertising columns of COMFORT and your local newspapers. I cannot give breeders' addresses.

D. W. W.—Will you kindly tell me through your paper what is the matter with a Rouen duck which I have. I bought it last spring when it was quite young, and it did very well until a month or so ago, when it lost its voice or whatever you would call it; at least it cannot quack at all now. Will stand at times, and its head will shake and tremble like a person with the palsy; and it is very poor at getting around. When called at feeding time, it tries to hurry, but seems to get out of breath and falls down. Would like very much to save the bird if I can, as it is a male and a very fine one. Have only three ducks, and since they got their feathers have

been feeding them with the chickens, on wheat, oats and corn, with a mash once in a while. They have free range, with plenty of running water, so I hope that you can advise me what to do.

A.—I fear I can't help you much. Coop the drake by himself for a time in a dry, sheltered place, and keep a deep bed of dry litter under him. Examine the nostrils (two small holes at the base of the bill) and make sure that they are clear. Feed only soft mash composed of cooked green vegetables; one part ground corn, and two parts wheat bran.

S. K.—I want to know what all my chickens. The first I noticed, they began to shake their heads and sneeze so much, that all have a good appetite. I have a good henhouse, and the chickens have free run every day. Upon examining them I can see a yellow substance in their throat and windpipe. Three have died. We have been trying to dote them for roup. I have had no experience with the roup. We gave them kerosene in their water, and burned sulphur in the henhouse before we turned them out. We were told to do that by a neighbor. Now, if you can tell me what kills them, and the best way to treat them, you will greatly oblige.

A.—Read answer to E. V. I think it is rather dangerous to burn sulphur in the house whilst the birds are in it.

H. P. C.—I have a E. I. R. pullet that began to lay on November 9th, and on the 15th she laid, and about one hour after she got on the roost that night she dropped two more eggs. One was full-grown, and the other about two-thirds grown. They both had a skin on them. I carried them into the house. Can you tell me what is the cause of it, as I would like to know. I am an old subscriber. Can you tell me what was the cause of a cockerel acting as if he were choking? He was all right at 4 p. m., and when I went out after 6 p. m., I found him breathing as if he were choked, but I could find nothing in his throat to cause it. I feed a mash in the morning, and cracked corn and wheat and oats noon and night in litter. I killed the bird but could not find anything.

A.—There must be some weakness in the egg-duct.

How it has been brought about, it is difficult to say.

Maybe inherent weakness, in which case the hatchet is the only remedy.

However, as she is a pullet who has only just commenced to lay, I should advise you to watch carefully for a few weeks, as nature will possibly correct the trouble.

A sudden access of very stimulating food, or the use of condition powders would be likely to affect a bird in such a way. However, in a young bird, worms are the most likely cause.

Confining the bird in a small coop, the bottom of which should be made of slats placed one inch apart. Fix legs at each corner to lift the coop by, a few inches from the ground, so that the droppings can fall through the slats, out of the bird's reach. Feed the bird very lightly at supper-time, and the next morning give one teaspoonful of Castor oil, with six drops of oil of male fern added. Two hours later, feed a little mash to which one teaspoonful of Castor oil has been added. Examine the droppings quite frequently, as worms die soon after being ejected. The common round worm is small and round; the tapeworm is flat, and usually only small parts of it are found at one time. If only traces of a round worm are found, give Castor oil every third day for a week. If any trace of tapeworm is found, repeat the oil and male fern doses three times, with an interval of three days between the doses.

H. R. W.—Will you please give me a true description of the Brown Leghorn chicken? Both sexes, if you please. And do you think them to be as good layers as the White Leghorns? With thanks and best wishes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

is a drug prepared from the seeds and leaves of this plant and much used for asthma. This drug is best known in the United States as Jimson-
weed.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Will you admit a young housekeeper into your charming circle? I am fifteen years of age, five feet one inch tall, and weigh one hundred and three pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

I like to do housework, especially cooking. My one wish is to get a good education, but I find it impossible as my father is a farmer, has a large family to support, and finds it very difficult to provide for all. I have been trying to support myself for about three years, by working for our neighbors. That is, doing general housework, cooking, washing and ironing. I find I am not strong enough for this work, and have been thinking for sometime, that I would like a position as companion to an old lady, or as a kind of nurse or attendant to small children. Mrs. Wilkinson, do you think that with no more education than I have, that I could fill either of these places? I would be very glad to hear just what you think I had better do.

How many of the sisters like to read? I do, and I love music, flowers and poetry. I would be glad if any of the sisters would write to me.

MURIEL DEBOLT, Bald Hill, Pa.

Muriel, I like your letter and wish we could have a few hours' chat in place of what I am going to say to you in print.

First, few girls have enduring strength at the age of fifteen years; that is, strength for washing and ironing. And too, girls at this age know little about economizing their strength. I certainly would give up this class of work until you are better developed physically.

If you can find a position as companion and maid to an old lady who is motherly and kind, I would accept it. Here, after the novelty of the situation is worn off, your real work may consist of great patience, lack of freedom and the wear of always being at your post. You would do well to encourage reading aloud and thus keep up your reading while doing the pleasure of your employer. Be systematic, neat and cheerful. You are courageous, willing and ambitious, and I believe lack of education will not bar you from this work, for you will acquire an education through discipline of mind, enabling you to grasp opportunities.

I believe the care of small children will be less fruitful for you, unless you fall into particularly good hands. The responsibility is great, the work is hard even though it appears easy.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years, and have derived much benefit from the sisters' letters; also from Uncle Charlie's page. The recipes and remedies have been so much help to me.

Now I ask some of the dear sisters to fully describe the Bourbon Red Turkey. Are they more domestic than the bronze, their true color, average weight, and do they sell as well in the market as any other kind? I would be greatly pleased to know these facts, and they are as hardy as other kinds?

Also would like to know which kind of chickens you think make the best winter layers. I am thinking of trying to raise some poultry, and would like some information from those having experience and who know.

With love to all sisters I am anxiously waiting a reply.

Mrs. A. H. LANE, Hancock, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
Will you admit a Southern sister to your corner? I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and wish to join all the good sisters. I try from day to day to live a Christian life and always love to do something for my Savior. Some people think they are without talent, which is because they may not possess the same that is admired in another, so let us not bury that which God has given unto us. All professing Christians have received something from God. We are all God's servants. We all have talents entrusted to our charge. Anything whereby we may glorify God is a talent. Our gifts, influence, knowledge, health, strength, time, reason, intellect, memory, affections, are all talents. Many make a bad use of the privileges and mercy they receive from God. To bury our talents is to neglect opportunities of glorifying God when we have them.

I wish some of the readers would tell their plan of giving, especially to the poor, for God has chosen the poor in this world. For the past year I have given one tenth of my income.

Your sister in Christ,

TASSE ALMETTER MOTHERSHED, Lancaster, R. R. 5, S. C.

Mrs. Mothershed. The following definition of Talent is from the pen of Burke: "As to great and commanding talents, they are the gift of Providence in some way unknown to us. They rise where they are least expected. They fail when everything seems disposed to produce them, or at least to call them forth."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:
Since my letter appeared in the December number of COMFORT I have received a large number of replies, too many to reply to each one personally, owing to the serious condition of my sight. Will you please accept my grateful thanks for all of the kind sympathy expressed with the good will and advice of all.

There are a number of COMFORT readers who have given very practical advice in treating my little daughter, some of which will be gratefully followed.

Our climate here is so extreme, and the winters so long and hard, that it is difficult to rear strong children. I hope, however, that ere this appears in print we will be definitely settled.

If it were possible I would like to write a personal letter to every sister who has written me, and will assure each one it is not for lack of appreciation.

Thanking you one and all, your COMFORT friends.

Mrs. E. CAMPBELL, Williston, N. Dak.

DEAR SISTERS:
I was reading my December paper when I said to myself, "This is my time to write a few lines."

I have read dear old COMFORT for a long time and the more I read it the more I like it. I have received lots of help from its pages.

I agree with Mrs. Molle Munford and Mrs. Susan Sinclair. You are right, guard your tongue, for it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison.

I would like to adopt a girl or boy from one to three years old, can give one the best advantages.

We are farmers.

Should like to hear from sisters,

JANE BARKER, Anchor, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I am a subscriber to COMFORT and thought I would give a hint on gardening. Perhaps it may help some to get early vegetables as my husband has had considerable experience.

Take the refuse tin cans, place them in the fire and melt the bottoms and tops so the can will come apart.

Tie a string around it and fill with rich earth, and place them on a plan in the house. Plant whatever you like; watermelons, beans, cucumbers, or any garden vegetable.

By putting them on a plank, you can easily move them from place to place to get the sun.

When transplanting, prepare your ground in rows, and set cans in place. In removing plants simply cut the string, take tin away, and bank around with earth.

This will not disturb the plants and they will keep right on growing. This idea is helpful in cold climates.

Hoping to hear from the sisters, I am sincerely yours,

Mrs. OSCAR JOHNSON, Greenville, R. R. 9, Box 108, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
As I have been a silent reader of COMFORT a long time, I thought I would join your happy band.

I am twenty-nine years old, have been married thirteen years and have no children. I would like to have a little baby girl and can give it a good home.

If any of the sisters know of any would be glad if they would write me. My husband is a farmer, and a good husband.

With love to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson,

Mrs. MATTIE COX, Prairie, R. R. 1, Box 48, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a couple of years and have now decided to write.

I am twenty-three years old, and married to one of the best husbands in the world. He is a railroader. I think there is no state like old Pennsylvania. We live in town in the western part, and are paying for our home. I am a member of the Lutheran church.

Will some of the sisters please send in some pretty names for girls, also for boys, odd names. I hope you

all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain most sincerely,

MRS. CHRISTINE SLOANER, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Sloaner. Quite frequently I am asked to suggest a number of names to select from, so your request gives me the idea that there are many little strangers whose parents cannot find a name quite good enough for them, and so from time to time I would be glad to publish a list of names for both boys and girls, under separate headings. Many names have a meaning, which if given would add to their interest. Let us have the old as well as the new fashioned ones, and please write them ever so clearly, for there must be no mistake about baby's name.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I received my December number of COMFORT and must say never have I enjoyed the COMFORT Sisters' Corner so much, because the main thing in life was taken for a subject in part or principally through the columns, through the suggestion of dear Mrs. Wilkinson. We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren and every good attitude and walk of life.

Dear editor, I want to show you how much more than

I can tell in this writing that I am interested in the good work of COMFORT. When I read those precious letters I felt that it was as little as I could do to send twenty-five cents for as many COMFORT papers, December number, as you would send me, that I might use them as Christmas presents to those whom I know need them. We never know when good is sown how many seeds will sink into one's heart and develop years after.

I would like to shake hands with all you Christian mothers and people. I say mothers first, because it means much to me. I also had a good Christian father, but both have gone before to that dear place of rest. I am forty-six years of age, blue eyes, dark hair, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have made of myself what I am, my mother's prayers being the foundation. I started on a pilgrim's life when I was ten years old; there were twelve in family at one time, some stepchildren, but cutting out the step, I have had many trials in my life, but my dear mother's prayers resting on my head and the true knowledge and light of Jesus to guide my steps aight I have gained victory, so I urge the prayers of you Christian workers that I may carry it to the end; that my Savior will say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Will not that be a glorious day?

Will some of your sisters who use paint tell me

through letter the name and where to get it, lasting and durable, for velvet and cotton. It has been some time since I used the brush and have almost lost out on the latest.

I will exchange some music with some sister who has the music to "When my hair has turned to Silver Gray." It is none the less sweeter by being old.

May the blessings of God rest on all of you.

Mrs. ROSA M. CECIL, Henderson City, R. R. 5, Box 61, Henderson Co., Ky.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wonder if around the big COMFORT fireside there is room for the old Missouri sister to come in and chat a little while. If so, when you are reading this, most all will be planning for a garden, either floral or vegetables, and whether of one or both, plant with a liberal hand, for nothing adds more to the pleasure and comfort of the home, especially where there are children. And too, house cleaning time will be at hand, and much papering to be done, and if a handful of sulphur is added to the paste when removing from the fire, mice and rats, or crickets, will never gnaw

the paper.

As my health is very poor I would greatly appreciate a shower the latter part of March, and would like especially to hear from those raising the Indian Runner ducks. Please tell me of your state, climate and home also of your flowers and gardens at that time.

MRS. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It is Sunday morning and between cooking dinner and reading the sisters' letters I have found a pause in the day's occupation to write to you, I have a dinner of wild goose on cooking, cooked one day before yesterday and have one on the porch to dress for tomorrow. My husband killed them all. It is an unusual sight to see them flying right over our house in flocks of twenty or thirty at a time. But usually they are too high to kill, so you have to go out at night and wait for them to alight before you can shoot them. I like the flesh of goose a good deal better than I do either turkey or chicken. They do not sell high, as you can get the best there is for fifty cents and they usually weigh about twelve pounds.

My husband has been working in the lumber woods but at present is getting barrels of holly and mistletoe to ship for Christmas. There is a good demand for the greens this year, and it is very easy to get as we own twenty-two acres of land which has holly and mistletoe on it. There is mistletoe on the trees right in front of my house.

I have two bright little girls of my own, and one

little orphan girl who stays with me. Nannie May aged five, and Bertha O'Neal, the little orphan, have

gone out in the woods to gather acorns and tattle berries, both of which are edible and sweet to the taste, although I had never seen an edible acorn (I've seen acorns before I came here seven years ago).

I was born at Richmond, Virginia.

My little baby is named one and one half years, has

been pushing the children around for horses, but has

stopped long enough to beg for a "sister." She

clearly loves sweet potatoes and we have some that

fairly float in syrup after they are cooked, they are

so sweet. We had our dinner on Thanksgiving this

year of turkey of my own raising for the first time

and it was certainly fine. Wish I could have shared

it with you all. I have one of the good "Williams"

and he is the superintendent of our Sunday school.

His father started the first Sunday school in this place.

I am sometimes very lonely as I live one half a

mile from a neighbor on either side, and would so much appreciate letters.

Well, I must close, asking dear Mrs. Wilkinson to blindfold the waste basket so it will not get my letter.

From a COMFORT sister with love to each and everyone of you,

MRS. W. W. MIDGETT, Kitty Hawk, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and have just a few words with you all. This is my first letter and really I do not know

what to write about except to tell the sisters how I

got a few subscribers for a dear girl friend of mine who is nineteen years old, a shut-in, and would like to

have a wheel chair, so asked some of her friends to

help her. Well I never go out of my yard but once

a year for I cannot find time to do so, having six little

children, not one able to help me much. I live

on a farm twelve miles from town, and no near

neighbors to speak of, and do all my house and barn

work myself, feed the horse, milk the cows, feed four

pigs and tend to thirty chickens, my husband being

a butcher away from home for weeks at a time,

especially at this time of the year, but I have

twelve miles to town, did my shopping first, and then

went calling on my friends, and before I went home at

five o'clock in the evening, I had fifteen subscribers.

Don't you think I did well? I went home just as

as I could be, singing all the way, and got there at

nine o'clock. Oh, it was cold and dark and twelve

miles' drive is a long way, but I did enjoy it fine, and

had helped a poor girl get a few more subscribers. Why

COMFORT sells itself! I just explained what for, read

a few letters of the cousins and Uncle Charlie's witty

answers, told them of the Sisters' Corner, of the

fine stories it always has, and told them to read it

all when they got it, in order to find out what

the paper really was, for you know there are lots of

people who get so many papers and just read the

stories and that is all. Tell them to read it all from

cover to cover. Oh, I wish I had time for I think

Washington's Birthday Party

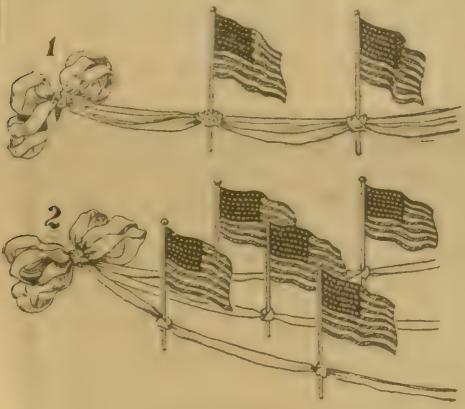
By Eleanor Cameron

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ANY of COMFORT's readers, who has the good fortune to have a birthday on or near that of George Washington, will find enjoyment, as well as occupation for many dark, long winter days, in making the gifts used for prizes at the birthday party. With a little care, it is quite easy to arrange some very pretty new schemes for the table decorations. A few of these are given below:

1. Festoon of Flags

Measure the number of feet of the festoon that you desire. Allow about a fourth (of the whole number of feet) extra, for tying the flags will be found to "take up" an additional amount of the ribbon. Buy red, white and blue ribbon of the needed length. This ribbon should be half or three quarters of an inch wide. Tie the smallest size of flags, one every six inches, through



OLD GLORY.

the whole length of the ribbon, taking care to fasten them so firmly that they will stand upright as if waving in the air. This festoon may be prepared in any one of several different ways. The three strands can be fastened together, as one, by catching them closely each place where the flags are put in. The flags may be put in throughout the separate strands, which can then be draped side by side in the doorways or extending across the length of the room. Again, the three strands can be caught together, at the end where they are fastened, and then draped in three different directions across the room. (See Figures 1 and 2.)

2. Festoon of Bells

Use ribbon as before, or make use of heavy fish-cord, which can be wound with tissue paper of the three colors. Get a picture of the liberty bell and cut some good free-hand copies of it, making as many as the whole length of your festoon will require. Tint these bells a dull brown, using either crayon or the crayolas or, better still, paint them with water colors. When thoroughly dry, press them out very carefully and fasten to the ribbon or cord.

COPY OF THE LIBERTY BELL.—This is done by making a knot in the cord passing the end of it through the handle of the bell and making another knot to hold it in place.

3. Festoon of Cherries

Cover cord, as directed before. Cut large-sized leaves some single and some on little branches, and color with paint, crayon or crayolas. Cut large clusters of cherries and color. These are very pretty if they are put close together along the whole length of the festoon. Save a few of the leaves and cherry-clusters to lay on the table-cloth. For this purpose, they must always be painted and well dried.

4. Flag Ball

Take a small and perfectly round potato or a very hard apple and pass a thread through the center from the stem to the blossom end. Get a number of small flags and stick them into the apple as close to each other as possible. Hang up by tying a match to the lower end of the thread and fastening the upper end to a twist of red, white and blue ribbon. This makes a pretty and unique center decoration for the table but they may be used as general decoration by hanging them from gas-jets or at distances through the rooms.

5. Star Festoon

Fold stars, according to the directions given below: Paste cover with red, white and blue, and suspend from cord or ribbon.

1. Measure and cut a square of two and one half inches in size. Fold a diagonal by bringing two opposite corners together. (See Figure A.)

2. Fold the outer edge C-D in to meet the diagonal A-D. (See Figure B.)

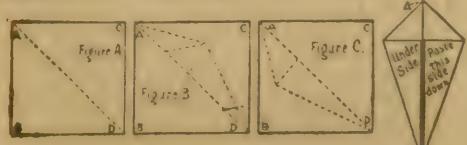


DIAGRAM FOR FOLDING AN EIGHT POINT STAR.

3. Fold the other outside edge A-B in to meet A-D. (See Figure C.)

4. Fold eight of these points and paste, with the under folds down on a seven-inch circle. (Figure D.)

5. When this is thoroughly dry, trim out the edges to meet the points of the completed square. The folded square is best covered by pasting a star (cut by using the folded star as a pattern) over it.

6. Drum for Favor

Cut a piece of heavy cardboard nine inches long and about three inches wide. Paste together by joining the two three inch ends. When this is well dry, cut a circle the exact size of the bottom, and put in place by slipping it down through the top of the circular round made by pasting the three inch edges. When it is about one quarter inch from the bottom, fasten it in place with a few firm stitches. Cover the outside with a dark brown tissue paper and paste slender strips of red paper, slantwise along the middle of the imitation drum, to form the drum-cord. These strips should extend to a half inch from the top and should be crossed at the two ends. If desired, this cord can be put on in red silk floss, with real stitching. At exactly one half inch from the top and bottom of the "drum" paste a one quarter inch band. Fill the little drums with red, white and blue candies and make a circular cover for the top. This should be cut a

little larger than the top, covered smoothly with brown tissue paper and decorated with two small drum sticks. These are to be cut from a heavy paper of a lighter hue, crossed and pasted to the top of the cover. Tie on red, white or blue ribbon for the shoulder-straps.

7. Flag Blotter

Cut out a square of drawing paper, six by three inches. With a pencil, carefully and lightly line in the thirteen stripes and the field of blue. Finish out the flag by painting with water colors. Very small white stars, all gummed and ready to paste on the blue field, may be bought at any book or stationery store. When this is finished, cut three oblongs, of the same size from red, white and blue blotting paper and place in order beneath the cover. Fasten together by tying at the top with a twist of the three colors of ribbon.

8. Cherry Pincushions

From bright red silk or other bits of material, cut circles about two inches in diameter. Gather these all around with very small stitches that run about a quarter of an inch from the top. Draw the gathering thread tight enough to leave but a small opening. Fill the little bag, that you have made, with hair or cotton, packing it very solidly until the cherry is hard and perfectly round. Sew the top firmly and fasten on stems about six inches long. Use a rich green ribbon one quarter of an inch wide for these. When three or four cherries are finished tie them all together, leaving a pretty bow at the top.

9. Cherry Emery Bag for Needles

Make the cherries as before, being careful to use a very heavy and much firmer quality of silk or velvet. Fill with emery instead of the cotton. Tie one of these with two of the pincushion cherries and leave a pretty bow of the green ribbon at the top.

10. Liberty Bell Cushion

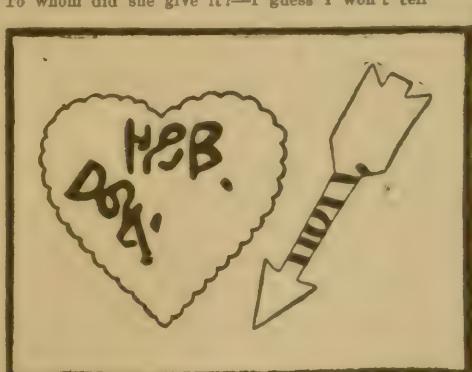
Cut two large bells (see pattern) of stiff cardboard. Cover both sides of one of them with a firm brown silk. Pad one side of the second bell with hair or cotton, taking care to make a very thin layer of the padding. Then cover this second bell with silk as the first one was covered. Tie together with the padded side at the inside and bottom. When fastening it, use a tan ribbon and fasten it through the handles. Tie again at the bottom, using the same color of ribbon. This closes the little double cushion and makes it very valuable for a traveling pin-cushion since there is no way for the pins to fall out and become lost. For a child's room, the two bells should be left free at the bottom. In this case, use the outer one, which may also be slightly padded, for stickpins and the inner one for the common black and white ones.

11. Hatchet Match Scratcher

Cut from heavy cardboard, a hatchet about six or seven inches long. If the cardboard is of a pretty brown color, the handle may be left uncovered but, if desired, it may be covered with tin foil or tinted with water color. Cut a good quality of sand-paper in the exact shape of the hatchet-head. Paste this over the head of the cardboard hatchet. Tie a pretty bow of ribbon at the center of the handle, taking care to leave one long loop for hanging it up.

A Valentine Puzzle

Little Miss Rosie, on Valentine's day,
She cut out a red paper heart, just for play;
She snipped it with scissors and pasted with glue;
A great big gold arrow that pierced it right through
To whom did she give it?—I guess I won't tell



For the answer is plain. You can read it quite well. If you cut out this arrow and place it you know Upon this big heart where it really should go.

SOLUTION.—Place the arrow over the upper figures on the heart in such position that they will read "Her," then place the arrow over the lower figures so that they will read "Doll." The answer is "Her Doll."

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

FEMALE.—Same general characteristics. Color, for brown variety, male bird; head reddish bay; neck back and saddle, rich red with distinct black stripe down center of each feather, ending in a point near the extremity. Breast, body and fluff, glossy black. Wings, bows, bright red; front edge, black; flight feathers, black, edged with brown; covers, greenish black, tail, black; sickle, greenish black; back, horn color. Eyes, face, wattles, bright red. Ear-lobes, white. Shanks and toes, yellow. **Female:** head, brown, edged with lighter shade. Neck, orange, black stripe through feather. Back, light brown, pencilled with dark brown, shading to slate color at the fluffy bows of the feathers. Breast, rich salmon color, shading lighter under body. Wings, slate-brown. Tail, black, except the two main feathers, which should be pencilled with light brown. Face, wattles and ear-lobes and shanks, same as male bird. I think the brown Leghorns are quite as good layers as the white ones.

Anxious Inquirer.—Have been a subscriber to COMFORT a number of years, and think it invaluable in the home. Have always been a poultry fancier, and want to go into the business on a large scale. Will you please tell me in your next issue just what are the best egg-producing foods, and where and how to feed them for winter laying. And where can I obtain a sprout-cabinet? What is the best remedy for scaly feet and legs among chickens? Have used kerosene oil with good results before, but these cases seem stubborn.

A.—By the time this issue reaches you, it will be too late to start feeding for winter eggs, but if you are reading COMFORT regularly you will have found answers to your questions in the last few numbers. Look through the advertising columns for firms making egg-sprouters. For scaly legs, hold the bird's shanks in warm soap and water for a few minutes, then scrape with a soft brush, dry with a soft cloth and immediately rub in carbolic vaseline, or a salve made of lard and flour of sulphur. Repeat the treatment three times at intervals of three days.

M. C. B.—Will you please answer these questions through your valuable paper: 1.—I have a half-grown hen which is picked just near the tail. It seems the chickens have picked her off. Could you tell me what to do for her? 2.—I have two young chicks who are either picked or have lost their feathers from their backs and wings, and the skin is very red and they will drink as long as they can get water. They are very lively and eat well. 3.—What is good for a cold in the eyes? The eyes swell and get full of water. 4.—I have a fine rooster, but the only thing he can do is eat. He picks some of the hens, but has

COMFORT

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Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog or direct from this advertisement, will be shipped on approval. Keep the goods 30 days. If not fully satisfied to buy, send the goods back at our expense and we will refund your money.

"Steinway Special" Sewing Machine

Made with beautifully finished solid oak case—dust proof head case, heavy ball-bearing iron stand, and fitted with high arm automatic lift head. Full set attachments and accessories. Up-to-date in every way.

Colonial Library Table

Large, heavy, 23x21 in., made of American quartered oak, fitted with drawers. Splendid Colonial design, highly glossed finish—guaranteed to give satisfaction. C. W. 3774

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Large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker, high wide back, faint tufted and buttoned. Bowy Seat, upholstered with high-grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs, beautifully ruffled edge to match back. Solid golden oak high gloss finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design.

A high color brasserie rug, red rose design, with either green or tan ground. No. C. W. 6602, Price \$11.05, \$1.50 Cash, 75c per Month.

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Full size frame, best steel nicely finished. Leatherette covering, dark green. 10 in. wheels, heavy rubber tires. When folded \$4.75

Guaranteed 10 Years No. C. W. 3210 Terms \$18.45

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A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average homelover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me:

"He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work. Write for my Free Catalog.

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nothing further to do with them. I feed chicken-food and corn.

A.—Rub bitter aloe all round where the hens have been picked. Hang up a piece of salt pork or bacon rind in the henhouse for the hens to pick at. Feed sprouted oats or green vegetables of some sort, and animal food. Thoroughly clean the henhouse, and use insect powder on the hens. **2.**—Read answer to E. V. 3.—You had better kill the rooster and make soup of him.

D. H.—Will you please answer through column of COMFORT, the following: About four days ago I noticed that one of my Buff Orpingtons (six months old and weighing about six and one half to eight pounds) had a sore on ear-lobe, that looked like a festering place, tumor or something of the kind; only I couldn't exactly tell what, as it had either been torn open or was caused that way by the sore, and had a black fluid running from it; and the cockerel the next day had also a sore comb, which around the base looked as if it would rot and come off, as it had yellowish sticky fluid there, and on the comb there were blisters looking like water-blister and yellow crusts on scabs (which make the older blisters). I don't know and small sores like those on ear-lobe. Cockerels seem to be in the best of health. Three have it already, and everyone has the sore on right ear-lobe, and in the case of the third the sore seems to be a scratch, only it has that black fluid on it. The sores on comb cover both sides of comb. About three months ago, and ever since, I noticed that cockerels had a ring of black crusty specks on combs, which could be rubbed off and comb did not seem to be sore, only it would bleed a little. These specks are from the size of a pinhead to that of half a pea. Along about two to three months ago I noticed that my chickens had what seemed to be a slight attack of the scurvy, but recovered in about a week (they were a little crowded, but quarters kept clean), and just the other day I noticed that their combs were looking scurvy again. I now have them in their winter quarters, and have 33 six months old Rhode Island Red and Buff Orpington cockerels in half of a 32 by 10 foot, open front house (the partition is of wire netting). They roost in half of this half of a 32 by 10 foot house, and have the other 8 by 10 feet for a scratching shed in bad weather; they have three perchers six feet long, spaced 18 inches apart. Do you think that they are too much crowded? I have about 50 pullets of a smaller breed in the other half. My pullets and cockerels have some kind of sores on the outside (mostly) of their legs. At first they seem to be little red spots about the size of a pinhead, under the skin, and gradually get larger and nearer the surface, and form a yellow crust on outside of skin. The sores, at first, are in two or three rows on outside of leg, running up and down, and are spread regularly in the rows; also, the rows are regular and parallel.

A.—I think your birds are suffering from eczema. Give them lots of vegetable food—no animal food, add a small quantity of nux vomica to the drinking water, and ease the irritation by rubbing carbolic vaseline on the comb and wattles. The birds have been much too crowded. Give them more room, and free range if possible.

J. A. B.—Read answer to E. V.

W. W. H.—Will you please tell me why our Indian Runner ducks become lame. After they are lame a few days they die. I judge from what I read in COMFORT, they have rheumatism. How can we treat them so they will not get it, or after

Business and Social Traits of The Father of His Country

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THE public career of the Father of his Country is sufficiently familiar; the whole world knows it; every schoolboy in the land has it by heart. Yet large as is the space he fills in the hearts of his countrymen, how many of them know, even among those of mature years and intelligence, much of his personal traits and character? In an age like this, when worldly success is the test and touchstone, how many are aware of his distinction among men of his day as a business man? At this time in particular, the anniversary of his birth, some few such facts concerning him may not be wholly amiss or altogether unilluminating.

Washington in Person

As to the man, personally, but the real man as Ford describes him, not him of legend and story; Washington was a man uncommonly tall but of spare build for his height. He measured, laid out for burial, six feet three and one half inches. His friend, George Mercer, describes him in 1760, at twenty-eight, as six feet two inches in his stockings, straight as an Indian, in weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds, his bones, joints, feet and hands large, his shoulders broad, and of a muscular development indicating great strength.

He had a well-shaped head—just as the Stewart and Sharpless portraits show him—poised gracefully upon a superb neck. He had a long face with high rounding cheek bones, a large, straight nose, penetrating eyes of gray-blue, dark brown hair and heavy, overhanging brows, a firm chin, a pale complexion and a voice agreeable rather than strong.

His countenance was commanding, his port majestic. Like Lincoln after him, he had in his later years, that careworn melancholy expression which distinguished the great Emancipator.

A man of great strength and physical dexterity he was, and the account of his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock and other such feats are perhaps not wholly fabulous. While he was charged with being cold and phlegmatic, in the face of danger he was utterly fearless and proved it more than once upon the bloody field.

Washington was particular in the matter of his attire and had a genteel appreciation of the value of dress and style. Before the Revolutionary troubles raised a patriotic barrier against imported apparel, he ordered his clothes, like many of the fashionables of today, in London,—of this Ford gives us certain details.

In 1754, says he, our subject orders a superfine blue broadcloth coat made for him with silver trimmings, a fine scarlet waistcoat, "full laced," and a quantity of silver lace for a hat. A little later he orders "as much superfine blue cotton velvet as will make a suit for a tall man, with silk buttons to match," a riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace, together with colored silk hose, a Newmarket great coat with hood, gold and scarlet sword knots, silver and blue ditto, and a fashionable gold-laced hat.

Afterward in his career in war time, we find him patronizing Hartford and Philadelphia concerns for home-made goods, and we have his wash bills while president enumerating, in one charge, six ruffled and two plain shirts, silk handkerchiefs and linen, and nets, then a hair dressing necessary.

In the hunting field, says Miss Herbert, Colonel Washington's superfine red waistcoat was trimmed with gold lace and contrasted well with his handsome blue broadcloth coat, fitting loosely across his broad shoulders, though he had small need to touch fiery "Blueskin" (his hunting horse) with his silver capped switch, for the spirited animal curvetted beneath him, and when the signal came, was off at a bound. At Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms, when he was president, he wore a costume of purple satin or drab broadcloth or black velvet knee breeches and coat, set off with a pearl satin waistcoat, fine linen

wife, four hundred dollars a year more than the salary of Leon, his secretary. The annual rent of his house there, the old Morris Mansion, was twenty-five hundred dollars.

As a young man Washington took part in the "club" life so-called, of the taverns, where stag entertainments were held by the gentry and the expense divided, but in later life he was rather abstemious. Though he served champagne to his guests at his state dinners, he seldom partook of it; for him there was placed, beside his plate, a silver mug of beer.

He was fond of dancing and of the society of ladies. His name is to be found attached to the subscription lists of the "assemblies" of the period, and it was notable how he could unbend among the fair at the presidential levees and receptions. At Philadelphia once he received simultaneously two invitations one to a very swell affair, the other from a coterie of mechanics. Whether from policy or not, he chose to attend the latter, and even danced, the story goes, with one of the daughters of the people.

He appears to have had a number of affairs of the heart in his younger days.

Washington was a good card player. He liked billiards, and was an enthusiastic fox hunter until a fall put him out of commission for that rugged sport. He frequently patronized the theater and circus and did not disdain the amusements of the fair and the side show.

Washington had this qualification for affairs; he had a remarkably tenacious memory for names and faces. He had also, austere as he might be at times, a well-developed sense of humor, though his own witticisms were chiefly along the line of puns. Of Leon, his secretary, who had leave of absence on account of his feet he wrote, "Let him remain as long as he derives any benefit to his understandings."

Though, generally speaking, he kept it well under control he had a high temper when he chose to vent it. Leon was well-nigh confounded at the wealth of epithet he bestowed on General St. Clair, after that worthy's disastrous and inexcusable defeat in the Ohio country by the Indians. "But, let this go no further," said the president when he had finished.

Washington's early educational advantages were limited, but he was well grounded in the rudiments and acquired by experience in public life and business knowledge which is not to be found in books. All his days however, he was a little erratic in his spelling. To penmanship and composition he devoted much practice; his handwriting was neat and legible; letters and papers under his hand he took great pains with, writing and re-writing them till their meaning was clear. His library was small, consisting, principally of the lives and works of the great generals of history, an indication perhaps of his tastes, though it is said that he had read nothing or practically nothing, of military science until after his work in the field was done.

Washington was a churchman of the Episcopal faith, and a vestryman, but was narrow or bigoted in his faith, and attended service whenever he had the opportunity, at his own church if he could, otherwise at that of any denomination.

Washington in Business

Washington inherited one fortune and married another. And in spite of the fact that more than half his life was given to the public service he gradually increased his estate, by judicious investments, mostly in real estate, and by good management, so that when he died, as a contemporary tells us, he was one of the great land owners of America. He was a surveyor in early life and in the practice of his profession he had many opportunities for profitable land investments. He became, largely through the increase in land values, one of the richest men in the country.

At Mount Vernon he lived in style. Twice he enlarged the house; he improved the grounds with a fine approach, laid out a bowling green, shrubbery and greenhouses, and a deer paddock and stocked the plantation with Chinese pheasants and imported fowls. On the place he had a paying fishery for herring and shad, a distillery, a saw mill and flour mill which latter had a reputation for its grist and was supplied largely with grain from the outside. He bred cattle, sheep, horses, and mules, and kept a pack of hounds for hunting. He owned the race horse "Magnolia," the horse "Nelson," his charger during the Revolution, was bred on the place. He employed on the estate the labor of one hundred and fifty slaves and as many more hired hands. He owned stock in the Bank of England before the Revolution and made profitable investments in the Bank of Columbia and the Bank of Fredericksburg. He was interested in canal and road projects largely, some of which paid and some not, and had town lots in Alexandria, Bath and Winchester, Va., in Philadelphia and in Washington.

For his service under General Braddock in the campaign against the Indian, in which young Washington's coolness and sagacity saved the army from annihilation, he received a bounty of fifteen thousand acres of Western lands from the state of Virginia, and secured as much more by buying the claims of his fellow soldiers. In 1780 his Western holdings were priced at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in 1790, with the progress of Western settlement, they were worth three hundred thousand dollars. He was interested, with Governor Clinton of New York, in a speculation that embraced the Oriskany tract and Saratoga Spa. This fell through; but Washington bought six thousand acres instead in the Mohawk valley for nine thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and sold two thirds of it for seventeen thousand dollars, leaving the value of six thousand dollars still his. He was interested in the Ohio Company, the Mississippi Company, the Walpole Grant, the Millitary Company of adventurers in privateering.

He was a kind master and a charitable man; continually extending a helping hand to his poor relations and to old friends in adversity. In a contract with a gardener whom he hired we find him allowing for gratuities four dollars at Easter, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights. Two dollars at Christmas and two dollars at Whitsuntide for the like purpose, "a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at night." Think how conditions have changed since Washington's time when laborers insisted on contracting for the privilege of getting drunk on holidays.

His habits were regular and methodical, his administration of affairs systematic. As president he audited the household accounts weekly. His will is a model of clearness. In it he emancipates his slaves, one hundred and twenty-four in number, upon the death of his wife. He also left an endowment for the Washington and Lee University of Virginia and for a National University at Washington.

EASY WAY TO MAKE \$1000.—Can you prove that the earth is round and that it revolves around the sun? If so, write to C. W. Morris, 250-2 Line, Mass., and he will give you a prize of \$1,000, which he has deposited in the bank for this purpose. He believes that the earth is square, and in fact, he says he knows that it is square, and that the sun revolves around the earth instead of vice versa. \$1,000 easy money for someone.

See List of Big Cash Prizes Paid Last Month

Just as large and as many prizes offered for this month. Just as good a chance to win them this month. Enter this month's contest now, and win your share. Only three months of the Grand Prize Contest left. Don't miss this chance. Only those prosper who make the most of their opportunities.

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Sells on sight. No experience necessary. Send your name and address today for free information. Phenomenal opportunity to make money. We want Agents, General Agents and Managers in every county. Anyone can do the work. 100% PROFIT TO AGENT. No charge for territory. You will earn

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easily at the very beginning. Grand free advertising special introductory plan for agents on the most sensational selling article of the age. Every man a buyer—quick. Every call a sale. Success is yours. Money in abundance is coming to you. Independence—pleasant position—luxuries—a start in real life—**SUCCESS**.

One man (H. C. Wingo) sold 720 sharpeners in six weeks; Stauffer, Penn., sent third order for 300 machines. Once our agent, always a money maker. Get out of the rut. Send for absolute proof. Young men, old men, farmers, teachers, carpenters, students, bank clerks—everybody makes money.

LISTEN TO SUCCESS: Read these reports: Krantz, N. D., says: "Had a good day bed time and took 6 orders in one hour. People want it." Applewhite, La., "Took six orders in thirty minutes." Harmon, Texas, says: "The man who can't sell the Never Fail Sharpener better go back to chopping cotton, for he couldn't sell \$10.00 gold pieces for \$1.00 each." Brand new business for agents. Sales roll up everywhere.

ALL OR SPARE TIME WORK

JUST THINK OF THIS: The only automatic device that HONES as well as STROPS ANY RAZOR—old style or safety blade. \$100.00 REWARD if you can furnish a razor blade that can not be sharpened on the Never Fail Sharpener, provided it does not need grinding.

A positive automatic razor sharpener—absolutely guaranteed. Here at last. The thing all men have dreamed about. Inventor's genius creates the marvelous IMPROVED NEVER FAIL—perfect in every detail, under every test. With it you can instantly sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—old style or safety—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. A few seconds with the IMPROVED NEVER FAIL put a razor in better shape to give soothng, cooling, satisfying shave than can an expert hand operator in thirty minutes.

Now idea. Weeks great. Makes friends everywhere. Sells itself. Men are all excited over this little wonder machine—over its mysterious accuracy and perfection. Eager to buy. Agents coming money. Field untouched. Get territory at once. We want a thousand Agents, General Agents, Salesmen and managers. Act today. Exclusive territory.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address on a postal card and we will mail complete information, details and sworn-to proof FREE. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Give name of county. Write today. Address THE NEVER FAIL COMPANY 1256 Colton Building TOLEDO, OHIO

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

take up much of your time. I am writing to ask if you can tell me where I can obtain employment writing. I would prefer doing the work at home. Any information would be thankfully received.

However, if you know of no such employment, you need not trouble to answer, Uncle Charlie, and I will know by this, that you can give me no encouragement.

Thanking you in advance, and wishing you health and happiness, I am, respectfully yours,

Miss G. F. B.

The above letter was not sent to me for publication, but as I get scores of similar letters with requests that personal replies be made to each, I am giving it publicity. The young lady who penned this letter, wrote the neatest, most legible and loveliest hand I ever saw. Her letter was a work of art. Letters of this kind, though still quite numerous are getting rarer and rarer in our mails. Once on a time nearly every woman who had a little education, and could write a fairly decent hand, or who was forced by necessity to earn her living, pestered everybody from the President down, for writing that could be done at home. Women were possessed with the idea that some man or some firm had stacks and stacks of stuff that they wanted copied, and women and many men too, for that matter, thought it would be such a delightful way to earn money, if they could stay home and make pot hooks and hangers, while some other fellow paid them two or three dollars a day for spoiling paper and wasting ink. It just did seem to all those dreamers that there ought to be some good-natured guy somewhere, who had a bunch of money he was ready to hand out to lone widows, unemployed old maids (excuse me, bachelor girls) and workless maidens, for making him a million copies of his weekly laundry bills, or some other thing equally absurd. There are still hundreds of women who harbor these absurd delusions, that there are people who want copying done at home. People should remember that all the world can write nowadays. When everyone can do a thing, that thing ceases to be a remunerative business. The only people who ever wanted things copied were lawyers, who had to have deeds drafted and engrossed by law clerks. The advent of the typewriter, alas, put the kibosh on the President's down, for writing that could be done at home. Women were possessed with the idea that some man or some firm had stacks and stacks of stuff that they wanted copied, and women and many men too, for that matter, thought it would be such a delightful way to earn money, if they could stay home and make pot hooks and hangers, while some other fellow paid them two or three dollars a day for spoiling paper and wasting ink. It just did seem to all those dreamers that there ought to be some good-natured guy somewhere, who had a bunch of money he was ready to hand out to lone widows, unemployed old maids (excuse me, bachelor girls) and workless maidens, for making him a million copies of his weekly laundry bills, or some other thing equally absurd. 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A Spark in the Ashes of Love

By A. W. Peach

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"I TUM to whist you." Richard Marston shot his well clad six feet of brawn and bone from the depths of his big, easy chair to a sitting posture, to stare with startled gray eyes at the figure in the center of the room. The sweet, high piping voice that had aroused him from his nap belonged to a little bundle of white clothes, a round, chubby face, and a mass of golden fluffy curls that trickled over the eyebrows and the shoulders in shimmering waves. How under the sun did she—it get into his bachelor apartments he asked himself. Ah! naturally enough, for the door was open. "Why don't you say, how de do, tum in?" the voice piped a little reproachfully.

"Why, come in, pardn me; I'm very glad to see you," Marston said in his best manner, bending down to offer his hand to his little visitor who accepted it gravely and decorously. The big innocent eyes looked up into his admiringly.

"You're a big man, isn't you?" Marston found himself blushing; he stooped and caught the youngster, carrying him with a long swoop to his shoulder.

"Ooooh! dad's dad! do it aden!" He swung him round in front of him. "Say, what's your name?"

"Wohut," the round lips puckered gleefully. "Henry, that's a good name."

"Taint' Henry, it's Woburt!"

"Robert—oh! Robert what?"

"Wobut Duncan," the lips formed and the little fingers reached for his mustache, then paused as he eyed Marston's face, a little frightened, and sympathy mingled in the childish voice as he exclaimed:

"Why! you sick?" Marston sat down and put the youngster on the table. The fun and joviality had fled from his face.

"Say, kid, who's your mother?"

"Kid," disgust filling the piping voice, "mommer says dat's naughty, I'm shamed o' you!"

"Pardon me, Robert."

"Mommer makes me say, 'Scooz me!'"

"Well, excuse me, Robert—you live here?"

"Yup, way up, top, top, where the shooter goes."

"Your mamma must be very nice."

"Yup she is, an' she's dot hair like mine, I heard um say so."

"Who?"

"The doker an' the monkey man."

"The doctor and the Irish janitor," Marston laughed.

Then it occurred to him that someone might be looking for his new-found friend; he ran his fingers through the glinting curls.

"Hadn't you better go and find papa?"

"Pahper? I isn't got no pahper. The monk y man's got a pahper with funny pictus in it."

"Well, you are a corker," there was a strange new light in Marston's face, "your mother?"

"Why! un!—der she is." The youngster pointed with joyful finger at the door.

Marston's face changed as he looked; he put the child down and a long breath escaped him. He stepped forward impulsively with outstretched hand.

"Alice—"

"Mrs. Duncan, if you please," the softly modulated voice trembled with the effort of great restraint as she interrupted him; and every soft accent fell on Marston's throbbing heart like the hammerings of fate. He stepped back; the strong lines of his face fired for a moment by some great feeling sank to perfect repose; a genial smile broke over his features, betraying the masterly spirit beneath.

"Mrs. Duncan, the youngster strayed into my room, and I was very glad of the visitation," his voice was controlled and easy. "This new apartment of mine needed a little sunshine." He chuckled his wee visitor's dimpled chin, and a sharp twinge shot across his face as he noted how the even features, the perfect, high-bred lines of the mother's face were copied in the child's.

"I am very glad he did not trouble you," she answered, smiling at the round face pressed against hers, the mother light shining in her eyes. Marston said to himself that she never looked as beautiful as then even in the other days, when she was queen of the city circle; then garbed in the height of fashion with all that money and love could furnish; now, very neatly but inexpensively clad. Radiant and superb she was then, now more so with a gentler, deeper beauty. She turned to go, a little shy color rising in her face under his gaze. Men had said Marston had no soul.

"Mrs. Duncan would you object—" he paused as he noted the troubled expression on her face, "I will not ask it. Good day." He smiled at the youngster and shook hands with him gravely. He watched her go through the hall, walking with the easy matchless grace that once in the brilliant ballrooms of the great city had made her the center of eyes, and had hushed the mellow hum of conversation to a single word of admiration.

"Tum an' see—" the words reached him, they ceased as if softly muffled by a repressing hand. He smiled bitterly; and listened until the childish chatter and the soft footfalls on the rubber carpet had died to silence down the great hall; then he shut the door, sank wearily down in the big chair and the strong face resting in the palm of his hand grew vacant and expressionless as a death mask.

"What fool I was to let my feelings run away with me," he whispered.—"call her Alice. Heaven! The last time I spoke that word I swore never to speak it again—in the arbor at the Governor's mansion. I went down and out that night. She was unreasonable to believe such a thing, and I was too proud to explain. Fool! fool!"

"So Bob Duncan is dead. Bob, I forgave you, and tried to forget you years ago for the way you won that girl from me. Yet, all's fair in love and war. I lost. You won. But it took the sunshine out of all these years."

The shadows of twilight stole into his fine apartments and hung drapings of murky gray over the furniture of the room; the last rays of the setting sun fell through the window on his face bringing into strong relief the firm lines of brow and jaw, and touching the silver threads in his hair; lights flickered and flared into life over the darkening city, but Marston did not move. The other inmates of the great block came to their apartments; a merry, jolly laugh, full of life's rich fellowship and good cheer pregnant with joy and prophetic of fun echoed down the great hall but Richard Marston's face did not change.

The slow rumbling drawl of an ocean steamer far at sea borne to land by the evening breeze returning from its pilgrimage over the ocean wastes was pitched in low enough key to reach his consciousness. He started to his feet in a dazed way, and snapped on the lights. The mellow glow accentuated the coziness and comfort of his bachelor rooms.

He ran his fingers slowly through his thick hair, grown gray too early for a man of his years; he peered in the glass, and walking to the window, he looked out over the city sea, dotted with its myriad lights.

"Well, I can't do it over again; that was all settled years ago. Now what remains? A life-time gone and what is there to show for it?"

"Hullo?" He stepped to the corner of the room where his eye caught a bright golden glimmer.

He picked up a little locket. It snapped open under his finger; from it Bob Duncan's face looked with all its masterful, unscrupulous, unbending power. Marston's strong face answered the look of the pictured one as it had done many a time on the ballroom floor, or in some beautiful reception room when the strife had been long and hard to win Governor Verdon's beautiful and queenly daughter.

"Now, what shall I do with this?" he asked himself. "Take it up? To think was to act with Marston.

He went up and touched the bell; he heard the sound of footsteps which he knew and he gripped the locket. The door opened and a quaint little exclamation reached him. He was master of himself.

"Mrs. Duncan, pardon me for disturbing you," he said, smiling and looking deep into the fine clear eyes that had not lost their old frank beauty, though years had passed full of change for her, but dull and uneventful for him; something in them startled him too, a glimpse of a depth he could not fathom. "I picked this up in my room; I imagine it flew off while I was whistling the younger around."

He put it in her palm, their fingers touched, something wrenched loose within him, he held them. She drew away, shrinking back, pale under the soft light, and trembling, but he did not release her.

"Alice, for the old day's sake, listen to me, just a word, then I'll get out of this place and your sight for good, I give you my word of honor." He paused a moment and his voice became quiet and wondrously gentle, filled with an indescribable longing; he half turned to go.

"Alice, God knows I have tried to forget, I cannot, I still love you." He looked at her, his soul in his eyes, every line of his face expressive of his meaning; and he was gone.

He went down to his room without looking round, nor did he notice that the door did not shut as he went; he walked lightly, but with a heavy down heart.

"Ashes, nothing but ashes," he muttered, running his hand across his face. He slowly dressed for the reception at the club.

"What's the use of it all? Not a thing to look forward to, no home of my own, not a kid to laugh, or a soul really glad to see me, not a soul that really cares, that really cares. I'm weary of it all. My money, God! money, money, bah!"

He put on his coat and looked round the room before he snapped out the lights.

"Back here tonight, then out—somewhere—somewhere. Dinner, drunk, and done for." He laughed mirthlessly and a little wildly at the alliteration.

He stood on the steps to light his cigar. The janitor came hobbling up, always eager to show his friendliness for this tall, distinguished-looking tenant with the strong, kind face; and for another reason also, which only Marston and he knew, a reason backed by a little fellow whose back was straight and strong now, but who once found his world a narrow bedroom and an open window until this tall stranger came to see him once, and brought a man that smelled of medicine.

After a word of preliminary greeting the Irishman said:

"Ye look like a sta-a-ate on a col' night, Mar-aster Marston, ye want'er chipper thrup."

"Chipper up?" Marston's voice was cold and weary. "Billy, when you go home what do you find?"

"Wha-a-at do I foind? Why, I foind the ol' woman, God bles her: moles an' all; an' I got tin o' the best chilfer thet ever kape ye awake nights, er scraped wid each other over the grub—that's what I foind, an' I wouldn't swap wid no man, evin Teddy."

"Well, Billy," Marston said, slipping something that crackled into Billy's rough hand, "stick by them to the finish—God knows I envy you!" He was gone.

Billy stood gapping after him, his hat in his hand.

"God bless him!" he gasped. "Him envyin' me, wid all his mon; them rooms, an' nothin' ter do all his da-a-a-ays."

"It's beyond Billy's philosophy."

Hardly had Marston left the steps and turned the corner of the next street when the Irishman hurried down; and in a brief space of time a doctor's automobile chugged to silence at the curb. There was a flurry of lights in an upper apartment. Then in a short time another great dark machine rolled up, figures hurried up and down the steps, and gently, with great care bore something into its dark bulk.

Marston was coming to his rooms early from the club, swinging along with firm, steady strides, but sick and weary at heart; he did not ride as was usually his custom, for he knew the silence and ease of the cab would render more sharp the hurt of the old wound torn open anew by his meeting with her.

It had been Ladies' Night at the club: he had met the belles of the city, and the realization that he well nigh had his choice among them smote him with disgusting emphasis; it was his position, his influence, his money. How strangely fate works, he thought, the only woman he loved or had ever loved, evidently in straits or nearing them, that his money would ease, deliberately refusing all that would be laid at her feet if she but spoke the word. He asked himself as he went up the steps, what was to be the end, the rising and the falling of the curtain on the last act of the drama, the close of the endless round, monotonous and unchangeable? He watched the answer take form in his mind with a smile; he knew, it was a good way and no one should know.

"Hullo! there's someone in my bunk."

He opened the door and a tall, gray-haired man of about his own age rose to greet him.

"Well, doc, how are you," Marston's voice was full of welcome and pleasure, "haven't seen you yet here the kid?" He looked into the corner where Robert was busy building wonderful architectural structures with his books. He gathered him up in his arms; the golden hair dropped over his shoulder and into his face. A shadow as of pain passed over the doctor's face. Marston put the youngster back among his playthings.

"Mrs. Duncan asked that the youngster be entrusted to you tonight," the doctor began, "others offered to take care of him, but he seems to have taken a fancy to you, and the others were strangers to him, so I took the liberty of bringing him down here."

"Why, what?" Marston's voice was hoarse. "Mrs. Duncan has been rushed to the hospital for a very serious operation."

Marston's erect figure swayed. The doctor seemed to notice it.

"What?" Marston's voice was hoarse. "The brain," he answered simply.

"Hope?"

The Doctor held up one hand and turned away. "One alone knows whether the dawn finds her here or there," he answered brokenly, his face hard with some great inner tension. The lines on the cold, professional face worn deep by long, hard, unremitting service of others deepened; his head sank to his hands.

Marston stepped back, wonder at the story he read on the doctor's face filling his voice:

"Doc, do you—"

"With all the love that God has given me," he answered hoarsely. "Why on earth wouldn't?" he demanded almost fiercely; "and I've stood by her when everyone failed her all these years,

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when you washed your hands of her—enough of this!" His face set and he picked up his case. Marston put his hand on his shoulder.

"Doc, I think I know," was all he said.

"One moment, Doc, who is the best surgeon here?"

"Macpherson, the best anywhere."

"Got him?"

"No; I haven't the money, nor has she." He beat the ends of his mustache and his fingers grew white on the handle of the case.

"Money? money?" Marston laughed. "Money! Good God! get him."

The Doctor stepped into the hall, and in a moment came back.

"Doc, tell me her history the last few years." The doctor spoke briefly and swiftly, as one who knows.

"Bob Duncan died of tremens. I attended him; and have been her friend since then. She stayed by him to the finish. She is living here on her own money, arranging to give music lessons—you remember she used to sing beautifully—she does more so now. She dropped from sight after his death and disgrace; I have kept sight of her, however, myself; but—" he smiled—"Bob never died here—" he motioned to his heart—"good night."

Marston came back.

"Once I thought—before that deal of Bob's—but here Doc's manhood clear through to the bone, giving his life for others, growing gray in the service like none other on earth, yet he could not win her; and here I am, a boozier, a loafer, a swell dub of a city clubman with nothing but my dollars and my duds. But I'm getting weary of it all, very weary, weary." His mutter softened to a whisper. "Sometime—say, little one, pretty near asleep? you look like a regular cherub in those pajamas."

"Tain't pap-pa—it's a nighty. Ooooh! I's sleepy, isn't you?" The eyes blinked into his waveringly.

"Yes, very, very tired, little one," he answered, smiling. "Let's go to bed, tum on."

He took the little fellow's hand and they went into the big, cozy bedroom. He flicked on the dim, glowing lights.

"My! dis dud!" He scrambled on to the white, soft bed and rolled around, kicking his legs and crowing, prophetic of the cheers of boyhood days to come. Marston sat down without removing his dress suit to watch him. Suddenly the little figure sat up, his face one big question mark.

"Say, where's mommer? Ish she dohin' to be down all night, all night long?"

"Perhaps," Marston's voice quivered in answer.

"Why?" wonder at the unusuability of it all filled the little voice. "She ain't kissed me."

"She won't—tonight, sonny." Marston bent over to study the carpet.

"Why? where's she dawne?"

"Oh! where—where it's all quiet no noise, peace—" he choked.

The Old Lady in the Dolman

By Belle Gray

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IT was ten minutes to two, and in the men's dressing-tent all was hurry and confusion. Acrobats, equestrians, clowns and jugglers were casting off the pepper-and-salt suiting of everyday life and donning garments brilliant or fantastic.

Upon this scene of rapid metamorphoses, he burst, in the full glory of his irreproachable frock-coat, high, shiny hat and blazing diamond stud. And this sartorial splendor, no less than his lordly carriage and expansive smile, proclaimed the great Manning, manager and part owner of the Manning Mammoth Show.

The usual brisk round of witticisms greeted his arrival, but the manager did not stop to parry them. Instead, he made his way, with a sure instinct, to the side of the only idle person in the tent. This was a young fellow in his shirt-sleeves who sat on an upturned goods-box, his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, and his shoulders hunched up in a despairing attitude. Manning gave the boyish shoulders a resounding slap.

"Cheer up," he quoted tritely, "the worst is yet to come."

The young fellow—he did not look to be over twenty—lifted his face from out the shelter of his hands and glared at the manager in a decidedly hostile way, but the urbane Manning only laughed.

"What's the matter, Bill? Been crossed in love? Been fooling with cards on the sly? Or is it just a plain case of grouch?"

The boy kicked up a piece of sod with the toe of his shoe. "This place isn't more than thirty miles from my old home," he stated briefly.

Manning whistled. Like all kind-hearted people, he took a vivid interest in the affairs of others; and the boy who went by the name of Billy Williams had been very uncommunicative since he had thrown in his lot with the Mammoth Show. Therefore the manager eyed him curiously, as he asked:

"Don't want the old folks to show up, hey?"

The boy scornfully kicked at another tuft of dried grass. "They won't be here. They're not that sort."

"Well, then, what're you whining about?"

"The old lady in the dolman lives in our town, too."

"The old lady in the dolman?" repeated the manager. "Oh, I see! Well, it would be a pretty come-off if she moseyed up, hey, Bill?"

"No danger o' that. She never went to a circus in her life, I'll bet."

"What in the — is the matter with you then, Billy?" persisted Manning. "If anybody that knows that old party is here, it'll make it all the funnier. Why, you could turn it into a regular roaring farce!"

"I'm tired of roaring farces," snarled the boy. "I'm tired o' this funny business. I'm tired of it all. I'd like to chuck the whole thing."

"That's — nonsense." The manager laid a politic hand on the youngster's shoulder. As it was allowed to rest there, he went on with more confidence: "Why, your business made the biggest hit we had, in Nashville and Atlanta, too. The way you ambled across the tent holding to the arm of some green country Jake, and playing the innocent, guileless old lady to the life, was the best thing ever I saw. The people up in the seats soon got onto your little game, and I tell you, Billy, they just howled. No, sir, we can't do without your little act, and don't you forget it. You better hustle into your dolman. There's Rembens a plenty piling in, just waiting to be fooled."

A reminiscent grin widened Bill's mouth. The boy was a true mimic, and, like all of his caliber, found a keen delight in his own pranks. Manning, who knew his weak point, soon flattered and cajoled him into a semblance of willingness, and had the satisfaction of seeing the youth lift his costume out of the trunk before he left the tent.

From thence the manager went to another canvas apartment where the horses and ponies, and the trained dogs and cats were put up in improvised stalls. Pats for the horses, pleasant words for the dogs, and joking observations to the grooms in charge, smoothed his way to the main tent. Once there he paused as he looked around him appreciatively.

Although it lacked a good half hour of being time for the performance to start, the tent was filling up rapidly. The side where the seats were not reserved showed a moving sea of black faces, while the other side already possessed a thick sprinkling of white ones. It promised to be a record breaking day, reflected Manning; and he pushed his hat farther back on his head and strode majestically onward until he reached the animal tent.

Here his eyes were greeted by a sight that warmed the innermost recesses of his heart. A swarming throng of people were elbowing and pushing and treading on each other's corns, as they endeavored to catch a glimpse of the beasts in the cages. Some wise ones held fast to the rope railing, letting their hands slide along like buttons on a string as they allowed themselves to be borne onward by the crowd. Babies squalling in their mothers' arms, and little tots wailing, because they could not get to see the "an'mules, together with the occasional roar of a lion or snort of an elephant, made a symphony of sounds that charmed Manning's ear, while the—to some—offensive odor that emanated from the cages seemed to be more agreeable to him than the perfume of roses.

But suddenly he paused in the course of his blissful march and stood, evidently perplexed, as he muttered to himself: "What in the — is that young rascal doing in here?" Yet, strange to say, as he uttered these words, his eyes were fixed on an old lady in a dolman.

Her back was turned to Manning, but the full sweep of that antiquated wrap, with its fringe of bugle trimming, was unmistakable. So was the ball of fluffy gray hair beneath the ancient bonnet. Yet, when the manager had elbowed his way until he was within earshot, and had heard the old lady speak, he found that her voice was unfamiliar to him.

"Is them hippopotamuses, Annie?" she was saying in rich, hearty tones. "Well, is they, shore enough? I never seen one o' them critters afore, an' me sixty odd! Ain't they big an' ugly! But hits the elephants that I like, Annie. The crowd seems ter be a-thinning. Let's see if we kin git a glimpse o' them now."

With these words the old lady turned around, and the inquisitive Manning saw a ruddy, albeit wrinkled face, with a pair of bright blue eyes behind thick spectacles. This wrinkled face was guiltless of makeup, as the manager's experienced eyes took in at a glance; and when she again opened her mouth to speak to her companion, he saw that the old lady had not a tooth in her head.

Just then the humor of the situation struck him, and he grinned broadly; but seeing that the timid little person in gray, who accompanied the old lady, was embarrassed, and evidently affrighted by his stare, he turned aside.

As he went off, however, he murmured softly: "Well, I'm ——d!" Then he slumped his knee as he added, half aloud, "I'd give an even hand to see them two together!"

Yet a few seconds later when he faced around to look, he found that the noisy crowd had completely swallowed up the old lady in the dolman. Not until it was nearly time for the performance to begin, and he had made his way into the main tent, did he again catch sight of her.

This time she came straight toward him, and, to his surprise, accosted him. The color had left her face; she looked worn and a little scared.

"Mister," she began tremulously. "I s'pose I hadn't ought to speak to you, an' you a stranger;

but you look good and kind, an' I reckon you'll help a old woman. I guess I know a real gentleman when I see him," she added, as she eyed the magnificent Manning with wistful admiration.

He was not proof against the naive flattery contained in her words, and threw his broad shoulders back with quite an air, as he drew her out of the way of the crowd: "Now tell me all about it, grandma," he invited.

"Well, hits jest this-a-way," she explained: "Annie Bishop, she heard me say as how I'd never saw a circus, an' she says, 'I'll be plumb happy, Miz Mims, if you'll let me take you along with me to the circus in Macon. So we come up on the train, an' we got here ter the grounds all right. Annie, she told me not to bring any money because I might lose it. She paid for the tickets an' ever'thing. After we'd saw the an'mules, we come in here, an' Annie said as how she'd git reserved seats, but jest as she started to git the tickets, up come a clown ter me, an' I 'clare to gracious, mister, he gimme a slap atop the shoulder, an' he says, 'Hello, Bill!' You could a' knocked me over with a feather."

"An' whilst I stood there a-lookin' at him, an' a-thinkin' of what I could say, I seen Annie take hold o' the arm of a old woman what were dressed jest like me, an' start off quick's a flash. I cries, 'Annie! Annie Bishop!' She never heard me, but jest went on with that strange woman. Mister, you may not believe, but that old woman had on a dolman fer all the world like mine. I've had this here wrap nigh onto twenty year, an' I never seen one like it afore. It makes me feel plumb creepy." And the old lady looked down at the bugle trimming with a bewildered expression in her eyes.

Manning, who had been biting his lips to keep from smiling, now pulled his face into sympathetic lines. "Couldn't you find your friend anywhere?" he commiserated.

"No, mister, I couldn't," stated the old lady desperately. "I've been hunting for her everywhere. I axed a nice-looking country boy ter help me find her, but he looks at me real fierce-like, an' he says, 'I'm onto you, I am. You can't play any o' your monkey-shines off on me.' I never were talked to so afore. I reckon it's a judgment on me fer coming to a circus at my age."

Manning looked up at the crowded rows of seats. It would be next to impossible, he concluded, to discover the little lady in gray, or to ascertain the whereabouts of dolman number two.

"Tell you what, grandma," he spoke encouragingly, "I'll find you a nice seat here, near the front. You don't need to bother about your reserved seat ticket, I'll fix that all right. Now forget your troubles, for you're going to see the greatest show on earth. Just keep your eyes peeled, and look at the three rings, and enjoy yourself. After it's all over, your friend's sure to find you, and you'll both laugh over her mistake."

With these words he beckoned an usher and arranged with him to give the old lady a seat in the front row. Then, conscious of his magnanimity, he sauntered on to the back of the tent.

Meantime, the old lady in the dolman settled herself comfortably and, obedient to the manager's advice, fixed her perturbed eyes on the nearest ring. Just then a big clown, made up into a startling caricature of an Irish policeman, came up, and leaning forward with an appearance of great familiarity, addressed her:

"Why, Bill," he began.

But the old lady jumped from her place as her face flamed bright Turkey red. "Looky here, mister," she exclaimed, with the expression of one to whose burden the last straw has been added, "I don't know who you air, or whur you're frum; but if you call a respectable woman, what's been married over forty year, 'Billy' agin, I'll knock that there hat plumb offen your head."

I will as shore 's my name's Maloney Mims!" And she accompanied these words with a threatening gesture, directed toward the abbreviated helmet that surmounted the clown's stubby hair.

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Why Did You Leave the Dear Old Home?

**WORDS AND MUSIC BY
RALPH STERLING.**

Moderato.

1. There's a dear old rus - tic cot - tage 'Way back a - mid the hills, Where
2. I'll re - turn to that old home - stead Be - side the run - ning brook And

2. I'll re - turn to that old home-stead Be - side the run - ning brook And

Expression.

child-hood's hap - py days were spent in joy; . . . There I passed my days a play-ing, With moth - er al - ways near, Years back when I was but a lit - tle leave be - hind all trou-bles and be free; . . . On - ly there will I be hap - py With friends so kind and true To live and be con-tent - ed as can

boy. . . . In dreams I wan - der back a - gain to that old home, sweet home, But as I dream a post - man pass - es
be. . . . I take the old fa - mil - iar path that leads down thro' the dell . And see my moth - er at the cot - tag

With a let - ter from my moth - er who is far a - cross the sea, . . . And as I read a tear-drop fills my eye. . .
There I kiss her and ca - ress her as I did in days of yore And tell her she need nev - er weep no more.

CHORUS *Tenderly*

.. Why did you leave . . . the dear old, dear old home? . . . Why did you leave . . . a moth-er all a - lone?

A horizontal strip of musical notation on a five-line staff, showing a sequence of notes and rests. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes and rests. The staff begins with a sharp sign, indicating a key signature of one sharp. The notes are distributed across the four measures shown, with a variety of rhythmic patterns.

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Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)
TWO INTERESTING DWARFS.—Mr. and Mrs. Bregant are the smallest salespeople in the world, he being 47 inches high and weighing 67 pounds, and she being 42 inches high and weighing 42 pounds. During the morning hours Mr. Bregant serves as "drummer" for his firm, calling on retailers. In the afternoon he assists his wife be-

hind their candy counter. Mr. Bregant is a native of Austria, having been in America only six years. He met Mrs. Bregant while in vaudeville. Upon their return to America, the stage was given up and the two went in the candy business. When asked their age, Mr. Bregant looked at his wife and seeing in her blue eyes a roguish twinkle, yet note of warning, answered pleasantly: "That is our one secret. Everybody asks that question, but for my wife's sake, we left our age in Europe."

ARTIFICIAL BIRDS.—“Necessity is the mother of Invention,” it is truly said, and we now see it heroically exemplified in the case of those who make their living by supplying the needs of the millinery establishments. The encroachment of the law upon the bird-killers has almost driven them out of their work, and they have had to cast around for some other means of supplying the women’s hat establishments, for it seems that, come what may, women will have feathered creatures on their headgear.

must not be killed, the manufacture of artificial birds has grown to a great extent and is proving to be a profitable industry. Ordinary feathers are taken from the barnyards, are cut and dried to suit the figure they are to adorn, a celluloid beak is applied, and black buttons serve in the place of eyes. The result is a very respectable bird's head, and the good part of it is that no bird's life has been sacrificed and no sin against the steadily growing popular feeling against the slaughter of birds has been committed.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

New Exercise for Distended Abdomen and Large Hips

ARE you that unhappy being, the girl with a large waist? If so, you have my utmost sympathy as I know how hard it is to present a stylish appearance when one measures twenty-eight inches around the waist instead of twenty-four. "But it can't be helped!" did I hear someone say? How mistaken you are! Unnaturally large hips or waists can be gotten rid of, if you are so inclined and I shall tell you how in this article.

You see I knew there were a great many women in this broad United States of ours, who were the unhappy possessors of unwieldy waists and hips, and I also knew these victims to fat would be delighted to death to know of some way out of this beauty trouble.

If your waist is too large, little maid with the rose-bud cheeks, swathe it in a wide strip of thin rubber sheeting, then lie down on the floor on one side, supporting the body by one arm. It is important that the line from head to foot should be stiff and straight and that your body should rest only on one hand and the side of one foot. Maintain this position as long as you possibly can without becoming tired, then relax and slowly let the body rest on the floor up to the waist. Take five or six deep breaths, then stiffen body muscles again and repeat exercise.

How long should you practice this exercise each day? Well, if you wish to get quick results, and I imagine you do, it will be necessary to devote half an hour to this exercise.

When you have raised and lowered your body for the required thirty minutes, call a halt and remove the rubber bandages. As I don't want you to fall a victim to a cold, let me impress

upon you the importance of rubbing body off with alcohol when bandages have been removed. Neglect this precaution and you will wake up next morning with a red nose and swollen eyelids. My word in time should prevent any such beauty catastrophe.

Now let me tell you of an exercise which is just the thing when one is desirous of reducing a pair of unwieldy hips. It is not difficult, and for this reason should become a favorite with the physical culture amateur.

Reducing Hip Exercise

Stand erect with hands on hip, chest thrown out and body slightly inclined to the back. Holding this position, walk once or twice around room, taking full, deep breaths as you move along. When you have circled the room twice, stand stock still and bring the knee up until it touches the chest, remaining as erect as is possible under the circumstances. When you have maintained this position for a moment, lower foot to the ground and elevate the other knee. Continue in this way for a short time, then place your hands on your thighs—with shoulders well back and chest held up and out—raise leg and flex knee, keeping your balance meanwhile. Now give a high, quick, side kick then bring foot back again to the floor. Practice this movement with first one leg and then the other.

Do not think for one single moment that light, moderate exercise for a few days will reduce hips to any extent, as you will be doomed to disappointment. If you have, for one reason or another, become too heavy through the hips, it will require very persistent attention on your part before you will become as slim as you wish to be. Vigorous, prolonged exercise is needed if the fatty tissues are to be broken down. Don't forget that fact.

It may never have occurred to you that a distended abdomen is caused by the abdominal muscles becoming flabby and weak, but so it is. The consequence of this disastrous state of affairs is that the walls of the abdomen sag and this gives one a bloated appearance below the waist, which is far from becoming. Why not try to overcome this beauty defect? It can be remedied quite easily if you will practice the exercise given below for several minutes twice a day:

Exercise for Strengthening Walls of Abdomen

Set astride of a kitchen chair with the face to the back. Now contract the muscles of the thigh so as to grip the chair securely, then fold arms back of the body and slowly bend backward. Do not go very far and take care to return to original position with the utmost slowness, else you may strain your back.

This exercise has been responsible for many a bruise, as it is rather difficult, when leaning backward, not to tumble over—chair and all—on to the floor. As I don't want you to have a bad fall like Humpty Dumpty, I say again, grip the chair firmly and don't go too far back!

I shall now give you an internal massage exercise for a fat abdomen. When the abdomen is too fat externally, there is good reason for thinking it is too fat internally, and that this surplus flesh is burdening the organs of digestion and interfering with their action. This won't do at all, as the fashions call for flat abdomens and when an abdomen is fat both inside and out, it certainly cannot lie flat. The only thing to be done is to try my internal massage treatment. As I have no doubt you are mystified, I will hasten to explain. Get down upon your bended knees and after crossing your dimpled hands at your back, incline trunk until head is almost on a level with your knees. Now take a deep breath and force the abdomen out, then contract it, at the same time expelling breath. Continue in this way for an indefinite length of time.

This is a splendid way of getting rid of a fat abdomen and you will agree with me when you have given this exercise a trial.

Good luck to you all!



FIRST POSITION IN REDUCING LARGE HIPS.

Questions and Answers

Irene G.—I do not answer letters personally. Following is the formula for which you asked:

Hair Restorer

Cltrate of iron, two drams; nux vomica, two drams; cocoanut oil, one and one half ounces; bay rum, two ounces.

Geraldine M., A Country Girl, Elderly Woman and others.—As your hands are cracked and rough, I would suggest that you rub into them a soothing ointment. Formula for such runs as follows:

Chapped Hand Ointment

Coco-butter, one ounce; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; oxide of zinc, one dram; borax, one dram; oil of bergamot, six drops.

Heat the coco-butter and oil of almonds in a double boiler and when thoroughly blended add the zinc and borax; stir as it cools and add the oil of bergamot last. I do not think the formula mentioned would prove injurious.

Mrs. A. O. L. and Agnes.—If you want to whiten your neck, use the following bleach:

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach the neck to a satin whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left within the reach of children.

To reduce your large stomach, I would suggest wrapping around it a broad band of thin rubber. Fasten ends securely and then for one hour, alternately drink hot water and practice the following exercise:

Stand with arms outstretched above your head, then bend from the waist until your finger-tips touch the ground. Do not bend the neck.

Ellen J., Esther and M. J.—Holding your hands in warm, sweet almond oil for twenty minutes daily will keep them soft and white. Rubber gloves do not whiten the hands. If you will practice turning the head first to the left and then to the right, for ten minutes twice a day, you will soon have a plump neck. While practicing this exercise, the muscles of the neck must be held tense and the chin should be stretched up and out.

Miss Grace, Sioux City, Bertha, Janet and others.—I am giving an astringent below. Dampen your face with this lotion several times a day and it will eventually contract the open pores.

Astringent for Open Pores

Tincture of Benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

If you keep your face very clean and touch spots with the following lotion, your blackheads will soon go away:

Blackhead Remedy

Carbonate of magnesia, one dram; zinc oxide, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Shake and mop on spots. Later on, dampen face with hot water, then press out the tiny plugs.

Blue Eyes, Mildred, Mrs. T., Susan and others.—Red eyelids are most unlovely so I don't wonder you feel like complaining. I would suggest bathing eyes with very hot water for twenty minutes daily. This will reduce inflammation. Also coat lower lid with a skin food before going to bed. In addition to this you should rest your eyes occasionally during the day. Close them for two or three minutes at a time while sweeping, brushing your hair, etc. Your eyes are evidently strained and need a rest. A splendid way to strengthen the eyes (and also make them bright as diamonds) is to bathe them once daily in a three per cent. solution of boric acid.

Perplexed, Maggie, Edna and others.—To remove dandruff saturate the head and hair with sweet almond oil the night before a shampoo. It is best to tie the head up in a towel before slipping into bed as otherwise the bedclothes will become soiled. Next morning wash your hair thoroughly in warm water, using the shampoo given below:

Soap Jelly Shampoo

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

When the hair has been rinsed free of lather and dried in the sun, the dandruff will have disappeared.

E. A. W., S. Dak., Farmer's Wife, S. E. and Margaret.—A simple way to restore gray hair to its original color is to anoint scalp with yolk of egg and take internally equal doses of sulphur and iron. Your druggist would have to give you the size of doses. Why don't you try massaging bust with warm coco-butter for twenty minutes every day? This will gradually increase your bust measurement. Drinking plenty of milk is even a better bust developer.

An old Maid.—Coat your hands at night with the following paste, draw on a loose pair of old kid gloves and go to bed. In week the creases in your knuckles will disappear and your hands will become white and soft:

Hand Paste

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose-water, one ounce.

Following is a remedy for removing moth patches: Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces. Mop on spots night and morning, making applications carefully.

Juliet, The Girl from the Golden West, Brown Eyes and others.—I am giving below formula for which you asked:

Black Eyebrow Dye

Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rose-water, one pint.

Powder ink and gum and add gradually drops of rose-water, until a uniform black liquid results, abso-

I do not know the remedy you mention. You should live almost entirely on skimmed milk as this will reduce you about half a pound of flesh daily.

Pannie, Catherine and Miss G.—Here is a formula for a tooth powder, since you won't buy the ones at the drug-store.

Tooth Powder

Take equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root. To this add any flavoring essence you wish. The tooth powders sold by druggists are very good. I do not answer letters personally. I do not know the price of the preparation you mention. You will find the other information for which you asked in my reply to Irene G. in these columns.

A Subcriber.—Bleach darkened skin around mouth and chin with lemon juice. Yes, cow's cream could cause a growth of hair, but seldom does. Bleach hair on hands with Peroxide of Hydrogen. Yes, if you are round shouldered, I think a shoulder brace would be a good idea. Never cut superfluous hair as it makes it more beardlike, also it strengthens the roots.

Juanita and Lily.—A face that is covered with pimple scars should be massaged daily, first covering the face with hot, wet towels. Steam the face once a week and follow with careful massage.

For drooping mouth, practice this. Purse lips as if to whistle, resume natural position, purse lips again, etc., etc., for fifteen minutes daily. Washing the hair often, using one teaspoonful of powdered borax in the soap jelly shampoo, will make the hair slightly lighter and keep it from being oily.

Chestnut Eyes and others.—I am giving below formula for a face cream, which I think you will enjoy using.

Rose-water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, one ounce.

Painting freckles with lemon juice is said to remove them, but it irritates the skin.

Grace.—You could massage your nose with toilet vinegar if you wish to reduce it, but I am afraid the vinegar might chafe the skin.

Thick lips are sometimes reduced in size by rubbing them with tannin. Melt one ounce of some good cold cream; add one dram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips. Let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth.

Mayflower.—I cannot tell you whether your measurements are correct unless you give me your height. I am printing formula and directions for using the reducing solution.

Epsom Salt and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, heat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Evelyn.—The theatrical cream is made as follows: Melt about half an ounce of white wax in a saucepan, then add slowly half a pint of olive oil, stirring all the time next stir in about an ounce of rose-water. Then remove the saucepan from the fire, but continue stirring until the cream is cold. The only mistake you could possibly make, would be to leave off stirring before the cream is cold and semi-solid.

Miss Lois, An Old Subscriber, Old Maid and others.—I am repeating the recipe for constipation bread, since you lost your clipping.

Constipation Bread

Two cups bran, two cups gluten or whole wheat flour, two cups milk, one cup molasses, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. A little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin tins or in flat sheets or layer cake tins in a good oven for twenty minutes.

Skinny, California.—Massage the following paste into your brittle finger-nails at night, as this treatment will keep them from breaking.

Pistache Pomade

Pistache oil, one half ounce; table salt, thirty-two grains; powdered resin, thirty-three grains; powdered alum, thirty-three grains; white wax, eighty grains; cameline, two grains.

Melt the wax and resin together in a double boiler, stirring the mixture as it heats, then add the oil, alum and cameline in the order named; beat to a smooth paste and pour into wide-mouthed porcelain jars. Apply with a pad of absorbent cotton to the roots.

Troubled Rose, Ella and others.—To make beauty bags, make small cheese-cloth bags—about three inches by three and one half inches—and fill half full with rolled oats. Use a pad as you would a washcloth, dipping it frequently in hot water. When you feel face is entirely clean, rinse off the milky water and dry face with a soft towel. Do this several times a day. The result will be that the skin will grow soft and white. Use a bag one day, then throw away and take a fresh bag. This is a treatment that any woman can take with benefit to her skin.

Inquirer.—Why don't you slap that horrid double chin of yours? No, I'm not joking. I was never so serious in my life. If you will strike your chin sharply with your open palms for ten minutes, night and morning, the unwanted fold of flesh will fade away. Remember to strike hard enough to bring the tears to your eyes. Love pats wouldn't do your chin a particle of good. You should also wear a reducing chin belt at night and I am giving directions for making same. Before putting it on at night, the chin should be washed in very hot water until the skin is a bright red. In the morning, as soon as the bandage is removed, wash face and neck with warm water, then dash cold water over chin for several minutes. This firms the flabby flesh and prevents its wrinkling.

Directions for Making Chin Belt

A good way to fix a reducing chin bandage is to buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly midway between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under chin with the rubber lining next to skin and the gathered side beneath chin. Pull up the strips of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head. If you do not wish to reduce the chin omit the rubber lining.

Miss N. J. and Fatty.—To reduce your bust take a deep breath, then extend arms out in front of you and slowly raise them until they are extended high in air and as far to the back as they will go. Now stiffen the muscles and strike out to the front and down as if you were aiming a blow at someone, then exhale. It is claimed that this exercise will reduce the bust to half its size in three weeks. What do you think of that? I think you can obtain heavy eyelashes and brows if you will anoint brows and eyelid edges daily with yellow vaseline. Be careful not to get any of the oil in the eye itself, as this would cause quite an inflammation.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR



JOHN PAUL JONES

The Father of the American Navy

Brilliant Exploits and Wonderful Achievements in Various Spheres of Action that Exhibit the All-Round Greatness of the Boldest Sea Fighter in all History

STANGER than fiction is the true story of that poor fisher boy who rose to high command in the navies of two nations, an admiral invincible in battle whose marvelous victories won him a gold medal with the thanks of the American Congress, a decoration of honor from the Empress of Russia, and knighthood and a jeweled sword from the hand of the King of France; whose knightly chivalry, courtly manners and brilliant wit shone in the best social circles of America and charmed the courts of Europe.

Our hero, whose original name was John Paul, Jr., was born on the north shore of Solway Firth, Scotland, near the little fishing village of Abigail, July 6, 1747, and was less than twenty-eight years old when the Revolutionary War began.

He came of a liberty-loving race that has never known bondage, for even the legions of imperial Rome, which for centuries held sway over England, not only failed in their attempts to conquer Scotland but were forced to build a wall across the island to protect themselves and their British province from the attacks of the Scots.

He was fifth in a family of four boys and three girls. His father was John Paul, a Lowlander, industrious and respected, but whose small earnings as gardener and fisherman provided only a scant living and afforded the boy John very meager educational opportunities. His mother, from whom young John inherited his dauntless valor and unconquerable grit, was a Highland lassie whose maiden name was Jeanne McDuff, and in her veins flowed the fearless blood of the bold chiefs of the heather.

The necessity of helping to support the family ended his schooling as soon as he was large enough to assist in fishing. He took to the water like a duck and at twelve years of age an exhibition of his skill in handling a sailboat in a gale in which he excelled most of the fishermen, won the admiration of a wealthy merchant of Whitehaven who offered, on the spot, to ship him as master's apprentice in a fine vessel which he was fitting out for a trading voyage to Virginia and the West Indies.

John had frequently urged his father to let him go to sea, and here was an opportunity beyond his hope. He had expected to ship as a common sailor, from which position it was very difficult to rise to be a quarter-deck officer; but to go as master's apprentice meant that he was apprenticed to the captain to be instructed in seamanship, navigation and the duties of an officer, with a view to promotion, as fast as he made good, and the prospect of ultimately receiving command of a merchant ship. This was the regular way in which young men were schooled and trained for officers in the merchant marine, and few ever worked up to the cabin by any other method.

With the consent of his father, who could not object to such an advantageous offer, he thus began his remarkable career. Nature had endowed him with uncommon courage and a rare quality of genius; and Providence seems to have furnished this necessary opportunity to fit himself to fill his glorious destiny; but had he lacked the ambition and fixed determination to make the most of both the name of John Paul Jones would have had no place in history.

Though only twelve years of age, he was as large and strong as most boys of sixteen and far more mature in mental development.

The brig *Friendship*, of 148 tons, on which he began his apprenticeship made a quick voyage from Whitehaven to Virginia and anchored in the Rappahannock river near the plantation of William Jones, an old Scotchman and distant relative of the Pauls. Here, for the first time, young John met his oldest brother William, who had emigrated to America in early boyhood, had been adopted by William Jones and had taken the name of his benefactor. William Paul Jones then thirty years of age, was manager of his adopted father's flour mill, plantation and other business interests. The elder Jones took a great fancy to young John Paul and wished to adopt him also, but the boy preferred to follow the sea and make his own career amid perils and hardships rather than accept a life of ease with the promised inheritance of a considerable fortune; and here, again, he chose, or rather stuck to, the path that led to greatness.

He worked hard and studied diligently not only the subjects pertaining to his chosen vocation but all that came within his range, and especially history and international and maritime law, and became so well versed in naval history that he could give an accurate account of all the great naval battles, ancient and modern, and point out the tactics and strategy which had won or had resulted in defeat. He read the best literature and practiced composition until he became an elegant and forceful writer; he learned to write and talk French fluently and acquired a fair command of the Spanish language. Like most Scotchmen, he had a natural gift for business which he cultivated to his own advantage. He acquired a general knowledge of all subjects and kept well posted on all important matters that were transpiring in his time. He not only stored all this knowledge in his retentive memory, but he applied his keen reason to it and drew his own conclusions so that whenever occasion arose he was ready to make good and instant use of it.

The most striking and impressive feature of the career of John Paul Jones is that in every emergency and in all the various lines of duty in which he served he appears to have been fully equipped with the special knowledge necessary to cope with the situation.

His invariable preparedness to fill high positions and handle great affairs is the more marvelous when we consider that at twelve years of age he went to sea with only the scantiest rudiments

Everybody knows of those desperate battles and matchless victories of John Paul Jones which astonished the world and made him famous as the most superbly gallant and dashing of all naval heroes.

Yet few appreciate his remarkably versatile genius as shown by his great achievements in other lines of duty in which he served his country equally well, both at home and abroad.

Our readers will be interested to learn of these less known deeds which entitle him to renown as a great man, but are overshadowed by the surpassing glory of his military career.

The study of the life of Admiral John Paul Jones is inspiring and profitable, especially to the young, for that which was the keynote of his success is within everybody's reach and will win in any walk of life, and it was this: from early boyhood he used every available means and every spare moment for acquiring the knowledge and experience that fitted him to make the most of every opportunity, so that he was always ready and fully prepared to take advantage of circumstances as they arose.

of an education, and that for fourteen out of the sixteen years between that and the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he was busily engaged on shipboard navigating all quarters of the globe, and during the remaining two years business matters in Virginia claimed much of his time and attention. Such a degree of self education is sufficiently remarkable, for none of his fellow officers aboard ship were competent to instruct in these higher realms of knowledge in which they were not versed, but the wonder is how he found time for so much study, as he never shirked or neglected his duties but was always on hand when wanted and ready and alert to do his full share of the work and more too, and each and every time he did it to the very best of his ability.

As a natural consequence he stood high in the confidence and good will of his superiors, and was rewarded by rapid promotion. At seventeen he was made second mate and the following year first mate, ranking next below captain.

A year later, 1766, Mr. Younger, the merchant to whom John Paul was apprenticed, retired from business, released the young man from apprenticeship and gave him a sixth interest in one of his ships.

The next year, at Jamaica, he left this ship and sold his interest in her to her captain because she had entered the African slave trade with which John Paul refused to have any further connection after making two such voyages.

With a thousand guineas (about \$5,000.00) in gold in his bag he took passage on the brig John o'Gaunt for Whitehaven hoping there to obtain the command of a ship. When a few days out the yellow fever broke out on board and the entire ship's company, except Paul and five sailors, died; with this remnant of the crew he brought the vessel safely to Whitehaven where the grateful owners rewarded him and the surviving sailors by giving them a tenth part of the value of the cargo, and made John Paul captain of one of their best ships with a ten per cent. share in the profits besides his regular pay.

Thus, at the age of twenty, he became Captain Paul in command of a fine ship, and had accumulated over five thousand dollars which, at that time, was fully equal in purchasing value

In 1773 he made what turned out to be his last voyage in a merchant ship, for it brought him, on April 16, to the Jones' plantation in Virginia just as his brother William was dying of pneumonia. The entire Jones' estate now fell to him, not as heir of his childless brother, but by will of old William Jones on condition that he adopt the family name of the testator; and so, in compliance with this requirement, John Paul, Jr. became John Paul Jones or, as he often signed, Paul Jones.

At that time the American colonists were becoming indignant against the mother country because of that tyrannical treatment of them which culminated two years later in the outbreak of the Revolution. John Paul Jones appreciated the situation; his liberty-loving soul sympathized with the colonists, and when he took possession of his Virginia plantation he was fully determined to fight for America in the war which he predicted was soon to come.

With characteristic forethought, although he had large business interests to look after, he began at once to prepare to make himself useful in the coming conflict. Being a newcomer and almost a stranger in the land of his adoption, he took long journeys to make the acquaintance of Washington and other patriots, and to assure them of his support of the cause. He entertained handsomely at home and attended all social functions in the neighborhood, and soon acquired the friendship and confidence of the men and the admiration of the ladies. Indeed the colonial dames who had marriageable daughters looked upon him as a prize worth winning for a son-in-law, while the maidens felt flattered by his courteous attentions which he bestowed impartially on all; but ere long he became mixed up in an affair in which his spirited action in defense of the honor of American womanhood raised him to the rank of hero in the eyes of the fair sex.

In December of the year after his settlement in Virginia Jones (we now call him by his new name) chanced to attend a public ball in Norfolk, at which were also present a number of officers belonging to a British war ship then in the harbor. In the course of a lively discussion which arose concerning the unsettled state of

the cowardly traducer of feminine virtue. The colonial papers gave the affair wide publicity and while Jones's conduct was generally approved the incident added fuel to the flame of resentment which four months later blazed into war that gave birth to a new nation.

The following April (1775) the news of the battle of Lexington apprized him that the expected war had actually begun with the firing of the British troops on the Massachusetts militia.

Early in May two French frigates came to anchor in Hampton Roads. The squadron was under command of Commodore Kersaint with the young "Sailor Prince" Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Chartres, second in command, and was on a practice cruise for the instruction of the Duke who was in training for the office of High Admiral of France. The Duke was a prince of the royal blood, and, though not a direct heir to the throne was near enough to it to lose his head on the guillotine in the French Revolution; nevertheless his son, Louis Philippe, was crowned King of France after the successive failures of the first French Republic, the Empire of Napoleon and the reign of King Louis XVIII.

Jones loaded his twenty ton sloop with the delicacies of the season for a treat to the officers and crews and ran over to the French ships, where he was courteously received by the Commodore and welcomed with great cordiality by the Duke. He frankly stated that the purpose of his visit was to procure details of the construction and armament of these ships to serve as models for the building and equipment of war ships for the Colonies which now had before them the task of beginning the creation of a navy. As France was at peace with Great Britain the Commodore thought it improper thus to aid the latter's rebellious colonies, but the Duke, who had taken a great liking to Jones, permitted him to inspect all parts of his ship, the fine new frigate *La Terpsichore*, and even ordered his ship's carpenter to prepare copies of the deck plans and sail plan for him. Jones remained on board several days as the guest of this affable and progressive young prince, and thus began a friendship between them which lasted through life and proved of great value to the cause of independence in America.

In the Colonial militia, of which many of the officers and men had seen active service in the French and Indian wars, the first Congress found the material ready-made for the creation of the Continental Army, but at the outbreak of the Revolution the Colonies had no ships of war, no naval force and no men of any experience in naval command or in the construction and equipment of war ships, although they had a thriving merchant marine and shipyards for the building of merchant ships.

Therefore, how to construct and organize a much needed navy was a perplexing problem for the Committee of Congress which had this matter in charge.

Almost the first thing this Committee did was to invoke the aid of John Paul Jones. This was on June 24, 1775, and Jones left his plantation in charge of his overseer, put his other business interests in the hands of an agent, and immediately went to Philadelphia, then the capital, prepared to serve his country in any capacity in which he could be most useful.

In a written report to the Committee he submitted a comprehensive plan for the founding of the navy, which covered the qualifications of officers and the standard of efficiency and discipline to be required as well as the most suitable kinds of ships, their proper armaments and the most effective manner in which they could be used in the war that had then just begun. All his recommendations were accepted by the Committee and carried into effect by Congress, and thus John Paul Jones became the Father of the American Navy. Time has proved the correctness of his judgment and the highest naval authorities of the present day find nothing to criticise in his theories and instructions.

He advised the building of frigates like the *Terpsichore* the plans of which he already had; and this was done. He also recommended the immediate purchase of such merchant ships as could easily and quickly be made over into war ships. He was employed by the Committee to select the ships and decide on and superintend the necessary alterations, armaments and other equipments. At this task he worked day and night for months and, needless to say, with excellent results.

He was promised command of one of the first ships to be put in commission, as he had shown himself incomparably better qualified than the other aspirants. But because they had more political influence behind them, he having been in this country but little more than two years, when the officers of the new navy were appointed by Congress Jones's name disappeared, not among the five captains, but first on the list of lieutenants. Although sensible of the injustice of this action, he patriotically made the best of the situation and accepted duty as first Lieutenant of the ship *Alfred* under command of Capt. Saltonstall, remarking to Mr. Hewes, his particular friend

on the Committee, "I am here to serve the cause of human rights; not to promote the fortunes of Paul Jones. Time will make all things even." Though sixth on the list, John Paul Jones was the first officer to receive his commission, which was handed him in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, by John Hancock, President of Congress, on December 22, 1775. Thus began the organization of our naval force, and Jones was the first officer to actually enter the service.

Accompanied by about twenty-five members of Congress Jones immediately went on board the *Alfred*, the only war ship then ready to go in commission, and by order of John Hancock raised the American flag for the first time on a regular

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



THE BON HOMME RICHARD AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE SERAPIS.

to fifteen thousand dollars of our present day money.

In this ship, during the next four years, he made successful voyages to the West Indies and Virginia and frequently called at his brother's plantation, for meantime old William Jones had died leaving all his property to his adopted son with the further provision that if the latter died without children the entire estate should go to young John Paul on condition that he should take the name of Jones.

In 1771 he made a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies in command of a ship in the service of the famous British East India Company, which took about a year for the round trip.

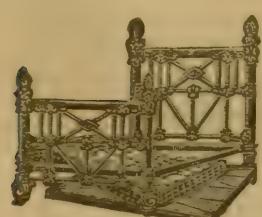
public affairs Lieutenant Parker, a British officer somewhat in liquor, smugly remarked that "in case of a revolt or insurrection of the Colonies it would be easily suppressed. If the courage of the colonial men was on a par with the virtue of the colonial women." Jones immediately knocked Parker down, and the latter's companions picked him up and hurried him aboard their ship. According to the code of honor of that time such an affair between gentlemen must be followed by a challenge to fight from the party that had received such chastisement, else suffer the disgrace of being considered a coward. Jones at once prepared for the expected duel and was ready to give the Englishman satisfaction with pistols at ten paces, but no challenge ever came from

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pay as convenient

This advertisement is addressed to every reader of this publication—regardless of their position. It is as important to the family whose income is \$6.00 a week as to those whose income is \$6000 a year. It makes no difference where you live or how you are employed. This advertisement is addressed to **you**.

We want you to know the **best way**—the **new way** of buying home furnishings. We now have 1,000,000 customers. We would have more if more people understood our way of doing business. Most people who write for and read our catalog become our customers, because ours is the dignified way—the most profitable way of shipping by mail. Our million customers buy what they want from our catalog when they want it and pay a little each month as convenient.

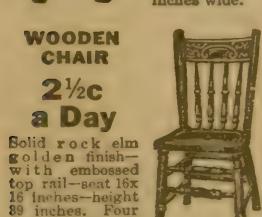


2½c a Day buys this high grade 4½ ft. iron bed with fine cotton top mattress and woven wire springs. Any color.



**CHINA
CLOSET
3½c
a Day**

Made of finest quarter oak—bevel edges—carved claw feet—beautiful mirror—69 inches high and 36 inches wide.



**WOODEN
CHAIR
2½c
a Day**



**Kitchen
Cabinet
2½c
a Day**

Golden finish—solid rock elm—
with embossed top rail—seat 16x
16 inches—height 36 inches—
width 26 inches. Four
fancy turned spindles in back.

For 6c a day you can have the beautiful bed and the very stylish china closet shown here. The bed measures 4 by 6 feet, furnished in any solid color and the price includes a serviceable mattress and woven wire springs. The china closet is a handsome design, made of quarter-sawed oak. The cabinet is 69 inches high, 30 inches wide. It has adjustable shelves, and this piece of furniture cannot be bought at a retail store at anywhere near our price.



For 12c a day you can have the couch—the bookcase—the kitchen cabinet—and the steel range. All of these articles are of the very best workmanship and we guarantee that our price will save you up to 50%.



For 25c a day you can have all of the articles illustrated in this advertisement. This includes the splendid dining room table and a set of chairs to match, if you like—the bed outfit—kitchen cabinet—china closet—dresser—steel range—sewing machine—bookcase—the couch—the rocker and the kitchen chairs.

WE SELL EVERYTHING ON CHARGE ACCOUNT

Our entire business is conducted on a new "charge account" plan. Do not confuse this plan with the old style "installment plan". We now have charge accounts with satisfied people all over America and in all walks of life, including:

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Plumbers
Crew Men
Lawyers
Seamstresses
Freight Conductors

Mill Employees
Mechanics
Telegraphers
Butchers
Business Men
Plasterers
Draymen

Switchmen
Painters
Teamsters
Domestics
Brick Layers
Harness Makers
Superintendents

Teachers
Laborers
Merchants
Farmers
Section Men
Doctors
Draymen

House Wives
Carpenters
Record Men
Foremen
Managers
Etc. Etc. Etc.

So you see this business is a business for "the people." We sell to all classes and everyone is welcome to an open charge account for whatever they may require or desire.

A Year to Pay Our customers take an average of 12 months to pay for whatever they buy. Some take longer—some less—depending upon the amount of their purchases. There is no interest to pay, no notes to sign—no contract or mortgage, **no extra charge of any kind**. Our charge account prices are the same as for cash. We prove this by asking you to compare our prices with other prices.

Bargain Prices

It is surprising what a few pennies will accomplish toward making your home pleasant, comfortable and beautiful. The articles shown in this advertisement are but a few from our Home Lovers Bargain Book.

We handle furniture and home furnishings of every kind and description. All are bargains—some are surplus stocks—picked up at receivers sales or from makers who are compelled to sell.

We buy the same things that regular dealers buy but we buy for less, because we watch for bargains and pay cash and on account of our large business we are in a position to take the entire output of factories.

Then we sell direct to the consumer. We eliminate all of the profits of the traveling man—jobber—wholesaler—retailer—high rents—expensive store fixtures, etc., so that often we cut the store price right in two. In fact we guarantee savings up to 50%. Why pay regular store prices when you can find what you want in a bargain lot and besides spread your payments over a period of a year or more.

The World's Greatest Home Furnishers

There is no village so small—no spot so remote—that has not been reached by our Home Lovers Bargain Book. And the steadily increasing number of our customers is not due to "luck," but to the natural outcome of our ability to please and to make them our friends. We do not employ salesmen or collectors. Our business is handled entirely by mail, direct with the customer, and in the strictest of confidence and this policy has built this, the largest business of its kind in the world. You too, may benefit by our plan, if you will send for our catalog—which gives full particulars about our business.

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE OUR HOME LOVERS BARGAIN BOOK

We want you to refer to our catalog whenever you think of home furnishings. It is the biggest book of its kind ever published. It tells all about our plan of selling goods on charge account, it explains our 30 days free trial offer, it tells all about our wonderful organization—how we undersell retailers and all other mail order houses. It shows actual pictures and descriptions of high grade furniture and home furnishings. The pages measure eleven by seventeen inches, and you will find remarkable bargains on every page that you will be interested in. You will be interested in our catalog.



**Dresser
2½c
a Day**

Beautiful design—quarter-sawed oak—high grade finish—this is very special.



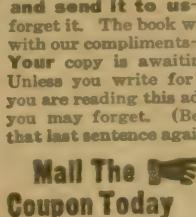
**Dining Room
Table
2½c
a Day**

Has heavy turn pedestal 8 inches in diameter—legs 3 inches thick—top selected oak—golden finish—42 inches in diameter, 6 ft. size. Chairs to match if desired.



**STEEL
RANGE
4½c
a Day**

Made in our famous Empire factory. One of the largest and best ranges ever built. Other styles and sizes also.



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TURKISH ROCKER

For 3c a Day Best quality fabric—cord leather over oil-tempered springs, 42 inches high, 32 inches wide. Arms 10 inches high. A real bargain.

**Bookcase
2½c
a Day**

Bookcase

**2½c
a Day**

A combination bookcase and writing desk made of solid oak—thick glass doors—roomy writing desk and cupboard. French bevel plate mirror. Height 78 inches, width 38 inches.

**SEWING MACHINE
4½c a Day**

A standard ball-bearing automatic drop head machine—has long arms—double lock stitch—automatic belt shifter—nickel plated attachments. Agents sell this machine at double our price.



**BEAUTIFUL COUCH
2½c a Day**

Quarter-sawed oak with deep ornamental carvings—24 springs in body and 6 in head, covered with fabric or leather of the very best quality. Comfortable in roomy. Measures 28 inches in width and is 76 inches long.



**SPIEGEL,
MAY,
STERN CO.**

1725 W. 35th Street
Chicago, IL

GENTLEMEN:—Send me a copy of your new Home Lovers Bargain Catalog of home furnishings which fully explains your new "charge account" plan. I understand you will send this free and postpaid, and it is sent to me without any obligation on my part to buy. Yours truly,

Spiegel-May-Stern Co.

1725 W. 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dears, how are the good resolutions continuing? Do you find it just as hard this year as you did last and the years before that to make a good start and keep on going? I am sure you do, and you always will, but if you make the effort and stick to it you will come out all right in the end. One of my resolutions was not to talk so much, so I stop right here and get to work.

The first is from Blue Eyes, Pigeon, Ky., and she wants to know if she, being twenty-four years old and not in good health should marry a young man two years her junior, also in poor health and both of them poor. They have been in love with each other for four years and it would be sentimental for me to say that love was enough and would overcome all difficulties, but I am not sentimental. Love is not enough to marry on. It should be enough though for them to go on loving each other and making the necessary health and poverty demand. That is a greater love than marrying and it is sure to bring more happiness than marriage often does.

Inquisitive, Red Lake, S. Dak.—Here in the East and in the older settled sections of the country no woman would think of marrying a man who could provide no better home than a sod house. But circumstances alter cases, and it may be quite the proper thing to do in the wilderness of the far West where the sod houses of the enterprising homesteaders serve the same needs of pioneer civilization as the log houses in which our forefathers dwelt in the early settlement of the Eastern states. Many of our best and most prosperous families are proud of their ancestors who began life in a frontier log cabin or sod house. If your lover is a homesteader of the right kind to make a success, and you have the health, strength and grit to stand the hardships of pioneer life and are willing to make the best of it, there is no reason why you should not marry him and live in a sod house until your united efforts can provide a better home.

Sour Drop, Nappanee, Ind.—If neither of you have grown enough to know how to write to each other, I think you had better tell him you are going to quit and learn how.

In Tromble, Independence, Oregon.—Now that you have a nice young man whose love is why don't you throw him over for the one who threw you over and took another girl until she threw him and now he wants to come back to you? Take him if you think that kind will suit you better than the one whose love is true. There's nothing like being suited in marrying.

Sour Sixteen, South Bend, Ind.—You are sensitive and silly and think about yourself all the time instead of thinking about other people. Don't wait for them to make a good time for you, but get busy making a good time for them. Then you will be popular, and nobody will care whether you are fat or thin, or tall or short.

Wildfire, New Augusta, Ind.—Of all things don't have a jealous sweetheart for he will be ten times worse as a husband. Some people think love and jealousy mean the same, but real love is the very opposite of jealousy. Drop the jealous sweetheart right away. (2) Write to your Michigan friend as often as we write to you, but wait a little longer between letters than he does.

Worried, Burlington, Wash.—I don't think your worry about being lonely and no one to love you will hurt you much. A good man twenty years older than you is ever so much better than a bad one near your age. Use some common sense in choosing a husband.

Goddle, Belmond, Iowa.—Don't worry too much about your supposed girl friend's efforts to injure you with the young man who is paying you attention. Be perfectly honest with him and if he is the kind to listen to gossip and be influenced by what other people say, let him go and be glad that you learned in time the kind he was. A young man who will not trust his best girl should not have any girl at all. In the meantime have a good, straight talk with your girl friend that was, and after that don't speak to her again, ever.

Blue Eyes, Barre, Vt.—The young man is not only lying to you about the cards but he is deceiving you in other ways. He is not to be trusted and you should drop him. You have already been foolish about him and you can only become wise by not seeing him again.

Tod, Clearwater, Nebr.—Keep company with your school books and let the beans alone till you are out of school.

Heartbroken, Cincinnati, O.—I am glad you are suffering because the young man you so "deeply love," goes with other girls. You are so nasty mean jealous that if he is wise he never will go with you again.

Troubled Girl, Portsmouth, O.—You are mistaken if you think he loves you. When a young man loves a girl he does not go after every other girl in sight. You find a different young man and just keep this one as a kind of a beau between times. No hugging and kissing, until you are engaged.

Baby, Detroit, Mich.—If your father is so wealthy I think he should send you East to some finishing school where you will meet a much better class of associates than you seem to have in Detroit. You have too much money and social position ever to get along agreeably with your present crowd. You certainly should not want to marry into it, as you will do if you stay in it.

Doubtful, Pittsburg, Kans.—Well, my dear, if you think it would be a greater sacrifice to give up dancing than a good man whom you love and who loves you, then give up the man and try to find one who isn't so good, but will let you dance all you please. But remember that there is a good deal besides dancing in the married life. It is a wonder to me how girls of your age can be so fearfully foolish.

Brown Eyes, Benton, Ill.—If the young man becomes too annoying in his attentions just tell your father or brother or some man who has a right to protect you and let him settle with the persistent one. That is the only way to handle some young fellows.

Amy, Traverse City, Mich.—Sometimes a Catholic and Protestant marry very happily, but it is always risky. A complete understanding of how they shall arrange their religious affairs must be had before marrying. If you have the real love you can live happily despite your church connections, but you cannot otherwise. It is for your mother to say whether you and your sister should make the Wisconsin trip with him.

Liddle, Wolfstown, Va.—I think of your questions just as your mother would. Ask her.

Adeen, Allen, Nebr.—You are another of the foolish maidens who can't help loving the man who is, in all ways, unworthy and you want him for a husband rather than the man who you feel sure will be a good husband. Well, I suppose if a girl can't be happy unless she is unhappy, you had better marry the man who treats you as meanly as this one does. But why, why Adeen, don't you have some sense?

Paulette, Arkwright, Ala.—When a young man is so much a slave to liquor that he will call on a girl when under its influence, I don't think any promise he could make to do so no more would count for anything. Don't accept any attention from him and of all things don't fall in love with him, no matter how attractive he may be when he is sober. If some other woman wants to marry him to reform him, all right, but don't you do it.

Blossom, Fairchild, Wis.—Don't try to win back the jealous one who has left you because you talked to another young man. Do you want a man for a husband who will not permit you to talk to anybody else except him? You can't live in a world where people are unless you talk to them. Let this jealous one go.

Uncertain, Little Rock, Ark.—After all you have been in bringing up the family of younger ones that

your mother left to your care, I think you are entitled to a rest, and you would be quite justified in turning the family over to the next oldest and going away to find occupation where you would have some opportunity to enjoy what youth is left to you. You are not the only member of the family who should be a slave to duty. Let some of the others do their share, now that you have done yours. What has ever become of the good man you gave up for their sake? Try to find him.

Frances, Wolton, Va.—If he is in love with you you should let him know you are in love with him, if you are. If he is not, then simply conceal your feelings. You cannot be told how to do that. Do it your own way. (2) There is no rule prescribing the kind of present a young man should give to his fiancee. He can give her whatever he pleases.

Susie, Green Bay, Wis.—You can't get your "dearie back again, unless he wants to come. As he didn't answer when you asked him if he would write to you when he went away, I don't see there is anything for you to do, but wait till he gets over his mad spell.

Subscriber, Bismarck, Mo.—I'm afraid you will not be a very good wife if you are inclined to tell the young man to whom you are engaged that you do not want to continue teaching for three years until he finishes his university course. I should think you would be glad to wait and to save just as much as you could to help him start with. Or is he so rich he doesn't need it? But I know he isn't, or you would wait for him. My dear, while you are teaching others what is in books, learn some of the great truths of life, yourself. (2) See above what I have said to other girls about jealous young men. If the one you are waiting for is that kind, I advise you not to wait for him, rich or poor.

Broken-hearted, Petersburg, Va.—Maybe his love is growing cold as it will sometimes, though no one knows just why, and then, too, after being warm from childhood as this of yours and his has been. You can only wait and see, but ask him if he wants it all to end. If he does, then make your greatest effort and end it. It is better than to let it wear your heart out. (2) You might suggest mildly that you would like to go driving, but don't be urgent.

Dreamy Kid, Lewisburg, Tenn.—My, my, but ain't you the silly one to love him so and he doesn't even notice your throbbing heart? Of course, you can't help it, but suppose you try right hard to, and find some other young fellow to help you. Maybe when this one sees you are thinking of somebody else he will begin to take notice. Some young chaps are very stupid about girls.

Alamo Girl, San Antonio, Texas.—I'm afraid you are in the wrong road to happiness of the married kind. You might have been engaged to one you loved even if your father was opposed, but it was not necessary to become engaged to the one your father wanted you to marry. A girl can, under no circumstances, be honorably engaged to two men. You had better declare all of them off and wait a few years.

Broken-hearted, Minnetonka Lake, Minn.—When a girl does anything more than to be as agreeable as she can and to look as nice as she can to attract a man's attention she is very likely to attract it in a way she doesn't want. Men know what pleases them and it never pleases the right kind of a man for a girl to push herself into his notice. Don't think about him and he will think about you, if you are nice to everybody; do that before you begin studying beans.

Brown Eyes, Calhoun, Iowa.—I hope, my dear, you did not write to him, because if you did, and spelled as you did in your letter to me he must have had a pain, unless he is thinking about girls instead of books as you are thinking of beans instead of books. You are at school to learn to spell and write properly; do that before you begin studying beans.

Hopeful, Helena, Mont.—If only those married who got the ones they wanted there would not be much marrying. I think the man you wanted didn't want you, though he may say you loved him, and perhaps the woman he loved and married wanted somebody else. Goodness knows how many marriages are like that. And still some of them are better and happier than if they had been different. Marry the man who wants to marry you, and I am pretty sure you will forget all about the one you wanted to marry.

Reader, Altura, Minn.—The young man who snubs you in company simply because you declined to permit him to kiss you is the kind of a man whose ill will is worth more than his good will. Pay no attention to him and if you are ever asked why he acts so, tell why it is wholly to your credit.

B. S. C., Topeka, Kans.—Answer the letters of the young man who writes to you and choose him instead of the one you want to get back. The other one is the one for your future happiness.

Here is a letter it does good to read and I think all of you cousins will like it, too. It comes from Blue-eyed Bess of Waterloo, Iowa. Listen: "Dear Cousin Marion: It has been more than three years since I last wrote to you and now I am going to tell you the results of your advice. I did just as you told me and married the man who could not talk so well and I have never been sorry I did. We have been married three years tomorrow and have a sweet little baby boy six months old and his name is Marion. As he sits on the floor and plays and looks up at me with such a sweet little smile, I can only thank you again and again, for I owe it all to you, dear Cousin Marion, and hope your advice may bring such happiness to many more." Now, girls, isn't that lovely? And I'm so glad I have a name that can be bestowed upon either girl babies or boy babies. Go thou and do likewise.

Reader, Altura, Minn.—The young man who snubs you in company simply because you declined to permit him to kiss you is the kind of a man whose ill will is worth more than his good will. Pay no attention to him and if you are ever asked why he acts so, tell why it is wholly to your credit.

There my dears, all your questions have been answered and though I have scolded some, I didn't resolve I wouldn't, so you must be scolded when you need it. And some did, this time, sure. Now pay attention to what I have said to you and let us all do our best and be our best and the good Lord watch over us till we meet again. By, by,

A Valentine by Wireless

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"Strange I did not catch on, sir, I am old sailor, too. But I was worried about our own course. Heat anything more, Bland?"

Phil had been listening and sounding at intervals.

"I am pretty sure we are getting the Ethelinda at last. Can she have changed her course, too, and be coming our way?"

"May be she, too, has heard some call for help," remarked the captain. And he told Goodwill to order full speed southeast; also to use the search-light from time to time. He turned to young Bland again:

"I think your unknown friend is in trouble. Probably this change of wind is driving him off shore now. Better that though, than on shore, if his tow has parted. Let me know if you get more news."

As the captain left, the Dorinda's big time-announcer clanged forth six bells—3 a. m.

"I don't think I understand yet, Mr. Goodwill, if it is the Muriel out there, somewhere, talking to us and the Ethelinda, why not say so?"

"With sailor men most ships in time, acquire nick-names. In our navy, for instance, the battle-ship Kearsage is called Cussage, the Georgia is the Jaw-jaw, and so on. In the same way the Muriel becomes Merry H—l. Wonder I did not think of that before."

Half an hour later, there was no trouble in hearing from the Ethelinda, as both ships were approaching each other. But a gloomy, cold Valentine's morning had dawned before the yellow-red hull and peculiarly spinned rigging of the transferred light-ship, tossing helplessly on the wintry seas, fifty or more miles from her new station was found by the Dorinda.

The Ethelinda, finding, through wireless, that her further aid was not needed, had again resumed her southward course.

But little or no sign of life could they see. Only a feeble cry for help flashed weakly from her aerials across, down, and into Phil Bland's resonator. Half a dozen strong sailors, well wrapped, with Goodwill at the rudder, manned a launch, whose motor drove them under the light-ship's lee. Then, what had been suspicious before, now grew to a doleful certainty. The Muriel was half full of water, her decks seaweed, and heavily crushed with ice. She seemed deserted. Evidently had sprung a leak, after parting from her tow, hours before.

"Lay us aboard, sir," said the bowman to Goodwill. "Someone's been sending word for help. Those air machines can mighty nigh talk of them—



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seives, but someone has to tell 'em what to say." With much difficulty two men swung themselves on board. One of these presently appeared and with great difficulty there was lowered into strong, willing arms, a fragile figure, much bewrapped and apparently senseless.

When the launch returned, and was hoisted on board the Dorinda many passengers were up and eagerly watched for its safe return. Also Phil Bland at the rail, met Second Officer Goodwill, who was unusually solicitous about the slight form, still swathed in rugs, which he at once consigned to the care of the stewardess, a motherly woman.

"Don't bother me, Bland," he said, "until I report to the Captain. Yes, only one living creature did we find there, and she has not revived sufficiently to tell her story."

It appeared that the hawsers connecting the light-ship had parted after midnight. The Muriel was already leaking badly in the gale. The heavily loaded freighter, hardly able to care for herself, after taking off the crew, lost sight of the light-ship.

After a time, calls for help on wireless, came radiating, uncertainly, after the nature of such calls.

The freighter, hearing that the two passenger ships of their line would look into the matter, went on with brief explanations. The Ethelinda, arriving first, sent two boats to remove such things as might be easily handled. So deep in the sea was the Muriel, that they were called back by the Ethelinda's captain, now anxious to get on. Two hours later the Dorinda, as we have seen, took off a sinking light-ship one insensible, frail human being.

Bland was called to his wireless office shortly after Goodwill came back. Strange calls were coming from the Ethelinda, now, perhaps fifty miles away. On reading these calls Bland became greatly excited.

He hunted up Goodwill, whom he found with the stewardess, talking to the rescued one, who propped on pillows, in a comfortable stateroom, turned out to be an extremely pretty girl, certainly not older than Phil.

The Ethelinda wires us that one of her two operators is missing. Was supposed to have slipped into one of the rescuing boats, to secure something needful connected with the Muriel's deserted wireless apparatus. Wants to know if we found anyone. Was not missed for several hours, he being off duty. What shall I say, sir?"

The young woman looked at Phil Bland. "Do they state how this missing one usually signed his dispatches? His trade signature, so to speak?"

"Sure they do," Bland showed real distress. "It is my old friend Jack. I've never seen him, though I sent him that Valentine last night. He was the chummiest fellow I ever talked to—we always slanged each other more or less when we passed."

"Don't let that worry you, Phil," said she, "I'm

Jack."

Phil's eyes fairly popped. But he slowly recovered.

"Well, Jack," said he, "now that you've come aboard, may I consider you my Valentine?"

"Humph!" snorted Goodwill. But the motherly stewardess thought it very prettily turned.

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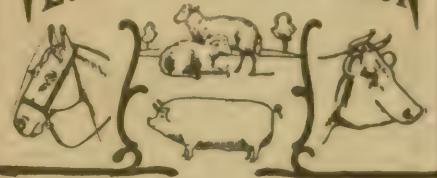
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



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THIN HORSE; WARTS.—I have a mare sixteen years old, a good worker and full of life, but is very thin. We feed her cracked corn, oats and good hay, she runs out in pasture all the time. I keep her just to drive, and nothing we feed her seems to do her any good. (2) Also have a fine Jersey cow three years old, that scratched her teats; now they are all covered with warts, making it difficult. Miss S. O. O.

A.—The horse cannot properly masticate food. Have the teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist. Keep horse off grass and feed good hay along with oats, bran and ear corn. If this does not suffice substitute oat hay, cornmeal and wheat bran for the morning and evening feed and in these feeds each time stir a quart of blackstrap molasses which has been stirred up in three quarts of warm water. At noon feed whole oats and give long hay late at night.

GARTER.—I have a cow. She has a fine calf. She has a lump in her left hind teat, and doesn't give much milk out of it. M. R. H.

A.—The condition of the udder and of the milk it secretes indicates that she has had attacks of garter (mammitis) and that the present condition is chronic and doubtless incurable. Sometimes tuberculous of the udder is the cause. It would be best to sell her to the butcher for immediate slaughter if known to be free from tuberculosis. That is learned by testing with tuberculin. It does not pay to fuss with such cows in the dairy and they may spread infection to other cows.

ECZEMA.—I have a dog, six years old, weighs about twenty-five pounds. Her hair is long, looks like a French poodle, but somewhat larger. Every spring she breaks out in a sort of mange, and does not get rid of it until the fall or winter. In the morning I give her bread and milk and in the evening she gets vegetables cooked with a little meat and bones. Do you think I give her wrong food? Mrs. C. G.

A.—The dog gets too much to eat and too little exercise. Feed once a day and let her live out of doors as much as possible. In spring have her clipped and at first rub her once a week in a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip. Please often start the irritation in spring and cause the breaking out on the skin. Salve ointment may be applied to slight sores as soon as it is seen that weekly tubbing is unnecessary.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule six years old, that is stilled. He is lame when pulling a load up hill. P. J.

A.—Were the mule really "stilled" the patella would be out of place and the leg would be held stiffly backward with the hock joint almost in a straight line and the mule would not be able to step forward or use the leg. If you are sure that the stifle is the seat of the lameness blister it with cetrate of cantharides and repeat the application in a month if found necessary; but chronic stifle disease generally proves incurable. A horse's stifle corresponds to the human knee, therefore he has a patella (knee cap or "pan"):

SORES.—I have a pointer four years old. She eats very little but bread and meat. Does not seem to care for vegetables. She has sores all over. A small boil comes out of which runs blood and pus, and leaves a sore which continues to run. Miss M. W. H.

A.—Tub her in a lukewarm 1-100 solution of coal tar dip once a week and three times a week apply sulphur ointment freely to sores. Let her live an outdoor life. Give but one feed a day at night. Once a week until well give half an ounce of epsom salts in warm water, sweetened with molasses.

COLIC.—I have a horse that has severe cramps. His bowels did not move and he ate very little. I called a doctor, who gave him medicine, and linseed oil. His cramps were subdued for intervals, but when they would start again, he would kick very hard and would not eat. M. W. H.

A.—See that this horse is fed regularly and is given the drinking water before, instead of after, feeding. Avoid all moldy or otherwise damaged food. Give him abundant exercise every day. At time of attack give two ounces of turpentine, half an ounce of quid extract of cannabis indica or one ounce of laudanum, shaken up in a pint of raw linseed oil. Also inject soapy warm water into the rectum by means of a hose and funnel or large syringe.

RHEUMATISM.—I have a four-year-old horse which is in his hind quarters and now it seems to enter the shoulder, and he can't turn around very well, and acts helpless with his legs. I have fed oats and corn, and gave him medicine for his kidneys and he ran on grass nearly all summer, but it seems to do him no good. J. H. M.

A.—Stop feeding corn and feed four parts whole oats and one part wheat bran. Feed sparingly at first and either work the horse every day or make him dry and well ventilated. If the stiffness continues give him half an ounce of salicylate of soda twice daily in food, but there is little hope of permanent relief in chronic rheumatism.

PITCH MANGE.—My pigs break out with sores all over. It starts in the eyes and ears then the front knees till it extends all over the body. They look like dry scabs. They eat well and run about until two or three days before they die. We have lost three and there are nine, and all have it; they are on a cement floor when in the pen, but have all the run in an orchard. They are two weeks old now. G. C. L.

A.—Lying in wet, filthy straw is a common cause of such conditions of the skin; but similar sores may come from derangement of the digestive organs. Do not feed corn to the sow. Put her on light slop and in it mix lime water freely at rate of one ounce to the quart. Make the lime water by soaking a lump of shell (quick) lime as large as a walnut, in a gallon of water. Let the sediment settle; then use the clear liquid.

BALDHEAD IN CANARIES.—I have a female canary. The feathers are off her head and back. She sat and hatched three times last spring, and thinking that was enough, I separated the male and female, since then she has laid three times. I had fine success with the young birds. She seems in good condition, and eats heartily. She is a very good singer for a female. I have tried different remedies, but they did not do any good. The feathers have been off for about six months. Mrs. C. G. J.

A.—It is a mistake to apply much strong medicine to such conditions. A little sulphur ointment is sufficient as an application; but we fear it is too late now to remedy the condition as the feathers will not be likely to grow in again. Care should be taken to scald a canary's cage often and then wash with strong coal tar dip solution. Lice often cause the loss of feathers.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow three years old. She had one calf and would not let the calf suck at first. They beat her with very large sticks. Soon after she began to give bad milk. When milking a tiny lump of blood would come and sometimes a tiny lump of something white, and after the milk sets for a day or night clear blood will settle in the bottom. The udder does not seem to be sore at all. At first she gave bad milk in her right front teat, and now it is in her left front teat. Her milk is worse in the morning than at night. She will bring another calf in April. S. A.

A.—The cruel treatment referred to no doubt injured the udder and rupture of small blood vessels resulted. There is no sense in such treatment of a dumb brute and it could not possibly make her more docile to her calf or to people. She will be likely to have a worse condition present at her second calving. Bathe udder with cold water three times a day and at night with strong alum water.

LAMENESS.—I have a pony mare in fine condition, five years old, which foaled her second colt prematurely about three months ago. I found her about four hours after the colt was born, she was so sick she could hardly stand, and since she has had no control over her left hind leg. When she travels she seems to

swing out every way; when she runs her hind feet are three or four feet apart. It seems to be in the stifle.

Mrs. J. H.—We suspect that a fracture or displacement of the pelvis was caused by foaling and recovery may take place so far as subsiding of the lameness is concerned, but she should not again be bred. Let her run on pasture.

"BAT-TAILED" COLT.—I have a three-year-old colt which has a very light, or what they call here "broom tail." She sometimes rubs it, as though it itches. Can anything be done to increase the growth of hair on the tail?

L. H.—Wash tail clean and every three days saturate with a mixture of four ounces of flowers of sulphur and one pint of sweet oil.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a four-year-old mare. About a year ago her eyeballs became milky and the inner part of her lower eyelid became inflamed. Her sight seems to be affected, and she does not like to have the bridle put over her ears. This trouble lasts about a week and returns every month or two. What can be done for her?

E. S.—The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moan blindness). It is incurable and will end in blindness of one or both eyes. Cataract is the final cause of blindness. An affected mare should not be used for breeding as tendency to the disease is considered hereditary.

FOOT LAMENESS.—I have a seven-year-old driving mare, and her feet are sensitive to frozen ground. Her hoofs, soles, and frogs of her feet are very hard and dry. When the frog comes in contact with any hard substance she will flinch and sometimes fall down.

E. G.—Twice daily for an hour or more soak the hoofs in soft water and on removal from tub the second time smear the hoofs with any simple greasy hoof dressing. After a month of this treatment put on bar shoes over a dressing of pine tar and oakum covered with thick leather pad. If she then goes sore clip the hair from hoof-heads and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides until she goes practically sound.

LAME COW.—I have a Jersey cow ten years old that became lame in hind parts about a month before she was fresh. She has a good appetite and is in good health, apparently. I have given her a tonic but to no avail.

Mrs. O. D. H.—Abnormal pressure upon nerves as a result of the pregnant condition often causes such lameness, but disappears after the calf is born. Give her plenty of out-door exercise and keep her bowels active by feeding succulent or laxative foods.

SPOILED QUARTER.—I have a cow that on account of sore teat refused to give down her milk, causing one quarter of udder to cake. By the use of a teat tube am able to get from a teat a cupful to a pint of pus twice each day, yet the affected quarter remains hard. How long will it remain so, and how long will it continue to discharge this pus? Will the affected quarter lose its function of milk production? C. P. H.

A.—The affected quarter has already lost its milk producing function. Dry the cow off and fatten her for slaughter. She will not prove profitable for dairy purposes.

FEEDING MARES.—Will ground buckwheat or ground rye or buckwheat straw hurt a mare in foal? G. M. N.

A.—We would not advise feeding these foods. Rye is very apt to contain ergot of rye which may cause abortion and besides this it is highly indigestible when fed in considerable quantities. Buckwheat is not commonly fed to horses. Better sell these feeds and furnish oats, bran and ear corn for the horses, along with best of hay.

QUESTION.—It is my intention to take up the practice as a veterinarian in Ky. Have had thirteen years' experience on stock farm, and have been successful in the treatment of horses and cattle. Is there a veterinary school where I could take up the study at home and obtain a diploma? If not where could I obtain the most practical book on the treatment of the domestic animal, and oblige?

R. H. C.—A proper working knowledge of veterinary science cannot be learned by correspondence or mere book reading. A full course at a reputable veterinary college is absolutely necessary. You will find the books on diseases of horses and cattle, for sale by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. useful in the home treatment of animals.

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R. H. C.—A proper working knowledge of

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

I so hope this will help some of you, for it is no small matter to lose dozens of chickens after the labor of working the incubator, and besides the time of setting may have gone by.

Let's hear from all who can throw light on this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Reading in the Sisters' Corner several inquiries from persons anxious to adopt children has decided me to write, hoping my letter may be a benefit to some.

My husband and I decided to open our hearts and home to some little homeless one, so two years ago last March we made application to an institution in our capital city with the result that three months later they sent us a sweet baby boy, three months old. We did not visit the home at all; just told them the kind of a child we wanted and a nurse brought him to us.

He was a poor little, half-starved soul, weighing eight pounds. The day after he came to us, three doctors told us we could not pull him through. He had evidently had enough to eat, but it had not agreed with him.

We began feeding him condensed milk and the first week we gained three pounds and steadily grew into a perfect specimen of health and now at the age of nearly three years weighs thirty-three pounds. He is a beautiful child, unusually bright and quick to learn and needless to say, we love him as our own.

But to those who think of taking a little one, I would advise taking a child under one year of age. Several instances I know of, persons taking children three or four years old and they become dissatisfied. In choosing a baby one can better train them, as they wish; they seem nearer and are not likely to remember that the foster parents are not its own, although we are going to teach our boy that he is only adopted, but no less dearer.

Now, I would like to say this for the benefit of those who are so particular about the percentage of the foster-child! What does it matter in the end? Home influence has greater power over the growing mind of the child than hereditary tendencies. Who can tell what a child will be in maturity, just because its parents were never married? May not that child have moral inclinations the same as a child of marriage? Of course, we would rather know that they were brought into the world legitimately, but isn't it enough to know they are here and must be taken care of? And we who can and do not are shrinking from a duty God demands of us.

We know nothing of our little son's parentage, nor do we wish to know. He is so dear to us and I feel that God sent him to us just as much as the tiny boy born to us three months ago and we deal with him as we would want our own son treated, were he to be left homeless.

This is subject very near to my heart. To me it seems queer that with so many women's and mothers' clubs and organizations for the benefit of humanity in the world today, so few have for its object the caring for the thousands of homeless orphans. Those who are, in many cases, best situated to care for them, are denying love and assistance where it would repay them many times over.

May I take the liberty to make a personal appeal to the sisters? Can you not do something in this "home missionary" work? If not personally caring to have a child in the home, then use your influence on someone who is giving the care and attention to a French poodle, if properly bestowed on a child might give to the next generation a noble man or woman, of whom you might be proud of and glad they bore your name.

In the name of the Father who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," let one of His little ones into your life, and once the baby arms entwine your neck and baby-love enters your heart, you will be more than repaid for any sacrifice you think made "For inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Before closing I want to say that I heartily agree with Mrs. Emma Krupper. If sympathy instead of criticism were given the unfortunate girl who has taken one step downward, she might feel it worth while to change her course.

Wishing COMFORT and all the sisters a happy, prosperous New Year, I am, sincerely,

MRS. CLARA BOND, Albany, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have had it in mind ever since I became a subscriber to COMFORT, to write to the Sisters' Corner, that have so many helps from the sisters' letters, that I thought I ought to add my little mite. I think the dear old paper is doing a good work and when I read Uncle Charlie's sublime list I wish with all my soul that I was a millionaire. If I were, everyone of his suffering ones would get every help I could give them.

I would like to ask if any of the sisters know and will send me the words to an old song that was sung to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." The only lines I can remember are these: "How the happy moments flew on wings of pleasure by." The chorus began: "Hurrah, hurrah, with hearts so light and free." I will be so thankful for the words if I can get them up the dreadful raw place.

Get ten cents' worth of yellow beeswax and ten cents' worth of pure olive oil. Melt the beeswax, then measure it by spoonfuls. Be sure to put equal parts of the beeswax, the olive oil and pure, fresh lard together. While it is warming, keep stirring it all the time until it gets like a smooth salve. Stir from the outer edge of the vessel as it gets cool there first and the beeswax will not mix in smooth if you don't. Be sure to do this stirring, and to measure equal parts of each thing. It is a sure cure and a relief to the little tender bodies.

I live in this glorious sun-kissed land. Hardly ever a cloudy day. This is a mining camp, tucked away in the mountains, a quiet, well-behaved camp, free from all the turmoils that beset so many such places. Everybody working and contented. I wish you could see the glorious view I have. I can look into three states from where I live. It certainly makes one thankful for such an outlook, and the wide freedom. No crowding and shut-in city for me after this.

May COMFORT grow larger and better in the future as it has in the past, is the fervent wish of one of its sisters.

MRS. E. B. AYERS, Goldroad, Arizona.

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WILKINSON:

I have a brother out in Colorado, who ordered the COMFORT for me. I have received it for a year now and it is one year ago last week I took to my bed, and have been there the most of the year. I took such comfort in lying on my back reading the beautiful letters on being a Christian. Now I ask all the Christian sisters to pray for me, an invalid, that I may once more be restored to health to work for my own little ones and husband. I have four children and a loving husband, who daily prays for me. I am also surrounded with a kind father, mother, sisters and brothers. I have a great deal to be thankful for.

A shower from the sisters would make me very happy.

I trust your good work, also Uncle Charlie's will continue to prosper, and may God bless you both,

MRS. TELFER, Paris, Ont., Canada.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

I must try and write a letter for the great COMFORT magazine, although I am just a new reader. I feel so much at home reading the interesting items and useful recipes, also kind and loving words of advice and the sad and hard lots of some of our unfortunate friends.

My home is at the capital city of the great Illinois state. We are situated about the center of the state, reached by several steam and electric lines; also in the coal region. We have several manufactures here, including good-sized plow works, watch factory, shoe factory and a few others. Springfield has some beautiful churches, both Protestant and Catholic, also fine school system. Springfield was the home of Abraham Lincoln. His home, the only one he ever owned, is here and kept in good order. Lincoln also has a beautiful monument at Oak Ridge cemetery, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in our state. Both the Lincoln home and tomb are visited by many people from all parts of the world. The Capitol building and new Supreme Court building are beautiful places of interest.

I certainly know the trials and pleasures in rearing a family of children. We mothers have many sad days and hardships, but after time sweeps on we look back and it brings us many happy memories.

With best wishes to all the sisters, I remain,

sincerely,
Mrs. AMY POTTS LOOMIS, 1425 South 9th St., Springfield, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you make room in your delightful corner for an older sister?

I am fourteen years of age, have brown eyes, auburn hair and dark complexion. I am five feet tall and weigh one hundred pounds. I live in Hardin county, about three miles west of a little town called Roundhead.

The farmers in this part of the country are deeply interested in onion raising, but because of the hot weather most of the onion crops were destroyed. Only a few farmers had good crops.

How many of the sisters like horses? I think that the horse is the most useful animal there is, and I also think that they should not be ill treated in any way. Some owners expect one horse to pull load enough for two. A horse is not lazy and will do its share of work. I ride horseback and love horses.

I like the COMFORT Sisters' Corner better than any other page, and think COMFORT a fine paper.

Miss Mabel Smith. I agree with you on the subject of mother love. There is no love as deep as a mother's. Here is a little verse which I think is the sweetest and truest thing ever written:

"There are three words that sweetly blend,
And on the heart are graven,
A precious soothing balm they lend,
They are mother, home and Heaven."

A child can never repay their mother for half she's done for them. They can never know her value until she is gone.

I think I have got the best mother there ever was, and I suspect all the other sisters think the same about their mother.

I also think that parents should make the home bright and cheerful for their children so that they cannot find a more pleasant spot than home.

Where a father and mother are always disagreeing, the children hearing this will also learn to disagree. Here is a little verse which I think all parents should practice:

"Be cheerful in your household,
Be pleasant at your hearth,
A home where dwells affection
Is the brightest spot on earth."

If more parents should practice this there would be far less children leave home.

I have about two miles to walk to school, but I go every day. I like my teacher fine, and I just love to go to school.

I think that every boy and girl should go to school and get an education. It is one of the finest things there ever was. Let everything go till you get an education for you can get it but once, and that is while you are young and you are never young but once. When you are going to school you are having the best time of your life.

How many of you sisters have seen some white-haired old man or woman recall, with tears in their eyes something they did when they were girls and boys in school, and hear them sigh when they think that those dear old times are no more?

Wishing you all good luck during the new year I will say good by.

Miss ILLA LUDONA RHOADES, Lake View, R. R. 2, Box 70, Hardin Co., Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was reading your December paper and said to myself, "This is my time to write a few lines." I have a child in the home, then use your influence on someone who is giving the care and attention to a French poodle, if properly bestowed on a child might give to the next generation a noble man or woman, of whom you might be proud of and glad they bore your name.

Missouri is a fine old place to live in. We are farmers and make a good living. We can grow all kinds of crops. I have lived in other states but like old Missouri best.

In reading the sisters' letters saw where Mrs. Susan Sims would like to know what to do for blood poison.

Before closing I want to say that I heartily agree with Mrs. Emma Krupper. If sympathy instead of criticism were given the unfortunate girl who has taken one step downward, she might feel it worth while to change her course.

Wishing COMFORT and all the sisters a happy, prosperous New Year, I am, sincerely,

MRS. CLARA BOND, Albany, Ind.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:

I have enjoyed your many helps and interesting letters for so long, that I feel like I must add my mite.

COMFORT has been with me for about ten years, and I have just sent in renewal for two more years to prove I can't keep home without it.

When baking cake, grease your pans as usual then dust with flour, jarring all loose that does not adhere to the pan. I would use no other method.

Place sticky fly paper where those ants can get on it. Sprinkle with sugar to make it more attractive to you if you wish.

You milk crust or baby's head, use fresh butter (without salt). If care is taken and the little head is greased and washed well, milk crust will not form.

When you wish to practice economy, as most of us need to do, make the little ones' bloomers or drawers from flour sacks or anything that's strong enough. Get a package of dye and color them black and I am sure you will say they are sensible as well as cheap.

For my own little girls I make bloomers, putting elastic in the top as well as the legs, which is a great help to mamma, for the lassies can easily wait on themselves.

Wash all varnished woodwork in skim milk (separated milk is the best). Results are fine.

Now I have a favor to ask. Will the readers tell me of a sure remedy for the cabbage worm which is an awful pest here?

I do not wish to bring up another discussion on women's rights, but I do wonder how many of those who condemn woman's rights ever was at an election where only men are allowed to vote and at one where women vote also! Since coming to this state I have cast my first vote in what I considered a worthy cause. At one time this county was "wet" but after woman got the ballot it was voted "dry." Well, another election was held last fall to determine if it should stay "dry" or go "wet" again. Well, thanks to woman's rights, it stayed dry and by an enormous majority too. The election was so different from those where only men vote. It is so quiet and respectable. The men and their wives go to the polls together, taking the small children with them. The women have a place on the election board, too.

In conclusion I will say I have one of the best husbands in the world, and two sweet little girls. Fern Ruth is three and one half years old, and Wanda Lucille is twenty-one months old. Fern's eyes are brown; Wanda's are big and blue. We feel it would kill us to part with them. Jim and I have been married five years and we are sweethearts still. We have never quarreled and as long as it takes two to make a quarrel I am sure we never will. The good by kiss is never forgotten and there is also plenty between times. There is nothing he ever refuses to do for me; even volunteers to help me wash dishes at times and often helps me with the washing for which he receives a kiss and my thanks.

When he is from home and returns late he always finds the chores neatly done and then it's myself who receives the kiss and thanks.

We like it here just fine. The sunsets in winter are beautiful.

We came here a year ago last August; moved from Western Kansas where I had spent all but two of the twenty-seven years of my life. This is a valley, mountains on all sides, which are now beautiful with their carpet of snow. We are about one mile from the Boise river and twenty-two miles from Boise city. Everything grows here in abundance and there's nothing but sunshine in summer. This is an irrigated country and we do not need the rainfall. I never feel as though I want to go back to Kansas, but often wish I could see my dear old father, brothers and sisters, as well as the many friends I left behind, none of my own relatives are any nearer than Kansas.

Mother has gone to the other land also two sisters. None of us appreciate our mothers as we should until it's too late.

I have gray eyes, brown hair, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and I am five feet five and one half inches tall. I am no beauty, but husband thinks I am good enough to make up for that.

Best wishes to all.

Mrs. FLORENCE HOUDYSHELL (nee RUTH), Caldwell, R. R. 1, Idaho.

Mrs. Houdyshell. I want to add a few words regarding her son's head. The unsalted butter is excellent, but should do all the work of starting the crust from the child's head. Only this summer I saw a dear old grandma with the best of intentions, trying to remove the crust from a child's head with a fine comb after the butter had only been on a short time. Wait, even if it takes the entire day to soften the scalp and loosen the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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churches, both Protestant and Catholic, also fine school system. Springfield was the home of Abraham Lincoln.

His home, the only one he ever owned, is here and kept in good order.

Lincoln also has a beautiful monument at Oak Ridge cemetery, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in our state.

Both the Lincoln home and tomb are visited by many people from all parts of the world. The Capitol building and new Supreme Court building are beautiful places of interest.

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Mrs. AMY POTTS LOOMIS, 1425 South 9th St., Springfield, Ill.

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I Want To Pay You \$3,000 To Work For Me This Year!

I've got the greatest money making proposition in the country to offer wide-awake men.

It is easy to pick up \$10 to \$20 a day representing me, and your business keeps getting better the longer you are with me.

By offering this "Lucky 'Leven" outfit (value \$3.20) to your customers for only \$1.00, don't you think you can make a hit in your town? It will pay you big, too.

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My scheme of introducing them is a tremendous money maker.

The goods sell themselves. You would understand this better if you saw my Soap and Toilet Article Combinations.

I manufacture my own goods, and sell direct through my own representatives only—that's why you can offer better goods

than others and undersell them 25 to 50% and still make for yourself 150 to 300% profit.

I claim that you can make \$300 per year is quite conservative—for you can actually make more than that if you want to hustle and put energy and ginger into your work.

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G. O. EARNST for five consecutive days averaged \$3.00 an hour profit. The following week one day has made \$25.00 in 5 hours. E. F. NEUMANN

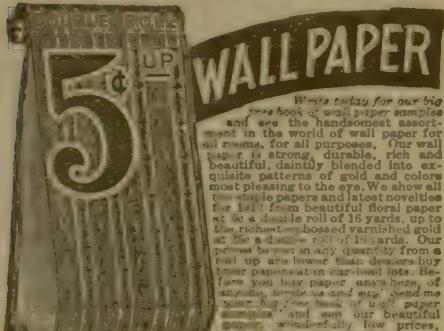
averages 20 orders a day, a profit of over \$15.00 a day. J. C. MUSICK</div



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1912 ART CALENDAR FREE I will send a handsome 1912 wall calendar in 8 colors and gold, and a big assortment of Easter and other post card novelties for 4c postage if you say you will show the cards I send you to 4 of your friends. **A. B. FOELSANGER**, 233 So. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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GENUINE ARABIAN DIAMOND (Stud or Pin) and big Jewelry Catalog absolutely **FREE**. Enclose 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. Stone has cut size and finish of \$100 diamond. Puzzles experts. Chas. Cummings & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Chicago



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A Remarkable Offer THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your own and family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you, including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboards or Bureau Scarfs, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French camping preparation.

MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chain and seventeen others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider.

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Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

sary. It fits well and the collar and cuffs are attractively trimmed with a band of insertion, edged with lace. The plenum is joined to waist with belt of insertion. If made from wool material, use a band of silk and scant ruffle of same in place of insertion and lace. The plenum fits so well that the sack may be converted into a shirt waist by putting the skirt over it. Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; 36 bust requiring three and three quarters yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5028—Ladies' Seven-gored Skirt represents a useful model that can be worn separately, or combined in a one-piece dress. It is cut with an under box-plait at back, and the separate fitted piece around bottom allows an opportunity of trimming. If used in combination with waist model No. 3866 as illustrated, a blue chambray with section around bottom of skirt, collar, cuffs, belt and plait on front of waist of blue checked or striped, the effect would be stylish and pretty. Brown wool with Shepherd check in white and brown would be handsome for a heavy dress. Cut in seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist measure; size 24 requires seven and one quarter yards of 27-inch material with two yards of 27-inch contrasting material.

No. 5247—Ladies' Eight-gored Skirt, empire or regular waistline. Another becoming as well as stylish skirt is that having the high waistline, and they are now used in all materials. The skirt is finished at the top by turning in enough to hold well and stitching once or twice as fancied. The top is held in its place above the waist line by either the use of belting two and one half inches wide, or by canvas boned. Do not shape; simply make a straight belt, finish ends, put on hooks and eyes, and by hand sew the top edge to the top of skirt. Cut in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Width around bottom of skirt in medium size is three yards, and requires three and three eighths yards of 50-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5127—Ladies' Corset Cover, especially designed for the stout figure and is a great favorite. It is glove fitting, easily made and the position of seams makes alterations a simple matter. Cut in six sizes, 36 to 46 bust measure; size 36 requiring one and one quarter yard of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2508—Ladies' Kitchen Apron. This model is unusually convenient. The front is fitted, which keeps clean much longer than one cut straight. The spacious pockets will hold the duster, the string, buttons, or other articles which the housewife always finds on putting the house to rights, and without handling again will be carried to their proper receptacle. Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; 36 size requiring four and three quarters yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4353—Misses' and Small Women's Yoke Dress with Panel Front. This becoming frock is just as suitable for the small woman as it is for the girl in her teens. In fact many slight women are very successful in using misses' patterns. This model can be made simple as illustrated, or very elaborate, according to the material and trimming selected for its development. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; for 16 years, five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material is required. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5478—The Empire model illustrated is another pleasing style for the Miss and small woman. Plain and figured foulard, serge with satin trimmings, linen and cotton are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material; one and one eighth yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4784—Girls' Dress. For a practical school dress, this model is well worth making. The skirt may be gathered or plaited, and either cotton or wool are suitable materials. The closing is on the left side, extending the entire length. Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; eight years requiring three and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5440—Children's Dress. Mothers find these simply made, up-to-date little dresses a great comfort, and each season finds them more in use. This particular dress has a seam running down the shoulder and sleeve, another under the arm to bottom of skirt. The neck, cuffs and side opening is finished with a band of contrasting material; also the belt which is held in place by pieces of the same sewed onto under-arm seam, and long enough to admit belt. The opening as well as trimming band may extend to bottom of dress. Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age six requiring two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4842—Boys' and Children's Rompers, cut in sizes two, four and six years; four years requiring two and three eighths yards 27-inch wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5430—Boys' Blouse, with body and sleeves in one which is the main characteristic of this blouse. It is very simple and the inexperienced sewer could make it without the least difficulty and be well satisfied with the finished garment. Striped madras, gingham, percale and flannel are durable materials. Cut in sizes four, six, eight and 10 years; size six requiring one and three eighths yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4616—The attractive model is for the real small boy who has not been put into Knicker-bockers. All boys like pockets and one is inserted in the left side of front which is sure to please the little fellow. Cut in sizes one, two and three years; two years requiring two and one half yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5158—Infants' Set of One-Piece Garments. Pattern cut in one size. Cap requires one half yard; coat, two and one half yards; petticoat, two yards; dress, two and one eighth yards; kimono, five eighths yard, and bib, three eighths yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

HOUSE DRESSES FOR THE BRIDE.—MABEL D. I would suggest using percale and gingham for materials. Shrink both before making and add salt to the water. A bride's gown whether worn in parlor or kitchen must speak of clear skies, so I would suggest one plain, medium blue made with white Dutch collar and cuffs, one blue Shepherd's plaid, trimmed with white cotton soutache braid, one pink and white

striped, trimmed with bias bands of same and one of bright straw color, trimmed with Hamburg edging in blue. In this issue, see No. 5433 and No. 4353 which in ladies' sizes come under No. 4640. In the December issue Nos. 4650 and 5406, any of which will make very desirable dresses for you. You are just in time to adopt the idea of buying a little more material and having kitchen aprons to match your dresses.

SHIRT WAIST OPENING.—M. O. L., you are quite right, a collar that could fasten in front would be a luxury, and I am happy to tell you that many are being worn. To illustrate I will take No. 3866. Instead of using front plait, make a deep facing to the front opening as shown in No. 5217. Discard the turn-over part of collar, sew fitted stand to waist, making it long enough to go around entire neck, including the lap. You now button from the top of collar to waist. A white rimmed bone button with center same as waist material is stylish. Wear turn-over collars of dotted muslin with cuffs to match. A dash of color embroidered into the dots is pretty.

REPAIRING WAIST.—MISS ELMORE, a shirt-waist worn below collar is a hard thing to mend. If it is a plain waist you can introduce a yoke, either lace or embroidery; or you might rip off collar, shorten sleeves and wear plain Dutch collar and cuffs.

STITCHING PLAITS.—MRS. NORCROSS, to keep the box plait at the back of your skirt in place, stitch the entire length one inch from the edge, after you have basted and pressed it well. Also at the edge of skirt where the plait joins onto the next breadth, hold them together and sew along about an inch. This holds the seam in place; a seam which, by the way, is never pressed open.

The Fortune Teller

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ability she would never see him again. Marian thought these things over in her solitude that hot afternoon, till roused by her cousin's voice calling from the foot of the stairs, "Where are you? Aren't you going to have any supper? We are to go over to the hotel to see Miss Evans a minute, afterwards you know."

She got up, bathed her face in cold water, then smoothing her rumpled hair and gown went below stairs simulating a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. Rebecca eyed her keenly but said nothing. They ate their meal in silence then put on light wraps and started for the hotel, where Miss Evans was waiting for them on the piazza. "Here you are!" she exclaimed heartily. "Mr. Reeves said you were coming. He is over making final arrangements with Timothy Dwight about tomorrow."

Suddenly a great light dawned simultaneously on Rebecca and Marian and they exclaimed together:

"Oh, is he going with Mr. Reeves?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know it? I thought of course Tim or Mr. Reeves had told you long ago. He is going to enter the Boston School of Technology, and study evenings at the Y. M. C. A. to keep up. You see he is not prepared on some subjects very thoroughly, although Mr. Reeves and I have found him an apt pupil this summer."

Marian was speechless, but Rebecca found her voice. "You don't mean to tell me that you and Mr. Reeves have been a-teaching him all summer? Well, I never!" as Miss Evans nodded assent.

"That is, all of August. We didn't discover him, so to speak, till the last week in July. He has been a faithful student."

"Is Mr. Reeves going to pay his tuition?" asked Rebecca.

"No, that is the best part of it. He was willing to advance him money enough for a year, but it seems Tim had been saving up his wages for a long time, for another purpose he said," and Miss Evans pretended not to notice the quick flame which sprang into Marian's cheeks, "and he has enough to pay his expenses for two years. And next summer Mr. Reeves wants him to go to England and see the fine old cathedrals and gothic architecture which will delight his heart. He is a dear boy. Mr. Reeves and I are extremely fond of him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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PRINCESS BRACELET FREE This handsome Gold Bracelet, set with sparkling gems, is given for 20c. Send 20c. **ART POST CARDS** at 10c per pk. We trust you. Write for 20c. Dept. P-22 Battle Creek, Mich.

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She Doesn't Know One Note From Another, But Plays Like a Music Master.

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

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The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.00 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 2723 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

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PER HUNDRED for collecting names and addresses. Steady work; stamp for particulars.

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FOUR PIN WAIST SET

Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We show but two pins to give you the sizes; there is one large pin and three smaller ones, one Neck or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as **Baby pins**.

We warrant these pins not to break, which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use.

Other uses for such a combination set of **Four Pins** will occur to every lady reader of **COMFORT**, and we doubt if there are many who can say, "I have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family.

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A Pint of Unequaled Cough Syrup for 50c

The Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy You Ever Used, or Money Refunded. Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly.

You may not need the \$2 which a 50-cent bottle of Pinex saves you, but you do need the wonderful effectiveness of this famous cough remedy. It will usually stop the most obstinate deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours, and has no equal for whooping cough.

A 50-cent bottle of Pinex, mixed with home-made sugar syrup, gives you a full pint—a family supply of the most pleasant and effective cough remedy you ever used. Easily prepared in five minutes—directions in package.

The way this takes hold of a cough and gives instant relief, will make you regret that you never tried it before. Stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative and tastes good—children take it willingly. It has a wonderful record in cases of incipient lung trouble and is splendid for croup, asthma, bronchitis, throat trouble, etc.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Simply mix with sugar syrup or strained honey, in a pint bottle, and it is ready for use. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 211 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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I will send you my 93-page book "Advice to Stammerers" Free. It explains how I quickly and permanently cured myself.

Print by my experience and write for free book and advice. BENJ. N. BOYCE,

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If You Are Becoming DEAF

or are troubled with

Ringing Noises in the Head

My Illustrated Free Book Contains

JOYFUL NEWS

I do not offer you makeshifts such as artificial ear drums or other apparatus; I do not approve of saturating your system with habit-forming drugs. I am not content to merely give you a brief period of relief from deafness but my aim is

TO CURE YOU PERMANENTLY

I am a practising physician of 32 years' active, extensive experience. I know the only satisfactory method of conquering deafness and head noises is in getting at the seat of the trouble and curing it.

I have published a book; it is written in easy, plain language and is illustrated. It tells you facts you probably never imagined and you may see just why you probably never succeeded in getting a real, lasting cure before. It is the one treatise that you have been seeking and it tells all about the one Method you should adopt and which is comparatively inexpensive.

DEAFNESS IS DANGEROUS

There always was some danger in being deaf but with the invention of rapid speed automobiles, no deaf or partly deaf person can feel safe. Accidents to those who cannot hear well, are being recorded by thousands. Moreover, deafness

Annoys Others by Forcing Them to Shout at You

Prevents You from Enjoying Theatres, Concerts, etc.

Makes You Feel a Bore When in Company

Hinders Your Success in Business or Socially

Stops You from Hearing Sweet Sounds of Nature

It Usually Alters your Manners and Despondency

—My book explains why it is very probably your own fault that you remain deaf and why you are becoming a little harder of hearing every year. Explains nervousness. Shows wherein the underlying causes of continuous deafness or head noises are probably

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that you remain deaf and why you are becoming a little harder of hearing

This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By All Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

**8 CURTAINS
GIVEN
AWAY**

Ladies and Girls, send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you post paid on credit twelve boxes Grandma's Wonder Healing and Complexion Cream, to dispose of among friends at 25 cents a box. When sold, remit us the three dollars and we will send you Eight (four pair) Latest Style Pattern White Window Curtains, nearly three yards long. Write us at once for the twelve boxes of Cream. **WE TRUST YOU.**

Address, CHAS. B. THOMPSON
Curtain Dept. 204 BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WRITE A HIT

Thousands of dollars in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure a copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 153, Washington, D. C.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitates or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Coughing Sensation in throat, Painful Sensation in heart, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Drowsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Numbness around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free
a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent OXEN Porous Plasters. We send the Six OXEN Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected, and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful OXEN Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills, including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by sheet measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six OXEN 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXEN COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. G., Murraysville, Pa.—As to the keeping of ferrets for killing rats there is no general law against it. What local ordinances you may have in Murraysville, you ought to know better than we do.

J. J. M., St. Joseph, Mo.—If COMFORT readers want to keep posted on certain matters they should read and digest what we say in this column. If you have done this you would have known long ago that there are no Stradivarius violins of 1706 or any date which are not shown to dealers and the one you have is fraudulent. It may be a good violin worth from ten dollars up, but it is not a Strad, the prices on which range anywhere from one thousand dollars up, and nobody is trying to sell one at a thousand.

G. R., Manhattan, Kans.—For homestead lands information write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. For Canadian lands write to Commissioner of Public Lands, Ottawa, Canada.

E. S. D., Wilbaux, Mont.—Jiu Jitsu as a special art of defense is about relegated to the past. It is taught in some schools as a side line, but there are no Jiu Jitsu schools that we know of as there were when the fad was in vogue.

E. E., Noblesville, Ind.—Write to advertisers in COMFORT for information about coins. They are reliable. Other COMFORT inquirers on this subject please take notice and do the same. Only experts can give reliable information about coins and we are not experts.

E. W. H., Goshen, N. C.—For your benefit and that of other inquirers for names of firms in cities which handle evergreens for winter decorations we will say that unless you have evergreens in quantity to get carload rates, the freight will eat up all the profit the commission man doesn't get. Your best plan is to make your sale to your local dealer who gathers up enough to make a car load. The small shipper has no show at all in city shipments unless he has a special customer who buys direct from him. All holiday shipments are arranged for months in advance. As we said before to chicken raisers, we say to you, you cannot be successful in producing anything unless you know how and where to sell it. Learn that part first.

Stung, Gillespie, Ill.—To this and to all COMFORT readers who have failed to get in touch with firms to which they have written and have cause to believe they have not been fairly dealt with we would say that they should write to the Post-office Department, Washington, D. C., stating full particulars. After that, it is for them to wait until the Department notices what has been, or will be done.

X. Y. Z., Ladysmith, Wis.—The address of Wilbur Wright, the aviator, is Dayton, Ohio. He is probably ready to take on a few first-class young men as pupils, but unless you are willing to die trying to learn how to earn a living, you had better not apply.

L. R., Barnard, Kans.—A violin dating from 1779, if not bearing the fake names of most of the so-called old violins with which many COMFORT readers are familiar, may be of considerable value, depending upon circumstances. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, are authority on violins, but you would have to send it there. When any of these old violins, so called, have the names of Stainer, or Guarnerius or Stradivarius, or any of the famous old makers, in them, they are frauds and any one who has one may keep it as he would an ordinary fiddle to play on.

N. O., Tabor, Ky.—A great many young women who have their living to make seem to imagine that being a trained nurse is a good way to make it. They were never more mistaken. It is probably one of the most difficult positions that women fill and requires unusual qualities, both of body, mind and heart. The best nurses are well educated women as well, and necessarily they must have no little medical education. Before seriously thinking of becoming a trained nurse we advise every young woman to talk with several physicians and get advice as to qualifications for the work. There are numerous schools for training nurses, but like other special schools, pupils will be taken who have the money to pay for tuition, whether they are properly qualified for the work or not.

Subscriber, Neperse, Ida.—The wife of a man's nephew is his niece by marriage. It is proper for him to call her his niece, though in law he would have to say by marriage. (2) Your cousin's children are your first cousins, one remove, usually called second

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Full solo instrument, 2 feet and 10 inches long, 10 1/2 inches wide, American manufacture, well and carefully made, cherry finish, richly ornamented. All strung with 6 strings, has clear, rich tone, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as \$10.00 guitar. With it we give FREE A SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. Write for 24 packages BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return the \$2.40 and we will send Guitar and Instruction Book.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 612 MILL ST., CONCORD JUNCT., MASS.

cousins. (3) Your cousin's husband is your cousin by marriage. He is related only by marriage. Which however, counts as a relation.

Ambition, San Jose, Cal.—Here is an inquirer (girl) sending all the way from California to Maine to know when the first half term of the San Jose High school begins, and in the same mail a young man, living seven miles from Canastota, N. Y., writes to know if he can get books out of the Canastota library. We have had inquiries right out of the great city of New York about matters which could have been learned by the simplest kind of local inquiry, yet some people do not seem to understand that they do not have to go away from home to get the news. Other COMFORT readers will please take notice and know why a good many of their questions have never been answered, we don't answer foolish questions.

Mrs. T. M., Erhard, Minn.—A horse-hide, we suppose, is tanned pretty much as any other hide is tanned, but without experience no one can do a successful job of tanning, though not a few things that it can be done. Better learn how on coon skins, or dog skins, or cat skins, or give the work to an expert tanner.

W. T. M., Mattingly, Ky.—The Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized in Washington, D. C. October 11th, 1890, and it now has a membership of over 60,000, with a thousand chapters all over the country. For particulars as to eligibility, dues and all information write to Mrs. Mabel G. Swornstedt, Corresponding Secretary General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C.

M. H., Somerset, Ky.—For a position as stenographer in Panama write to Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. There is a Panama Canal Commission, but the Civil Service Commission is the one to which you should apply.

Canadian, St. Catharine, Ont.—One may become an architect after a public school course by working with a good architect. How long would be required depends upon the learner. With a taste for the work and quick natural abilities three or four years should develop a pretty fair architect, though there are many who have been at it for twenty years and are nothing to brag of. Great architects are born, not made. Some women architects have been quite successful, but as yet not many of them have taken it up. (2) Advertising, that is the writing of advertisements, is a paying profession to those who write the best ones. Correspondence schools claim to teach it, but the results are not satisfactory. It is like any other good writing, it cannot be taught—it is a born gift. (3) Ask your newsdealer about automobile magazines.

Jesse Dell, Eagleton, Ark., writes to say that if J. B. B., Grinn, Ga., inquiring in this column for war pictures will write to National Tribune, Washington, D. C., he may find what he wants.

M. Mc., Clareholm, Alta.—There have been several books written about the Kentucky feds whose titles we do not now recall. If you will write to Col. T. G. Stewart, Winchester, Ky., he will be able to give you titles and tell you where they may be had. Or write to State Librarian, Frankfort, Ky.

L. L. R., Coleman, Wis.—It is not a question of whether we think it right or not about marrying a cousin, that is a first cousin, for in many of the states it is against the law and is not a marriage. Anybody contemplating marrying a first cousin had better find out before marrying, whether or not it is a crime. In some states where more attention is paid to the raising of stock than to human beings first cousins may marry.

Blue Bell, La Grange, Oregon.—The only education necessary to work in a telephone exchange is to read, write and speak correctly the English language. In acquiring that you will have acquired enough of the other branches. Distinct pronunciation, good manners and good temper are also necessary, though they are not always in evidence.

D. B. S., Seaboard, Ala.—Albert W. Gilchrist is the Governor of Florida. The Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. is the person to tell you about getting a transfer.

Mrs. A. B., Tacoma, Wash.—For information about Arizona write to Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona. Also write to Central Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, B. R., Houston, Texas.

M. D., Butler, Okla.—For information about State Normal and Agricultural schools in the states you mention write to Superintendents of Education at the capitals of those states. (2) Population in 1910 of Oklahoma, 1,257,155; Missouri, 2,393,265; Colorado, 798,024; Arkansas, 1,574,149; Kansas, 1,690,940; Texas, 3,896,942; New Mexico, 327,301.

Mrs. E. S. B., Natural Bridge, N. Y.—The American Numismatic Association was founded in 1891. Its President is Dr. J. M. Anderson, Columbus, O. and its secretary is Geo. L. Tilden, Worcester, Mass. The American Numismatic Society was founded at New York in 1858; corresponding Secretary, Henry Russell Browne, Anderson, East 155th Street, New York City.

These are the coin authorities of this country, they may not extend information to others than members. You may write to the Secretary of each and submit your questions, inclosing postage. Other readers of COMFORT making coin inquiries of us may do the same.

A. E., Oak Harbor, Wash.—There is no especial place that we know of for hiring marine firemen for lumber and coasting vessels, except the ordinary employment agencies in the various cities of the country, or by application at the offices of the ship companies. If you are a competent man why not go into the U. S. navy where you will have a sure job and if you stay long enough will be comfortably fixed in your old age? The navy wants good men. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

A. S., Dott, Pa.—In nearly all large millinery establishments girls are taught the trade, but not as pupils so much as working-girls. Which means that young women who want to learn the milliner's trade must get jobs in millinery houses and work up. Nor can such places be had by correspondence, unless the applicant is known to someone in the house. It is a case of going after what is wanted.

D. D., Cool, Oregon.—The Charity Organization of the City of New York is the largest of its kind in this country and it issues a weekly journal, The Survey. An advertisement in that would bring you to the notice of many "baby homes" and other institutions seeking nurses. Write to E. T. Devine, Gen'l Secretary, No. 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. Or advertise in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane papers.

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and Silk Lining
for Your FREE
First Suit**

EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make \$5 to \$10 a day selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This is Your Chance to Make Money

We sell suits from \$3 to \$10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can send others; no work to you; no order for us; no work to us; no risk; no failure; no loss; no money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

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We start you Free. Send for sample suit and express charges and me the Union Label on all our garments.

You can get your own suit at inside prices and we will line it with silk absolutely FREE. Besides, we give many valuable premiums free to our agents. Write today for full particulars and receive exclusive territory. The greatest chance ever offered to make big money.

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**Post Card Reflector
AND 50 POST CARDS FREE**

This New Post Card Reflector, will enlarge the picture on any post card to a very large size and in their frames, and will hold 50 cards. Write today and receive your free gift.

Two BIG PRESENTS for writing on y 50 postcards.

NEW MOTTO PICTURES

at our special prices—100 each. A complete set of 500 cards and 500 postcards. Write today and receive your free gift.

REGAL WATCH & CLOCK CO., Dept. 1227, Chicago, Ill.

WATCH CHAIN FREE

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

WE WILL GIVE YOU 50 FREE POST CARDS, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED. Watch CHAIN, equal in appearance to Solid gold Watch, American made, engraved 5 years, and a beautiful link, the only one of its kind. Big grade arm watch, when sold, send us \$2.00 and we will send you Post Card Reflector and 50 hand-made Post Cards will be sent you prompt. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALTON WATCH & CLOCK CO., Dept. 216, CHICAGO.

WATCH CHAIN FREE

FOR SELLING POST CARDS

WE WILL GIVE YOU 50 FREE POST CARDS, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED. Watch CHAIN, equal in appearance to Solid gold Watch, American made, engraved 5 years, and a beautiful link, the only one of its kind. Big grade arm watch, when sold, send us \$2.00 and we will send you Post Card Reflector and 50 hand-made Post Cards will be sent you prompt. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. 216, CHICAGO.

AVIATION CAP

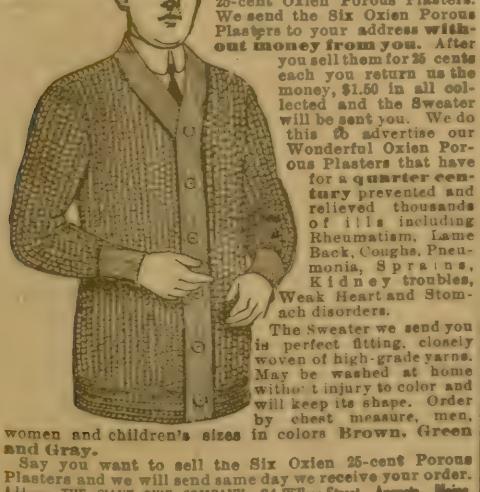
Warmth Without Weight.



**LADIES' and MISSES' WARM WOOL CAP
For Every Outdoor Wear.**

Riding, walking, skating, for school, play and every general use a most suitable winter cap. Crocheted from coarse elder-down wool, they are large, thick, but warm without weight. Made in one style with deep roll brim, usually in contrasting color, they are the most satisfactory head-wear of the kind yet devised and thousands are wearing them. Many pleasing color combinations are made, but plainer colors prevail in adult sizes, all white, white and gray, or tan, or tan with blue are popular, while the smaller sizes are made in contrasting colors too numerous to mention. We strive to furnish the most popular colors and will use our judgment in filling orders unless you express a preference.

CLUB OFFERS: An adult cap (full size), as elder-down wool used for a wide of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. A Misses' Cap of same material for only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. State size and color preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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You'll receive, prepaid, a \$1 pair of Drafts to try Free, as explained below. Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. 258, Jackson, Mich.

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I'll send you the Drafts the same day I get your coupon—fresh from the laboratory, ready to begin their cure the minute you put them on. They are curing every stage and condition of this cruel disease, whether chronic or acute—muscular, Sciatic, Lum-bago or Gout—no matter where located or how severe. They are curing old men and women who have suffered all their lives, as well as all the milder stages. Don't neglect rheumatism, I urge you, for I know the horrible torture and deformity it so often leads to. Send today for the Drafts. I send them on free trial because I know what they are doing for many thousands and I have faith that they can cure you likewise. Try the Drafts when you get them. Then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. Address Magic Foot Draft Co., 258 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon. Write today—now.



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ENTONA MED. REC'D. FOR OFF.

ADULTS

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Glasses Absolutely Free

Now look here all you weak-eyed, spectacle-wearing readers of this paper, you've just got to quit wearing your dim, scratchy, headache-producing, sight-destroying spectacles at once as I am going to send you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge.

These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to read the very finest print in your book even by the dim firelight.

These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on.

These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree top on the cloudiest days.

These "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach.

Now please remember these wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses are free—absolutely free to every reader of this paper—not a cent need you pay for them now and never.

I therefore insist that you sit down right now—this very minute—and write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge—just as cheerfully as I have sent them to nearly all the other spectacle-wearers in your county. Address—

DR. HAUX—The Spectacle Man—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE.—The above house is perfectly reliable.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Deep Thinker, Phoenixville, Pa.—When he answers your letter, if he does, keep him waiting a month and reply by postal. That is all he deserves for always writing to you on a postal, and only whenever he feels like it. (2) It is quite proper to ask a young man to wave back at the young man who waves at her, and as bad for him to wave at her in the first place, unless it is a raising of the hand as friends do sometimes at a little distance and then only the one time.

(3) It is proper enough for a young couple to walk through the parks and woods alone—in the daytime.

Country Girl, Kirkville, Mo.—You do not have to be "mannish and proper." In telling a young man to take his arm from around your waist when you don't want it to be there, nor either when he kisses you and you didn't want him to. It is strict etiquette and good form to slip him in the face and kiss him hard. When a young man wants to keep company with you and you don't want him, you can snub him gently by not being at home when he calls or having an engagement when he asks you to go to any place with him. Such excuses may have to be made up but the provocation is considered quite proper socially. It is the only way to handle people who will not take a milder hint.

Brown Eyes, Hilliard, Wash.—A promise to give anyone a position is not binding unless it is in writing.

It was bad manners for the man to say you could have the place and not give it to you. Let you have no recourse except to tell him what you think of him, which wouldn't be very polite.

Callalilli, Hilldale, Ind.—The gentleman should hold the lady's arm in walking in any manner she wants him to. (2) The invitation which included an escort did not specify a "beau" and therefore the lady could choose anyone she wished, she having no regular beau. (3) It would not be very harmful for a girl only to wish to go on the stage. The harm would come if she carried out the wish. (4) If the fortune teller foretold an occupation which was the one the girl wanted and was best fitted to follow, she should take the advice given. Otherwise, don't. Better keep away from fortune tellers.

Lass, Newton, W. Va.—There is nothing unladylike in writing to a worthy young man whom you know to be honest though you have only a business acquaintance with him.

Undecided, Seneca, S. Dak.—It is not proper for a girl of sixteen to go to the station alone to meet her intended. She should take her mother or a nurse with her, or both, as you say your intended is only nineteen, and boys of that age should have a number if they are intendeds. As you have a fair "complexion," "lite" hair and a "very beautiful and medium form and height," we should say at a venture that a proper wedding gown for you would be of spelling book material trimmed with dictionaries. Hadn't you better go to school a while before getting married?

Daisy, Salem, Mich.—While driving—though you say "out riding"—with a young man and he presents you with a box of candy it would be proper for you to open it and give him some, unless you think you are the only sweet thing he cares for. (2) It is proper to go "out riding" with a couple if the lady invites you, but the young man won't like you so well if you do. Give him a chance.

Two Worried Girls, Clarkson, Nebr.—Etiquette does not give any rule by which a beauteous girl may change her condition. But if you are always good tempered, have something to talk about and are pleasant in your manner, you will have beans in plenty. Leap year is not recognized by etiquette, and you can't write first to a young man than any more than at any other time. Still some people do. (2) If you don't love the man of forty and do love the younger one, and you can get either, take the younger, even though "he is too rich towards" you, which is something we do not understand, but it sounds good enough.

Cora, Salem, Mich.—"Box socials" don't seem to be all right whether the girl or the young man opens the box. Neither does etiquette say how a girl shall win the man she wants when he doesn't want her so much. She must make her own way.

Feller, Scotland, Ill.—Unless the lady knows the man quite well it is not correct to ask him to take her to a social, and not always then; nor is it good manners for the lady to permit her escort to kiss her while going home from church, or after they have reached home, though many do so. (2) When a girl has a good chance to marry, but it means leaving a home she is fond of, she hadn't better marry. When in doubt, don't. It would be all right for the bride's younger sister to give her a shower, also to ask a girl friend to give an announcement party for her, if she wanted to give it, and the bride to pay part of the expense at least.

Betty Brown, Allentown, Pa.—If by "meeting half way," you mean cordially of manners rather than repellent reserve, then it is correct to meet half way anyone whom it is proper to meet at all. (2) The more a young man thinks of a girl he has escorted to her home the less likely he is to offer to kiss her. All young men are not that kind, however, nor all girls.

Four Girls, Selma, Ala.—There is no such place in Alabama as "Ignomar," so there can be no rules of social usage that fit it. Don't you need to know rules of spelling rather than rules of etiquette?

Dreamy Eyes, Lake View, Kans.—Every girl has her own way of making herself attractive, and what some girls think is attractive is quite the reverse to other girls. No rule of attractiveness can be given to apply to all girls. Nearly the same may be said of the kind of girls that men of wealth and business like. What one man would like another would think was simply dreadful and vice versa. "Everybody to their likin," as the old lady said when she kissed her cow.

Twins, Roseville, Mo.—A gentleman not properly clothed will not intentionally go into a room where women or girls are, though some young men seem to think it is quite a joke to do so. A man who does so knowingly is either a knave or a fool and should be made to live in the stable. Drop the young man who insulted you in this way and if he wants to know why, show him this answer to your query about his conduct and what you should do.

Doubtful, Smithville, W. Va.—Is it the custom for young ladies of Smithville to speak to a strange young man when he comes to their town, although there has been no introduction? If it is, you may do so, though it is not the custom among people who know good social usage. (2) If you have to smoke cigarettes and do such other giddy things of the gay life to be popular with the young people of Smithville, you had better remain unpopular. There are no rules of etiquette which can make you popular if you do not have the natural qualities. Think of other people and not yourself is the best rule we know.

Subscriber, Galesburg, Ill.—Say Willie-boy, she did rather put it all over you by giving a party and not asking you to it, didn't she? Some people would take that as a hint she didn't want them around. Maybe you won't, but really now, Willie, we think you ought to. Stay away from her and if it breaks her heart, let me know right soon.

S. S., Gittings, Md.—There is no rule what a lady should say to the man who is introduced to her, but naturally she should say something agreeable and start conversation, though many only say: "I am glad to meet you." That seems to be the usual form of greeting. It is the lady's place to ask a man to call on her, but not to ask him to take her to a party or any other entertainment.

Mad, High Point, N. C.—If it is the High Point custom for respectable girls of twenty-four to go driving with a gentleman friend at nine o'clock at night, then you may do so. In many places in the country it is quite correct. (2) When a lady has been snubbed by a gentleman and he tries to lie out of it the next time he sees her, the proper thing for her to do is to cut him off the list of her friends and accept no attention from him.

Fay, Wakema, Va.—It is quite good form when a sister goes to a dance with a brother and sister to accept a young man as escort home, though it is a reflection upon the escort that he didn't take the young lady to the dance. We know young ladies who would not permit a young man to take them home if they did not take them to the dance. (2) A lady may do as she pleases about dancing with a young man who has been impolite to her some days before the dance. There are some girls who resent a man's impoliteness and some who do not.

Reader, Sibley, Ida.—It frequently happens that a young man and a girl meet at a dance and go walking the same evening, though they had not known each other before. Etiquette is not very rigorous on this point. It is though in the matter of writing to a young man first. It is for him to write the first letter when she goes away, and if he does not write, the young lady should take it as a direct hint that he does not want to hear from her.

Pure Blood

is the first essential to health. Do you know that common red clover blossoms, when properly prepared, possess remarkable curative properties and are particularly effective in purifying the blood!

Clover is a Tonic Laxative—keeps bowels relaxed and in a healthy condition—removes impurities.

CHAS. B. THOMPSON

Lace Curtain Dept. 119 BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

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contains no alcohol and is not a patent medicine. It is simply a pure extract of choice clover blossoms, gathered just at the right time and prepared in a scientific manner. If you suffer from constipation, headaches, facial eruptions, eczema, salt rheum, rheumatism or any blood disease, you should learn all about this simple remedy. Ask your druggist for Needham's Extract.

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Mrs. W. O. B., Bernice, La.—A note of thanks for a wedding gift should be written as simply as possible, but in friendly, not a formal tone. Write it yourself and you will like it better. P. S. Sorry you haven't learned yet that prompt answers cannot be given to inquirers in this column.

M. H., Dickerson, Md.—Some people do not open a package in the presence of the giver, but in our judgment not to do so is almost a snub to the giver. Certainly he wants the recipient to see what has been given and to hear what is thought of it. It should be opened at once and enjoyed by both giver and receiver. Any rule of etiquette to the contrary is silly and discouraging.

Miss F. M. S., Fennelton, Pa.—It is quite the proper and only thing in receiving guests in your house, men or women, to shake hands with them. Not to do so would be a serious slight.

Ethel, Winton Salem, N. C.—Because they are the best of friends does not mean that he should not raise his hat to her when they meet. He need not always be as formal about it as a stranger should be, but he should not neglect this sign of polite manners. (2) It is bad form, very common indeed, for a girl to wave back at the young man who waves at her, and as bad for him to wave at her in the first place, unless it is a raising of the hand as friends do sometimes at a little distance and then only the one time.

(3) It is proper enough for a young couple to walk through the parks and woods alone—in the daytime.

Country Girl, Kirkville, Mo.—You do not have to be "mannish and proper." In telling a young man to take his arm from around your waist when you don't want it to be there, nor either when he kisses you and you didn't want him to. It is strict etiquette and good form to slip him in the face and kiss him hard. When a young man wants to keep company with you and you don't want him, you can snub him gently by not being at home when he calls or having an engagement when he asks you to go to any place with him. Such excuses may have to be made up but the provocation is considered quite proper socially. It is the only way to handle people who will not take a milder hint.

Brown Eyes, Hilliard, Wash.—A promise to give anyone a position is not binding unless it is in writing. It was bad manners for the man to say you could have the place and not give it to you. Let you have no recourse except to tell him what you think of him, which wouldn't be very polite.

Callalilli, Hilldale, Ind.—The gentleman should hold the lady's arm in walking in any manner she wants him to. (2) The invitation which included an escort did not specify a "beau" and therefore the lady could choose anyone she wished, she having no regular beau. (3) It would not be very harmful for a girl only to wish to go on the stage. The harm would come if she carried out the wish. (4) If the fortune teller foretold an occupation which was the one the girl wanted and was best fitted to follow, she should take the advice given. Otherwise, don't. Better keep away from fortune tellers.

Lass, Newton, W. Va.—There is nothing unladylike in writing to a worthy young man whom you know to be honest though you have only a business acquaintance with him.

Undecided, Seneca, S. Dak.—It is not proper for a girl of sixteen to go to the station alone to meet her intended. She should take her mother or a nurse with her, or both, as you say your intended is only nineteen, and boys of that age should have a number if they are intendeds. As you have a fair "complexion," "lite" hair and a "very beautiful and medium form and height," we should say at a venture that a proper wedding gown for you would be of spelling book material trimmed with dictionaries. Hadn't you better go to school a while before getting married?

Daisy, Salem, Mich.—While driving—though you say "out riding"—with a young man and he presents you with a box of candy it would be proper for you to open it and give him some, unless you think you are the only sweet thing he cares for. (2) It is proper to go "out riding" with a couple if the lady invites you, but the young man won't like you so well if you do. Give him a chance.

Two Worried Girls, Clarkson, Nebr.—Etiquette does not give any rule by which a beauteous girl may change her condition. But if you are always good tempered, have something to talk about and are pleasant in your manner, you will have beans in plenty. Leap year is not recognized by etiquette, and you can't write first to a young man than any more than at any other time. Still some people do. (2) If you don't love the man of forty and do love the younger one, and you can get either, take the younger, even though "he is too rich towards" you, which is something we do not understand, but it sounds good enough.

Cora, Salem, Mich.—"Box socials" don't seem to be all right whether the girl or the young man opens the box. Neither does etiquette say how a girl shall win the man she wants when he doesn't want her so much. She must make her own way.

Feller, Scotland, Ill.—Unless the lady knows the man quite well it is not correct to ask him to take her to a social, and not always then; nor is it good manners for the lady to permit her escort to kiss her while going home from church, or after they have reached home, though many do so. (2) When a girl has a good chance to marry, but it means leaving a home she is fond of, she hadn't better marry. When in doubt, don't. It would be all right for the bride's younger sister to give her a shower, also to ask a girl friend to give an announcement party for her, if she wanted to give it, and the bride to pay part of the expense at least.

Weary Willie, Blue Earth, Minn.—At twenty-one a young fellow should be full of hope, even if the girl of nineteen does tell him she doesn't love him any more than she loves anybody else and is not responsive to his advances. Some girls have very responsive hearts and it takes a long time to win them up, if ever. Keep along the same old way you've been going and maybe you'll arrive by and by. You won't begin to really worry for five or six years yet, and even at thirty you are young still. If she doesn't marry somebody else, we think you will be the man in from three to five years. In the meantime have an eye out for a more responsive girl and you may be glad you have missed this one who doesn't seem to care for anybody, and may not even care for the man she marries. Lots of them are that kind. You have a whole lot to learn about women, Willie, and you'd better look around a bit.

E. S. Heartwell, Nebr.—You are treating the young man quite right and proper in not marrying him if you don't love him. You did wrong in becoming engaged to him.

S. S., Gittings, Md.—There is no rule what a lady should say to the man who is introduced to her, but naturally she should say something agreeable and start conversation, though many only say: "I am glad to meet you." That seems to be the usual form of greeting. It is the lady's place to ask a man to call on her, but not to ask him to take her to a party or any other entertainment.

Mad, High Point, N. C.—If it is the High Point custom for respectable girls of twenty-four to go driving with a gentleman friend at nine o'clock at night, then you may do so. In many places in the country it is quite correct. (2) When a lady has been snubbed by a gentleman and he tries to lie out of it the next time he sees her, the proper thing for her to do is to cut him off the list of her friends and accept no attention from him.

Fay, Wakema, Va.—It is quite good form when a sister goes to a dance with a brother and sister to accept a young man as escort home, though it is a reflection upon the escort that he didn't take the young lady to the dance. We know young ladies who would not permit a young man to take them home if they did not take them to the dance. (2) A lady may do as she pleases about dancing with a young man who has been impolite to her some days before the dance. There are some girls who resent a man's impoliteness and some who do not.

Reader, Sibley, Ida.—It frequently happens that a young man and a girl meet at a dance and go walking the same evening, though they had not known each other before. Etiquette is not very rigorous on this point. It is though in the matter of writing to a young man first. It is for him to write the first letter when she goes away, and if he does not write, the young lady should take it as a direct hint that he does not want to hear from her.

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No. 5435



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. R. C. W., Rosewell, N. M.—If you live in a goitrous district, that is where the water you drink produces goiter, you must move out of it. A small goiter may be removed in a month by injecting iodine. In some cases an operation is necessary to remove the growth. These are fibroid goiters. The cystic variety requires different treatment, and it is usually successful. In India, where goiter is very generally prevalent, treatment by smearing biniodide of mercury over the growth and having the patient sit with the sun shining on it for several hours has been remarkably successful. Of course, you can only have a physician treat you.

Discouraged, Pearshall, Texas.—You will continue to be discouraged until you learn how to eat properly. You have simply eaten anything and everything if you happened to feel hungry and paid no attention to yourself until your nerves and your stomach are all out of order and you have neuralgia wherever there is a nerve. Now put yourself on the very simplest diet you can live on, even not eating anything for a day or two at a time, and when you do eat, chew every mouthful to a pulp, before swallowing. Drink no coffee, and half an hour after meal take half a teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water. Eat rice and dry bread or toast, raw cabbage, cooked fruit, more vegetables, eggs, chicken, a little rare beef, lamb, no pork, and no pastry. Keep your bowels open and get your stomach to work as it naturally will and you ought to be as well as anybody. The neuralgic twitches you will never get rid of, but they will not be like I am.

Merle, Steiner, Mich.—If the doctor can't cure the felon, we doubt if you can, but you might try the old-fashioned remedy of soaking the finger several times a day in strong lye as long and as hot as can be borne. Apply a poultice of linseed and slippery elm with a little salt and brandy. Have you had it lanced?

Anne, Fair Grove, Mo.—Typhoid fever very frequently has after effects which are slow to disappear, and sometimes never do. Your occasional sinking spells are held over from your attack of typhoid and as you are young and strong, you will outgrow them by and by. In the meantime, look well to what you eat and how you eat it, and do not get indigestion, which sometimes shows just such symptoms.

Reader, Erin, Tenn.—We do not think you have lead poisoning from working as a painter. The trouble is indigestion which will make a man think he has most everything except what he really has. Quit taking medicine and begin to diet yourself, eating such food as agrees with you, and chewing every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. We believe seventy-five per cent of COMFORT readers have indigestion, and probably not that high a per cent of them eat their food as they should eat it.

A. M., Brownstown, Ill.—For cramps in the legs at night, use a liniment of hartshorn, one ounce and olive oil, two ounces. Shake well together and rub on with the hand, rubbing well in. Or moisten a flannel cloth, several thicknesses, with chloroform liniment and hold over the affected part, until it feels about to blister, then remove and let the air to it, but not cold air. Drink a little hot water and brandy, or whiskey, but nothing cold. Avoid fermented liquors and green vegetables, especially in the evening, and don't wear flannel next the skin.

Anxious, Abbeville, S. C.—Put it out of your mind at once that the doctors in your neighborhood are thinking more about the money they get than they are of curing patients. They are doing nothing of the sort. You go to any doctor you know and tell him what you eat and how you eat it, and take no exercise to speak of, and he will tell you that you have indigestion and your heart palms come from your stomach. Quit the biscuit, the corn bread, the sweet potatoes, the coffee and the beans and try toast and milk and eggs and rice and raw cabbage and buttermilk and cooked fruit and rare beef, chicken and no pies or puddings. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it and interrupt your sewing two or three times a day by a half mile quick walk in the open air, taking deep breaths and throwing your shoulders back as you walk. Instead of weighing one hundred and five pounds with five feet seven inches of height you should weigh forty pounds more. Take this to one of your local doctors and ask him what he thinks of it.

Subscriber, Nauvoo, Mo.—Children are subject to croup, either in Arizona or anywhere, but the dry air of that region reduces the trouble to the minimum and it is a great relief to rheumatism. You can get information about Arizona as a home by writing to

Hon. Geo. U. Young, Secretary, Phoenix, for particulars as to opportunities for employment or for farming. They want people to come there, if they are good people, willing to work and able to help the state.

Inquirer, Princeton, Ky.—There are drugs which will produce a rise in the temperature of the body without serious results if not continued. But the continuance of any such drug, or of any drug producing unnatural results, will be harmful if continued.

Mrs. B. E. M., Talent, Oregon.—There is nothing better for the skin than cocoa butter, not cocoa oil. Simply rub it over the body. But it has none of the qualities you mention. You will have to talk to your doctor about that. He can tell you because he can see you and know what you need.

Shorty, Hollister, Cal.—See advertisements in COMFORT for superfluous hair remover. As for a rough skin, some are naturally so and nature will have her way. Others may keep the skin comparatively smooth by proper care and massage and not eating food which will reduce the quality of the blood. Every woman ought to know instinctively what to do to make her skin pretty because her good looks depend so much on that, and every woman seems to think good looks mean more than any other virtue she possesses.

P. O. B., Oiney, Ill.—A youngster of twenty-two, as you are, who is a husky farmer except when you have what you call a "cold" and have it pretty often, should get out of Illinois and go to the high and dry country of Colorado or Arizona, according to you.

Mrs. K. T., Deer Park, Ala.—Unless the child's sore mouth is from constitutional causes and is chronic, you might relieve it, if not cure it, by washing it several times a day with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen which you can get at small cost at a drugstore. Use about a teaspoonful to a wineglass of water and have the child rinse its mouth with it several times a day and before going to bed at night. You may increase the strength if you wish. It is not a poison and will do no harm if the child swallows a little.

Anxious, Bells, Texas.—You cannot have your gold crowned tooth enameled white. The gold will have to come off before the enamel is applied. If there is no objection to the gold except the looks, you had better let it remain as it is.

Mrs. M. S., Gladewater, Texas.—It depends upon what causes the tumor or swelling, whether or not external applications will remove it or reduce it. In many cases of these lumps under the flesh, painting with iodine effects results, but real tumors are different. What yours is still has to be determined by a physician examining it. But don't be afraid of the knife. Modern surgery is not the old-time butchery and the knife is often the surest and most agreeable remedy.

Mrs. N. L. T., Green Forest, Ark.—Where you should go for your catarrh is to the dry regions of the southwest, or to Colorado. You may find comparatively dry air in the more elevated portions of Kansas or north Missouri, if away from swamp lands. You would find any change from where you now live beneficial. As your catarrh affects your stomach especially, we suggest that you eat very simple food, easily digestible, and drink no coffee or tea. Indigestion will produce what is called catarrh of the stomach.

R. T. S., DeLisle, Miss.—When doctors disagree as to the efficacy of any medicine or treatment, the only way for a layman to settle it satisfactorily to himself is to try it. If the effect is good, then as far as he is concerned all opinions against it count for nothing. Medicine rarely affects two persons alike. If you think the sand treatment for stomach trouble will do you good, try it and find out. It won't do you any serious harm, if not continued.

A. C. S., Adamstown, Pa.—It is not advisable to prevent perspiration when natural. If your feet are cold bathe them night and morning in cold water and rub them until they are red and thoroughly dry. Wear cotton socks, or none at all. A little red pepper put into your shoes will act as an irritant and have a tendency to keep your feet warm. For any unpleasant odor put a few drops of ammonia in the bathing water.

G. R. W., Cecilian, Ky.—Use a gargle of peroxide of hydrogen for your catarrhal sore throat and use the same as a douche for your nose. Weaken it with water to any desired strength.

R. P., Dyke, Nev.—The pain in your back is not from your kidneys, but it is a rheumatic or neuralgic condition of the large muscles that lie in that region—the lumbar region it is called, and when lumbago gets into it you will know what real pain is. You should keep your back protected, either by a wide belt of flannel, narrow in front, but covering the sides as well as back, or by heavy underwear, which should be changed at night, and the belt substituted for. Cold frequently gets to an unprotected back at night and makes trouble down in the small of it. Massaging is good to get the blood circulating. Congestion affects the nerves and makes the pain, and massaging removes the congestion. Chloroform liniment is a great relief if the pain is acute. Wet a cloth with it and hold it over the part till you feel that a blister is about to come, then take it off for a few minutes, but not in a cold room. Dryness and heat are the best remedies for such ailments.

O. P., Elm Spring, S. Dak.—Thus far no medicine has been discovered that will cure hay fever, though the ordinary remedies for a cold afford some relief. You must get away from where you have it to some place where it does not prevail. Every state claims localities in which there is never hay fever, but the White Mountains seem to have the call at present. Have you ever tried any place in the Rockies? They are not very far away from you are they?

Procrastinator, Penobscot, Kans.—See answer above to R. P., Dyke, Nev., for what is the matter with you. However, R. P. is not troubled at night as you are, and as many who have such a pain in the back

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are. We know of no better treatment than to get up when the pain wakes you and to take five minutes' or more of vigorous exercise by bending back and forth, twisting the body and any motion to get the blood to circulate about your back as it does during the day when you feel no pain. Sufficient exercise will remove the pain and you can lie down and sleep until the condition begins again, as it probably will not before it is time for you to get up for the day. The pain will continue as long as you are lying down and you cannot get into a position to remove it. Get up and work it off is the only way. It may be inconvenient, but it is better to lie there and suffer.

Mrs. B. E. G., Blunt, S. Dak.—An emetic that will cause vomiting quite promptly is a teaspoonful of mustard in a glass of hot water. (2) Hunger which refuses to be appeased may be the result of a tapeworm. Better let a doctor look you over. (3) The nervous twitching below the eyes is owing to poor circulation of the blood. Gently massage the part to set the blood moving and take a dose of Epsom salts before breakfast.

E. J. Tibbals, Vine Cottage, Hunter.—At the age of 72 years, Koskott has restored my hair to its natural color and has promoted new prolific growth.

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White Valley Gem Book **FREE**
Send for it. See gems before paying a
cent. So like the real diamond that ex-
parts can scarcely tell difference. Stands diamond tests.
White Valley Gem Co., 8752 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Cards 10c a pkg.
Write today. Cards sent
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CIGARETTE HABIT Causes nervousness, ruins
eyesight, often leads to kidney,
and heart disorders, loss of memory, melancholy, suicidal
tendencies, weakens will power, confuses brain, induces headaches,
loss of manly vigor and shortens life. Let me send you my Book!
It is **FREE**. Tells the secret of easily conquering the habit and the
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This handsome AMERICAN
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Let Us Prove It.
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If you are suffering from Epilepsy or Fits let us send you
\$2.50 worth of our wonderful **epilepsy treatment** free as a test.
Thousands have used it with remarkable success, and if you
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give this treatment a trial. Write today for the free test
treatment, and let it speak for itself. Address Dr. Peebles
Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich., 70 Madison Street.

To Develop the Bust

I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to
ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it.
My hips and the rest of my body are right for the
present styles and I do not want them any larger but
my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave
hope of even three or four more inches development.
MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by the Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300 B. B., Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.



**I CAN CURE YOU
OF RHEUMATISM FREE**

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free. A letter will bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed.

Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 229, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

crust, and you may have to make more than one application of butter. Then when it lifts from the scalp, with a very soft cloth, warm water and Castile soap, wash off all that you can. Should any remain adhered to the hair (if baby has any) it is best to remove it with the fingers, for a comb is a bad thing on baby's tender scalp and hair roots, and may do permanent damage. In most cases if the bathing is done as above described, as you say, no crust will form.—Ed.

Requests

Mrs. H. J. Smith, Laporte, Minn., song and music to "The Drunkard's Own Child."

Mrs. Phoebe Medora Anthony, West Kingston, R. I., Box 28, R. I., has lost husband and is lonely, letters.

Mrs. A. D. Edwards, Sandy, Oregon, an invalid, cheerful letters, and reading matter.

Miss Grace Maxson, Three Oaks, R. E. 3, Mich., song, "The girl I loved in Sunny Tennessee."

Song, one verse runs nearly as follows:

"Through the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within,
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down and out and in.
To the garret dark ascending
Once a source of childish dread
Peering through the misty cob-webs
Lo! I saw my trundle-bed."—Ed.

Mrs. E. A. Emery, Sumpter, Box 228, Oregon, correspond with Montana sisters.

Mrs. Theo. Schmoann, Pinconning, R. R. 2, Mich., "Empty the Cradle, Baby's Gone." Send direct.

Mrs. Agnes A. Coleman, Business Mills, R. R. 1, Tenn., letters regarding the Columbia and Golden Wyandotte.

Mrs. F. J. Newbold, Ironwood, P. O. Puritan, Box 29, Mich., letters from Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California and Washington.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps.

VEGETABLE PATS.—One cup cooked rice, one half cup mashed potato, two cups baked beans without juice, one tablespoon butter, two of flour, few drops of onion juice and one half cup tomato. Melt the butter and add flour, make smooth and add tomato. Cook five or six minutes and add other ingredients. Mix all together and when cold, shape and fry in deep fat.—Ed.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take four large ripe tomatoes, or one pint of canned ones. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice and add one quart of boiling water and cook until soft. Now add one teaspoon of cooking soda and stir in well; as soon as the foaming stops, add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoon of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. When it comes to a boil again, have crackers rolled fine and add. Serve hot.

BUNS.—Three cups of warm milk, one cup of sugar and one half cup of yeast; mix well and let stand over night. In the morning add another cup of sugar, one cup of butter, and flour enough to knead stiff and let rise again. Roll out with the hand cut into sixty pieces, shape with hands and put in pans just to touch each other, and let rise again. Rub with the white of egg and bake in a quick oven.

These are better than baker's buns if not allowed to sour before baking, if they do soda will correct it.

Mrs. EMMA DREIER, Gettner, Nebr.

LEMON CRACKERS.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of lard rounded, two cents' worth of carbonate ammonia, five cents' worth of oil of lemon, one cup of sweet milk and three eggs. Dissolve ammonia in half cup of boiling water. Put all together and use flour enough to roll. Roll very thin, cut round and bake in quick oven.

Mrs. HATTIE CONLEY, Jonesboro, R. R. 4, Box 92, Ark.

PUFF-BALL DOUGHNUTS.—Three eggs, one and one half cups sugar, two cups milk, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla, two heaping teaspoons baking powder sifted with two cups flour, enough more flour to make batter stiff enough to hold spoon upright. Drop by small spoonful in smoking hot fat and fry brown.

Mrs. A. L. ROBERT, 86 Sheridan St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

SPICE CAKE.—Cream one and one half cup of brown sugar with three quarter cup of butter. Add one cup of sour milk and one level teaspoon of soda, two and one quarter cups of flour and three eggs beaten separately. Add one cup each of raisins and currants, two grated apples or two tablespoons of jam, one half cup of nuts, a little sliced lemon peel, one quarter cup of grated chocolate, three teaspoons of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven.

MRIED LUCE, Burlington, R. R. 1, Box 68, Texas.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Chop cabbage as fine as slaw. Put a little salt in bottom of stone jar then a layer of cabbage seasoned with black pepper, mustard, horseradish and celery seed. Fill jar with layers first salt, then cabbage and seasoning until jar is filled. Pour over all good cider vinegar until when weighted the vinegar will cover top. It is well to pound cabbage with pestle as jar is filled. Put on top a large plate and a stone for a weight.

Mrs. EMMA WOODRUFF, Troy, R. R., Box 73, Idaho.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One cup butter, one and one half cup brown sugar, two eggs, one cup chopped nuts, one half cup chopped raisins, one teaspoon baking powder, one large spoon sour milk, one teaspoon soda, flour to knead soft.

Mrs. F. J. NEWHOLD, Ironwood, Box 29, Mich.

NAVY BEANS.—Soak over night, boil until skins crack. Plunge into cold water and rub skins off. Cook until very soft. Season with butter, salt and pepper.

A GOOD PIE CRUST is made by working extra lard into left-over bread dough.

Mrs. NELLIE SINGLETON, Webber's Falls, Okla.

CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder.

Mrs. G. H. SHARE, Stephenville, R. R. 5, Box 30, Texas.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Dissolve two squares of chocolate in five tablespoons of boiling water. Cream one half cup of butter, add one and one half cups of sugar and yolks of three eggs beaten light yellow. Now add melted chocolate, one half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of vanilla, two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of soda. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last.—Ed.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of molasses, one half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of vinegar, and butter size of walnut. Boil until it "threads," add one quarter of a teaspoon of soda, pour into buttered plates, and pull when cool enough to handle.—Ed.

VINEGAR CANDY.—Two cups of white sugar, one half cup of water, two tablespoons of strong vinegar, and one half tablespoon of butter. Boil without stirring. Pour on buttered platter, and when cool pull until white.—Ed.

CREAM SAUCE.—Yolk of one egg worked into one cup of granulated sugar; add flavoring and the white beaten stiff. Just before serving, add one cup of thick cream. Beat hard and serve. Delicious on fresh plain cake.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

LIME AND SULPHUR SPRAY FOR IRONHOUSE.—After the men had finished spraying the orchard, I went out and asked them to spray the henhouse, resulting in my not seeing any vermin during the season, something I could never say before. I also put some of the liquid in lime and whitewashed one house, knocked the poles loose and plastered on tallow where they rested on the crosspieces, then nailed them down. Also poured a painful on the floor and swept it over and into the cracks.

We have a barrel spray which pays for itself every year. In fact our orchard would have been dead from scale had we not sprayed faithfully.

Mrs. SUSAN A. ZEIGLER, Stewartstown, Pa.

A cheap comode can be made of a cracker box. Cut a board for a shelf and nail in about four or five inches from top. Hang a curtain before this or make a door. Paper the box with wall paper.

For those who have small houses and have to keep a bed in a living room they will find a bedspread of some medium colored calico will keep their bed much cleaner and it saves washing heavy spreads in winter. My bed requires three strips of twenty-four inch calico seven feet long.

These hints are all original; my own experiments.

Mrs. MILDRED HAST, Hale, R. R. 3, Mo.

A book for baby is made of three pieces of muslin nine by sixteen inches. Lay evenly together and stitch down the middle making six leaves. Paste in bright colored pictures. Baby cannot tear it easily. Use old corset steels to scrape kettles with. It saves the edges of your knives.

Stitch along the outer edge of embroidery scallops on the sewing machine before working them. It makes them firmer and makes it easier for beginners. Comforter guards are very handy as they save washing. Two yards of calico hemmed on each end and folded over the end of comforters and quilts and tacked. A tablespoon of tincture of iron in enough water to cover curtains will give an eucalyptus color.

Mrs. NELLIE SINGLETON, Webber's Falls, Okla.

A convenient clothespin bag is made from two pieces of strong material measuring about twelve by sixteen inches. In one piece, near the end to be used for top, cut a circular hole large enough to slip the hand in and out easily. Bind this opening and run through a small, stiff wire to hold opening firm. Seam or bind the two pieces of cloth together and finish with a small wire hook at center and each upper corner, by which it is hung on the clothes line and pushed ahead when hanging out clothes. When clothes are taken in, return pins to bag and hang in a clean place.

When washing in winter, add a large handful of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

A Spark in the Ashes of Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

He looked out into the dim, deserted streets—not a soul in sight; everything was quiet as the grassy stretches of the great Morning-side where Bob was sleeping; here where rolled and hurried and thundered the great crowds of people of the day. A bue something shot into the road and turned back as he saw written in shining, electric symbols—"Ambulance." He too, understood, perhaps he had a kid. As they slowed up to round a corner he saw a huge sewer rat scurry across the sidewalk and disappear in the manhole. The cold gray of the morning light fell upon the great structures of marble, and they became to Marston's eyes simply long lines of blurred masses of rocks.

His thoughts turned inward; with poignant emphasis—he recalled their last meeting, the look in her eyes he could not understand, her

With a jerk and a jar they stopped before a great stone building—the Memorable Hospital.

He got out and went up the steps; someone tried to take the child from him; he shook them off with a snarl; unseen hands seemed to guide him, and voices not of earth until he found himself in a white still room facing the great surgeon; beside him stood the doctor and other surgeons of the hospital.

The surgeon's face gave no answer to Marston's unasked question.

"Give me the child. His name?"

"Robert."

"Robert" he said gently, putting his hand on the little one's shoulder, and pointing with the other into an adjacent room, where Marston could see a white bed, "your mamma's in there, go find her."

"In der?" He pointed with one chubby finger, looking up in the surgeon's face.

"Yes."

The little figure toddled on a dead run for the bed he could see. The surgeon followed close.

"Hi! hello! mommer!" he shouted joyfully, trying his best to scramble upon the bed; but it was too much for him—only his head showed above the side.

The eyelids setting in death quivered and fluttered open. The loved voice of earth had reached through the shadows near the silent shore, when all else had failed, and the fleeting spirit had returned at its beckoning. The child was snatched away; a firm, sharp voice commanded:

"Drink."

The life-giving fluid dripped between the white lips; the slow color of returning strength spread faintly over the fine womanly face.

The surgeon motioned to Marston from the bedside. He

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A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1883 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra, Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

FITS
A \$2.00 TREATMENT
FREE



I have been treating Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness with great success for over 20 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. Jas. H. White, of Junction, Ill., says: "I took your medicine and it cured me. I can't thank you enough." C. C. Westfall, 76 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "From the day I began to take your medicine, I began to improve." Jas. B. Clegg, Waukegan, Ill., says: "I can give your medicine great praise. It cured my son." G. A. Dabworth, R. R. 2, Box 40, Norwood, Ga., says: "Let those that don't believe write to me." Mrs. Kate Sisk, R. R. 1, Box 100, East Prairie, Mo., says: "May God bless you and your wonderful remedy." Thousand and other letters. Let me prove my ability to you. Give a large descriptive case and I will be pleased to prepare and send you a pint bottle of medicine (\$2.00 size) FREE.

F. E. GRANT, M.D., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

**Don't Wear a Truss
FREE**

STUART'S PLASTIC PADS are different from the truss, being medicated adhesive strips made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. They are made of a special adhesive which will not compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Prize at the St. Louis Fair. Price 25c. Send for what we can tell you. Order PLAPAO above freely FREE. Write TODAY.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

will only come down out of the skies, and the regions of dreams to earth, and use a little horse sense plus plenty of elbow grease, grit and determination, you will make money enough not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to make life enjoyable and comfortable as well.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family only, but these many years it has increased so rapidly that it is now considered advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admission into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "G. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have joined all you have to do is to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and a letter which will also include a COMFORT 15 months if you are a new subscriber but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month's subscription to COMFORT without extra charge. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for February
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a doctor or postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Miss Ollie Teague, Boomer, N. C. This poor girl has been suffering from rheumatism for many years. Has been helpless for more than six years. She is dependent on charity for her support. Finest references from doctor and postmaster. She would like cards, letters and any financial aid you can afford to render her. Mrs. P. A. Beard, Westfield, Iowa. Mrs. Beard's husband is suffering from consumption. Is hopelessly ill. There are eight children, and only one boy of fourteen and the mother are able to contribute to the support of the family. This is a very sad case. Do your best for them. Mrs. Emma Foster, Neva, Tenn. This poor soul is hopelessly ill with locomotor ataxia. An incurable disease. She will be grateful for any assistance. She is highly recommended. Mrs. J. Towsley, Hugo, Okla. Mrs. Towsley is a helpless shut-in. Her husband is in poor health. He makes ties when able. They suffer at times for lack of food. There are three children, a boy of fourteen, girl of twelve, and another child, sex not given. The finest of references. The children need clothing and shoes. If you send clothing prepay freight and send only such clothes, as you would be willing to wear in public yourself. Help this family all you can. Miss T. G. Trail, Sta. A., Danville, Va. Miss Trail is urgently in need of funds to enable her to undergo a surgical operation. She has no means of securing financial help, unless you assist her. I'm sure many of our readers will be only too glad to help. Mattie Beverage, Dabney, Ark. This poor girl has been an invalid since she was three years of age. Lives with a poor old grandmother, has no means of support. Do the best you can to brighten her life. Take an interest in her. She writes beautifully. Don't however, take up her time unless you can be a helpful friend. It is very exhausting writing when one is sick. Mrs. Nannie J. Collins, 803 W. Hunter St., Nevada, Mo. Mrs. Collins has been an invalid for many years. I promised her a wheel chair over a year ago, but have been unable to send it to her, as others by sending in subscriptions have naturally been favored. Won't some of you help her to get her chair, by sending in subs to the wheel-chair club in her name. Jeff Hankins, Avena, Ill. This poor soul is a helpless cripple, unable to perform any kind of work. His postmaster, speaking of him says: "Any help or favor shown him will be worthily bestowed." He has only one leg. Try and brighten this poor fellow's life. He is needy and worthy. Mrs. Martha Mattear, Attica, R. R. 1, Ohio. Shut-in. Sick and without means. Highly recommended. Do what you can for her in any way, but money is what she needs most to provide the bare necessities of life. Charles Leo Clark, Pen Yen, Yates Co., R. R. 3, N. Y. This poor young man was hurt while ploughing in the fields. He has been a helpless invalid for a number of years. He is not in want, but there is much you can do to brighten his life. Nothing pleases an invalid so much as to have a bright new dollar bill with which he can purchase some little thing that he craves. Hazel Jones, Center Point, Iowa. Shut-in. Would like embroidery cotton and silk and stamped dollies. Mrs. H. L. Goodlin, 3313 Scarsdale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters and postals. Matilda Johns (97), Boyce, Ky. Postals and cheery letters. Mrs. A. A. Riley (60), Scottsville, Ky. Cheery letters. Belle Thompson, Plattsburg, Mo. Those who need artificial limbs, or know of any parties needing artificial limbs, please write to Miss Thompson. Mrs. J. E. Shaver, West Sand Lake, N. Y. Wants cheery letters.

NOTICE.—All those listed above are worthy objects of charity, and deserve and need your help to the extent of your ability; I have personally investigated every case. Those who report charity cases to me must invariably inclose the certificate of a local physician or postmaster confirming the facts as claimed; otherwise, they will receive no attention. If our monthly list is too long, as it sometimes has been, some of the unfortunate receive but little benefit from the appeals in their behalf; so we have adopted a rule to print no more than one appeal for financial aid from any one state in a single month, and not to repeat an appeal for any person within a year. Now be liberal in your giving and make the results to these sufferers worth the time which I devote,

and valuable space which our good publisher gives to this worthy object.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie's Poems Make a Whole City Laugh!

A lady in the city of Cortland, N. Y. gave away no less than sixty books of Uncle Charlie's Poems as Christmas presents to her friends. Uncle Charlie's screamingly funny poems have created such a sensation in Cortland, that the whole city is holding its sides with laughter. Here is the best valentine in all the world, one that will keep your best girl in good humor and will make her love you all the year round. You can secure this beautiful 160 page volume, glorious in its lilac silk cover, containing several splendid pictures of the author, and an intensely interesting sketch of his life, free for an hour's easy work. Get up a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this glorious book is yours. Get busy and work for it today.

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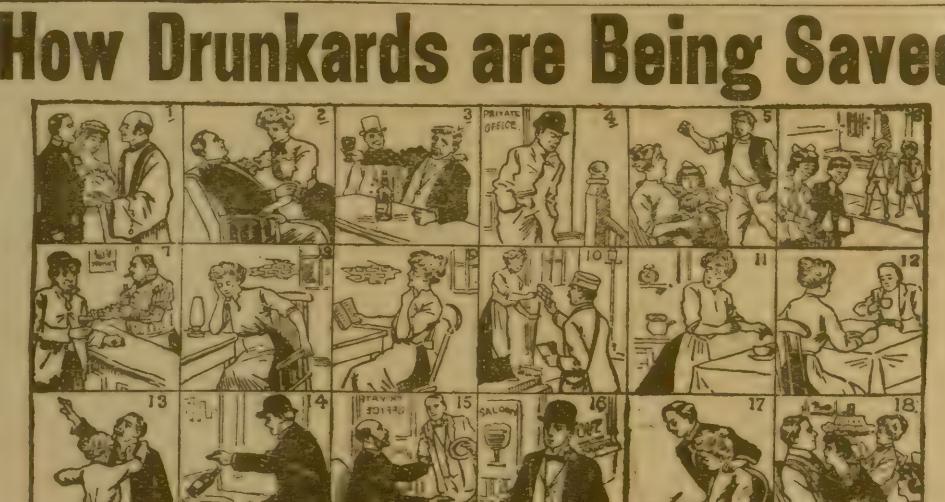
EDEN MONEY.—Simply send your name and address and we send you, charged paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores usually charge \$1.00 each), WITH THEM we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (very handsome boxes) greatest remedy known for Cuts, Burns, Dandruff, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Etc.

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You sell the White Cloverine at 25c per box and give 1 picture free. When sold return \$3 and we send beautiful WATCH, RING & CHAIN, or you can keep CASH COMMISSION. Be first in your town. Everyone buys 2 to 3 boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn \$3 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 108, Tyrone, Pa.



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deepises the stuff, and nothing can induce him to drink it. Any wife, mother or friend can give these preparations secretly in either tea, milk, shake, beer or other drink. They are tasteless and truly wonderful in their action.

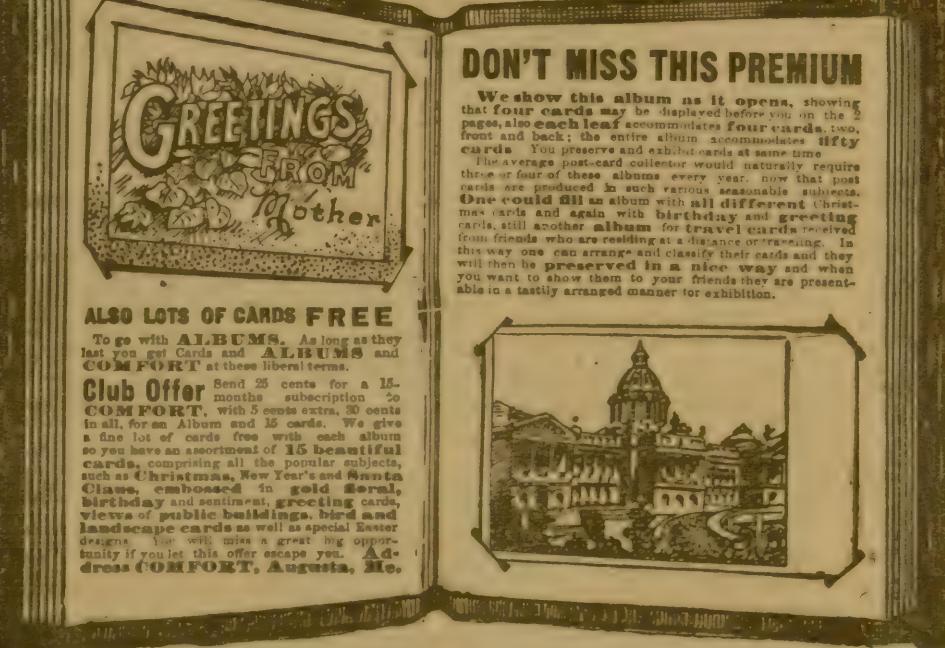
My book "Confessions of an Alcoholic" will tell you how my A Method was marvellously cured; it explains how the same jug can come to every other drinker. My Method is the most successful in the world. It is the lowest priced absolutely guaranteed Treatment. Often succeeds after all others fail. Legions of testimonials from persons willing to have their names and addresses published, so you can call on or write to them.

FREE I will send my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid, absolutely free. Write for it and give a few particulars of case, mentioning whether Treatment is wanted for self, or husband, son, friend, etc. It makes no difference how long person has been a drinker or how much he drinks. Correspondence strictly confidential. I can answer as well by mail as if you call. Write to-day if you can; keep this adv. and show to others in need of this joyful news.

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NOTICE.—Woods' Method for curing drink habit, (alcoholism) is indorsed by physicians of America and Europe as being the quickest, best, perfectly safe Remedy. Mr. Woods' Free Book changes despair to joy! Read it.

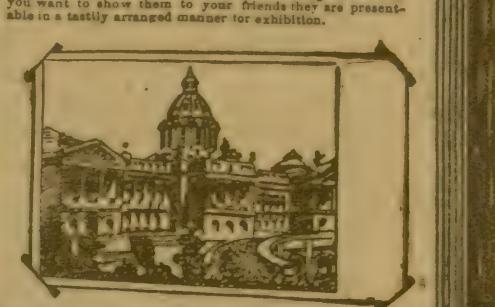
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Relief which is Healing
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If you have Piles, or the itching, burning irritation which is their sure warning, let us send you Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for all rectal troubles at once. It is a dreadful mistake to allow this malignant disease to make unhindered progress, for it may lead to the deadly torture of fistula and cancer. No matter at what stage your case, send this coupon today. The Remedy will be sent you by return post. Then, after using, if you are satisfied with the prompt relief and comfort it brings you, as it has done for many thousands of others, send us One Dollar. If not it costs you nothing. **We take your word.**

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FREE \$1 COUPON

Good for \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

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Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED

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Book tells how the wonderful Olfate Self-Massaging Pad cures. Rupture by strengthening the weakened muscles while holding continuously with ease. Sent on 60 days' trial to prove it—how it is waterproof—no leg-straps—no body spring—how it ends all expense on account of rupture. 4000 Public Endorsements sent with the book.

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Griffin reliable house-hold preparations—extracts, spices, soaps, toilet articles, perfumes, baking powder, stock and poultry specialties—are ready sellers and you soon build up a big, profitable trade with them.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense, and no charge will be made.

It is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

S. E., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an adopted child has the same rights of inheritance as any other lawful child, but that in order for such child to acquire such rights of inheritance the adoption must be a legal one, under the decree, order or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction. Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, but that such child must be mentioned in the will.

B. A. T., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, and no parent, but leaving a surviving widow and brothers and sisters, his wife would receive all of his personal property, and a dower of one third for life in his real property, and if the real estate or any portion of it was a homestead, except in the possession of the husband at the time of his death, such homestead would go to the widow for life—the balance of the real estate, homestead or otherwise, would be divided in equal shares between the brothers and sisters, the descendants of any deceased brother or sister taking the parent's share.

L. W., Missouri.—In a separation action or suit brought by the husband or wife against the other, we are of the opinion that the custody of the children of the marriage is one for the court or judge before whom the action is tried to decide, but in case of a separation of the parents without any action or suit, we think the parents both have rights to the custody of the children and the matter usually results in some agreement between the parents, or into a long drawn-out fight in which physical possession is an important factor. We do not think a stepparent or a grandparent has any right to the custody of a child unless such child's real parents are both dead, or unless both of the parents, or the survivor, if one be dead, has been adjudged by some court of competent jurisdiction to be unfit to have the custody of such child, and unless such custody of the child has been awarded to such stepparent or such grandparent by the court.

Bright Eyes, Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a judgment creditor can, in the proper proceeding, collect any money which may be or become due his debtor as a share in a decedent's estate, unless such money comes to the debtor as income from such decedent's estate, and not as a principal payment, such as the income upon some trust in the principal of which, the debtor has no vested interest.

M. V., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a husband or wife, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, the surviving husband or wife is the sole heir to the estate of such decedent. We do not think that property in which a decedent had no vested interest would form any part of such decedent's estate.

E. K., West Virginia.—We think the proper person from whom to procure a copy of the decedent's will is the probate clerk or officer of the court in the county or jurisdiction in which such will is proved. We do not think it is obligatory upon the executor of a will to furnish copies to the various parties in interest, although the usual custom is for him to do so, as an act of courtesy. We think a legatee who acts as a witness to a will should waive his legacy before testifying as such witness.

C. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that there is no limitation upon the right of a testator to disinherit his children but under the common system which prevails in this state, on behalf of the property acquired during marriage, except by gift, devise, or descent, is the property of the wife, and neither the husband nor wife can dispose of more than a one half interest in the community by will. By constitutional provision, the surviving husband or wife and children are protected from the sale or partition of the homestead.

F. R., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the divorce of the parents does not affect the rights of inheritance of the children of the marriage, except as such fact sometimes leads to some or all of the children being disinherited by the will of the parents.

J. K. A., Ohio.—We think the records of the enlistments and discharges of the old soldiers of this country can be procured from the War Department.

Mrs. F. L., Indiana.—A benevolent lodge or order would not be entitled to share in the estate of a deceased member, except under the provisions of such member's will or in case such lodge was a creditor of the estate.

ALLIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84.)

on his head; and you get—it. He evidently thought that the old lady had some money hidden away somewhere, but he got his all right. Any time you ever want to join the force, we'll make room for you." He smiled in a friendly way at Joe. "You've got good nerve. I'll send a doctor up here to look at her. So long." And big Brewster, the friend and idol of child and man in the district, went out.

Joe looked at Granny. "A thousand dollars—say—when? An it was Jips—I wish I'd known it before—Say, Granny." Joe's eyes expanded with the mighty thought in his mind—"say—let's take a—let's go to that place you were tellin' me about where there's heap's o' grass an'—" There Joe stopped; he had heard of things he could not put in words. He waited for Granny's assent.

And it came. Granny had given up the apple business for good.

A BEAUTIFUL neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moles, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

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for selling 12 sets Collar Buttons and Pins at 10cts. a set. Rifle first class every way. Write for goods. When sold, return our \$1.20 and we send rifle. FRIENDS SOAP CO., DEPT. 303, BOSTON, MASS.

Pain Paint stops pain instantly. On receipt of 25 one cent stamps I will send you by return mail a 50c package with directions for making twenty-four 25c bottles. Sold 50 years by agents. E. L. WOLCOTT, 3 WOLCOTT BLDG., NEW YORK.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 Paid for rare date. 1853 quarters, 920 for half dollars; we pay a cash premium on hundreds of coins; keep all money dated before 1854, and send ten cents at once for our new illustrated coin value book; it may mean your fortune. ROCKWELL & CO., 3910 West 61st Street, CHICAGO.

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We give an American made, stem wind and set, Watch Guaranteed for Years, and a beautiful SIGNET RING for selling 8 boxes of Wonder COMPLEXION Cream at 25 cents a box. Most wonderfully effective remedy to clear and beautify the complexion.

Order box today. We send the boxes gratis. When you send us the \$2.00 and a nice Chain. HILL SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 57 CHICAGO.



Having a Big run everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 244 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail postpaid.

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My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it—yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—it's free to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhœa, Painful Periods, Ulceration of the Uterus, Uterine Displacements, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you do desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But the best proof of its value is the fact that it is a personal box of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.

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FAT is Dangerous

It is Unsightly, Uncomfortable, Spoils the Figure, Causing Wrinkles, Flabbiness and Loss of Vigor.

Let me send you my PROOF TREATMENT absolutely Free; I Have Safely Reduced Many of Excess Fat, a Pound a Day.



Note what my treatment has done for others; let me reduce your weight.

Lost 51 Pounds. Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 24, Abbott, Me. writes: "I have lost 51 pounds by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."

Portrait. M. King, 5634 Sheridan Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the treatment I received I have lost 56 lbs. eight years ago, have not gained since since. Rheumatism also cured."

Lost 38 Pounds. W. C. Newburn, Contact, N.Y., writes: "I have lost 112 lbs., am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now."

Lost 38 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost 38 lbs. Friends and relatives who have seen me will be amazed."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomated, practising physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds.

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIEEN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miraculously in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIEEN CO., 41 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

More About the Parcels Post

INCE the writing of Mr. Gannett's article on this subject, which appeared in January COMFORT, the Postmaster General has recommended that Congress authorize the establishment of a limited parcels post service on the rural delivery routes and in cities and towns having delivery by carriers. His idea is that Congress should make a beginning in this way and later on should extend it to the railway mail service, and thus eventually provide a general parcels post.

Although this sounds good and seems reasonable to the casual observer it looks like poor tactics to those who want and are laboring for the real Parcels Post. No doubt the Postmaster General is sincere in recommending such a small, inadequate and unsatisfactory beginning, and in his expectation that in due time it will be developed and extended to meet the needs of the people.

But there is a defect in the Postmaster General's proposition, a serious one as it seems to us. The trouble is that he asks the present Congress to provide only a limited parcels post service as above described, which would still leave the matter of establishing the general parcels post an open question to be fought out before Congress year after year in the future as in the past, a long, hard fight with the added handicap that such present action as he advises would be regarded as a victory by the express companies and might even be paraded as an accepted compromise of the demands of the friends of the Parcels Post.

The country wants no such makeshift and will not accept any such substitute for the real thing for which the people have been asking and patiently waiting these many years, and are now demanding and bound to have.

It has been put off so long that they are impatient of further delay which seems to be unnecessary and unreasonable.

The people want the real Parcels Post entire and complete, general, adequate and efficient, as other nations have long had it, and they want it NOW.

A leading New York paper in its editorial comment points out that if the parcels post is limited to the rural delivery routes it will in no way compete with the express companies and will provide no relief from the monopolistic and oppressive grip which they have on the people and the business of the country. Such a parcels post would begin where the express routes end and would still leave the express companies supreme to the extent of their present monopoly in parcels transportation over railroad and steamboat lines.

If the government's present railway mail equipment is inadequate for the handling of the parcels post business, as the Postmaster General seems to believe, that certainly is no reason for postponing action on the part of Congress, but makes it all the more urgent for Congress to provide at once for the enlargement and improvement of this equipment. Neither is it any excuse for Congress not taking immediate, definite and final action to establish the general parcels post at every postoffice and over every postal route, even though it may not be practicable to put it all in immediate operation.

The putting of the parcels post in operation is a mere matter of detail to be worked out by the Postmaster General and his assistants as rapidly as possible after Congress gives him the necessary power and votes the requisite money to do it. After it gets going it will more than pay its way.

It all depends on the action of Congress, and it makes all the difference in the world what action Congress takes.

If Congress votes at its present session to establish a general parcels post and appropriates the necessary funds therefor, that ends the question now and for good by leaving it to the Postmaster General to put the full service in active operation as soon as possible.

But if Congress votes only a limited rural parcels post as a starter there is no knowing that we shall ever get a general parcels post.

Let us have no compromise. Let Congress say yes or no to the whole proposition, so the people will know just what to do at the next election. It is easier to handle the proposition as a whole than to try to win out in sections a little at a time.

We want the Postmaster General given full power to set the Parcels Post going, for we know that he would do it in the same able and expeditious manner that he has instituted and extended the Postal Savings Bank. About a year ago he started the latter by opening a postal savings bank at one postoffice in each of the forty-eight states and territories and now has it in full running order at about 7000 postoffices. The deposits received in that short time amount to more than twelve million dollars, while it is estimated that by the first of July they will exceed forty millions. We understand that he is about to extend the Postal Savings Bank to forty thousand fourth class money order postoffices. This certainly is a splendid achievement and undoubtedly he will be equally successful with the Parcels Post if Congress will give him the chance.

Let us all insist that Congress, at its present session, enact a law creating a GENERAL Parcels Post, and authorizing the Postmaster General to take the necessary steps to put it in active operation as soon as possible; also that the requisite appropriations be made for this purpose.

That is what the Parcels Post petitions printed in January COMFORT ask for. Cut them out, sign them, pass them round for your neighbors to sign, and then mail them to your Congressman, if you have not already done so,—provided you really want the Parcels Post in time to enjoy the benefits of it while you are still on earth.

The prompt and hearty response of our readers to Mr. Gannett's appeal for volunteers in aid of the movement for the Parcels Post is very encouraging. Mr. Gannett is pleased with the large number of letters which are pouring in from subscribers pledging their active support in this matter, while the kind assurance of personal friendship for him and of loyalty to COMFORT which they express is exceedingly gratifying. All who have written have received his thanks by letter and he now thanks you again.

Calls for extra copies of January COMFORT containing Mr. Gannett's article on the Parcels Post began to come in before that number was off the press, so we printed some spare copies to meet this special demand. They are nearly exhausted now, but while they last they can be had as sample copies on request,—only one copy to any person.

We will also send a set of the printed Parcels Post petition blanks to all who enclose a two cent stamp to pay postage. If you have not had the petitions send for a set at once so to pass them round and get your neighbors to sign. We need everybody's help to get the Parcels Post established.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

The Coveted Doll

By Beth Macfate

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LITTLE BETTIE was poor. So poor that she had never even owned or seen a doll.

When but two months old, her father was killed by an automobile just in front of the little country home where he and his family had been so happy. It was therefore impossible for Bettie's mother to provide other than the mere necessities of life.

The nearest house to theirs was that of a very rich family which spent the greater part of the time in the city. Consequently, Bettie had no playmates other than Lion, a faithful Collie dog. His love for his little mistress knew no limit.

Through dog instinct Lion felt that some change in their lonely existence was about to

take place. For days men had been at work over at the big house. Large vans of furniture had arrived and Lion's curiosity as to what it all meant got the best of him. Each day found him nosing about the place and finally he was rewarded by seeing a carriage full of ladies arrive. But best of all there was a little girl about the size of his little mistress. She left the older folks and came down to a bench near the hedge which separated her father's grounds from those of Lion's mistress.

In her arm she carried what appeared to Lion to be a lifeless baby. Its eyes would open and shut and yet they seemed to be only glass. The movement of the eyes was the only lifelike thing about it. Unlike Bettie, he had never known of the existence of dolls. It puzzled him and he decided to examine it.

The little stranger was much interested in some calves she could see over in the barnyard. Laying the doll carefully down on the ground beneath a tree she walked away in the direction of the barnyard. Lion crawled under the hedge and crept closer and closer toward the doll, uttering a low growl. The eyes of the doll didn't open. He crept a little nearer. Still no movement on the part of the doll. Slowly he put out a paw and touched it, but jumped back as though he had touched a snake. He grew bolder and jumped at it. Still no sign of life. He went a little nearer, caught the hair in his teeth and shook the doll vigorously.

"It's dead," thought the dog. "I wonder what Bettie would say if she saw it."

He would find out.

Hurrying across the field to his home, he caught Bettie's dress, pulled on it and barked furiously. She didn't seem to understand. He kept tugging away at her dress in the hope that she would understand that he wanted her to go somewhere.

At last light dawned upon the little girl and she began to follow him. They reached the bench where the doll still lay undisturbed. Again approaching it, Lion touched it with his paw, made sure that it had not moved and that there was no sign of life, and again pulled his little mistress's dress.

The mother instinct within the child told her what it was. She had heard of dolls even though she had never seen or owned one. With hungry eyes she gazed upon it but the desire to touch it was strong upon her. Almost reverently she laid one little hand upon it. The desire to pick it up, to feel it in her arms, possessed her. Waving all scruples aside, she gathered the doll up and hugged it to her little bosom. The longing to keep it was strong within her but she laid it gently down and with another hungry look walked hurriedly away. That look, however, was not lost on Lion.

Bettie's days were now filled with discontent. She had actually seen a doll and her life without one was so empty. Each day, accompanied by Lion, she would creep close to the hedge which separated her and the coveted treasure and watch the wonderful dressing and undressing, bathing and other like performances.

The little heart was gradually warming itself out with longing. Her eyes grew bright and feverish and heavy circles beneath them were plainly visible. The step grew languid and the daily visits to the hedge ceased.

Worn out with a longing she could not confide to mother, she one day fell asleep beneath a big chestnut tree. Lion too, pretended he was asleep. After making sure he would not be missed, he hurried off to the hedge. This time he didn't stop on the outside but marched boldly in as on the first day. The little stranger was absent but the doll, as usual, was there. Without hesitation he caught the doll by its dress and marched boldly away with it. The owner however, was not far away. She turned just in time to see the dog and her toy disappear through the opening in the hedge. Lion was fleet of foot, however, and his little pursuer stood small chance of regaining her doll.

With a triumphant bark he dropped it upon the outstretched arm of his little sleeping mistress who, awakened by the touch hugged it to her hungrily.

With a defiant growl Lion turned upon his pursuer. The child's heart was touched by the

eagerness with which Bettie grasped the doll. "Call your dog off," she said. "I won't take away the dollie."

At his mistress's command, Lion laid down, but his distrustful eyes never left the stranger. The little girl was surprised to learn that there was anywhere in the world a little girl who had never owned a doll. The two chatted in child fashion for a long time and then the visitor went away leaving her toy in her new friend's possession.

A week later a much more beautiful doll, with wonderful trunks of clothing, was sent to Bettie by the little stranger's mother, but nothing could take the place of Bettie's first doll.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending you' notes for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-month 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notices to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notices are required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Want to hear from James M. Beers, last heard of Aug. 26, 1911, Hutchinson, Kansas, J. M. B. on arm, two fingers off left hand. Write Mrs. Milton Ehrich, Easton, Pa.

Want to hear from Dennis Vivian Sheppard, last heard from at Anderson, Indiana. Write Mrs. Nettie E. Farlin, No. 309 Caroline St., Pekin, Ill.

Wanted to hear from my granddaughter, Thelma Smith, aged eleven, last heard was with her grandfather, William Howell at Knox City, Knox Co., Texas.

Anyone knowing her whereabouts please write Mrs. Dudley Smith, Burleson, R. R. 5, Box 50, Texas.

Would like to know where my brother William Lingren is. Last heard from in Seattle about four years ago. Has light brown curly hair, hazel eyes, heavy set. Kindly write Mrs. Frank Terry, Marshfield, Oregon.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

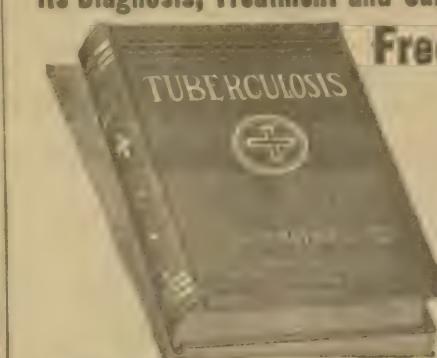
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and from Foreign Countries. To secure the exchange of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Eva Roswell, 434 Gains Ave., Hot Springs, Ark. F. B. Webb, Box 25, Port Kent, N. Y. Edna McCormack, Newcastle, R. R. 8, Ind. Mrs. B. B. Lester, Hamburg, Ala. Miss Pearl D. Beach, Lanesboro, (New Ashford), Mass. Miss Maybelle H. Pullis, 332 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Elyard Neubour, 1600 West Spring St., Lima, Ohio. Miss Edna Eschbauer, Georgetown, R. R. 4, Box 58, Ohio. Ralph Phillips, Dyke, via Amos, Nev. Mrs. Bell Wildman, Fowler, Ind. Miss Ruth Olson, Highland, Wisc. Howard Poole, 2119 Columbus Ave., Anderson, Ind. Miss Esther Leonhard, Minerva St., Alberta, Minn. Miss Edith Walp, Youngstown, R. R. 3, Ohio. Miss Elizabeth Ledy, 205 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.



Consumption

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 5240 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

AGENTS: You need no money

We will send you prepaid, 1 Dozen

GOLDEN OINTMENT

a \$1.00 value to sell for 25c. each.

Guaranteed to Cure. Return us

the money when we

send these two Genuine Gold Filled Rings. Particulars

sent with order and how to get a Gold Watch Free.

Order at once and you will never regret it.

GOLDEN CHEMICAL CO., Medford, Md., U.S.A.

50c. Box FREE

TO LADIES WHO ARE SUFFERING. During FEBRUARY and MARCH ONLY we will send one FIFTY CENT BOX OF ORANGE LILY absolutely FREE. It has cured thousands of Ladies after years of suffering from Diseases peculiar to their sex as testimonials will show. It is an applied treatment, acting directly on the diseased organs and has cured the worst forms of the following diseases: Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacement and Irregular and Painful Menstruation. ADDRESS

The Coonley Medicine Co., BOX 306 Detroit, Mich.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest coldest rubber. Six cups or faces render replacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$3.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Extra Heavy

Silver

Plated Spoons

Engraved Handles

Polished Bowls

This new design and pattern in spoons has been called the new COMFORT assortment. Each spoon is EXTRA HEAVY, in full standard length, the bowl is EXTRA DEEP, the engraved and engraved handles are finished with the effective frosted finish now so much preferred, also it greatly enhances the appearance of the embossing. The heavy embossed design, in relief, extends entire length of handle on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions these Spoons embody every requirement; yet they are so delightfully attractive they will materially dress up any DINING-ROOM TABLE. Each Spoon is made up of A GOOD GRADE METAL and SILVER PLATE is quadruple, the bowl is bright polished and the handle finished in the rich frosted effect, a combination at once in accord with the very highest priced STERLING SILVER.

You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more Tea Spoons, especially such very Beautiful Spoons as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

CLUB OFFER

As a special inducement to have you send now for a set of SIX OF THESE SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS we will send them Free and post-paid for only TWO FIFTEEN-MONTHS subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or A DOZEN TEA SPOONS for only FOUR 15-MONTHS 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WASHINGTON PRIZE PUZZLE

Above is the famous CHERRY TREE that WASHINGTON CUT DOWN WITH HIS LITTLE HATCHET. It bears 53 CHERRIES; the same number of letters spell the well-known saying about Washington that tells the THREE ways in which he was FIRST. "First in (?), First in (?), First in (?)." If you don't know the seven missing words, ask the school children to tell you.

The letter F, which begins the saying is printed on one of the cherries. WRITE THE OTHER 52 LETTERS of the saying on the cherries, one letter on each cherry, and then cut out the picture and mail it to us with one 25-cent subscription to COMFORT, and we will send you, at once, as a prize for your knowledge and skill

Suffering Women



Will You Let Me Prove that I Can Cure You?

My Free Offer to Sick Women

in diseases of women. As a woman and mother I have suffered and know as no man can, how other women suffer. As a physician, I have studied the ailments of women and from long experience have learned how to cure them—cure them quickly, easily and surely. To prove my ability to do this, I will send absolutely free special prescriptions to a limited number of women in each community.

This I Will Do Free

During my twenty years of experience in the practice of medicine, I have treated and cured thousands of women. If you have leucorrhœa, or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, foreign growths, displacements or falling of the womb; profuse, scanty, irregular or painful periods; any kind of ovarian or uterine troubles, change of life, pains in the head, back or thighs; bearing-down sensations, hot flashes, dizziness or weariness; if you feel worn out, tired and despondent; if you have any disease or weakness common to us women, and would like to be cured in the privacy of your own home, without telling a man doctor who does not know and cannot understand your pains and suffering; if you would like to escape embarrassing examinations; if you would like to avoid dangerous and frequently useless and unnecessary operations, write to me today.

I will send a special prescription for your case; calling for the exact remedies that you need, not a prescription calling for a patent medicine or a "cure all;" not a prescription good for your neighbor, but a special prescription for your particular case. I will send it absolutely free. I will not expect or accept a penny for it now or any time. All I ask is that if I am successful in your case you will tell your friends and neighbors, when they need medical attention, that I wrote the prescription which cured you.

Do This Today

Fill out the coupon opposite or describe your case in your own words. Write me in confidence, knowing that as a physician and a woman, I will respect your confidence and hold it sacred. Do it today and by return mail I will send a special prescription for your case, a letter of advice and instructions and my book for women, entitled; "The Home Medical Guide," sealed and postage paid. All free.

Why I Give Free Proof

I don't claim to be a philanthropist. I have no fortune to give away. I have been remarkably successful for twenty years, as a doctor and a specialist in the diseases of women, but I am not yet satisfied. I am anxious to extend my practice. I want to be known all over our country as authority on diseases of women. I want every suffering woman to hear of my skill and success. Fortunately I can now afford to prove to the world that my claims are true and I can afford to do it at my own expense. That is why I offer to send special prescriptions to a limited number of suffering women in each community.

The prescription that I will send you would ordinarily cost you from \$5 to \$25. It may be worth thousands, but I have paid for the knowledge and experience that enables me to write it, years ago, and I can now afford to take the time and pay the expense necessary to do this for you in order to extend my practice.

The secret of my success lies in the fact that I treat each case separately, using the exact remedies needed in that case. The prescription that I will send you will be valuable to you and you only. It would probably be useless in other cases. So that you see that in giving you a special prescription, I am not destroying my chances of getting other patients. On the contrary, if my prescription cures you, I am sure you will gladly recommend me to others.

I am a woman—a wife—a mother—a successful physician—a specialist in diseases of women. As a physician, I have studied the ailments of women and from long experience have learned how to cure them—cure them quickly, easily and surely. To prove my ability to do this, I will send absolutely free special prescriptions to a limited number of women in each community.

My Free Book—A Guide

From my many years of close companionship with women of all ages, I have learned how to guide them aright, how to advise them in health and sickness. But I cannot talk to each of you as I do to the patients who come to me—I cannot be your personal guide and so I have published a book—a home guide for women, filled from cover to cover with professional advice and valuable information for women, containing the results of my many years' experience in treating women's diseases.

This book is written in plain, simple language that any woman can understand and follow, and it is well illustrated. It tells about the diseases peculiar to women, gives their symptoms, causes and how they may be cured and prevented and explains how a great many diseases may be cured at home without a doctor.

Every woman should have a copy of this 122-page book—have it in her home for handy reference.

I will send it to you free, a gift from me—with the special prescription and letter of advice.

CUT OR TEAR OUT. FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

Coupon A-519 for FREE Prescription and Book

DR. JULIA D. GODFREY, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Doctor:—Please send me special prescription for my trouble, letter of advice and your 122-page Medical Book for Women, all free and postage paid—without any obligation, whatever, on my part.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Post Office.....

State.....

Age..... How long afflicted?..... Are you married?.....

If you wish, describe your case on a separate sheet.

Symptoms of Female Troubles	Other Diseases of Women
—Constipation	—Stomach Trou-ble
—Nervousness	—Change of Life
—Headache	—Kidney Trouble
—Dizziness	—Bladder Trou-ble
—Pains in Back	—Womb Trouble
—Female Weak-ness	—Ovarian Trou-ble
—Bearing down feeling	—Catarrh
—Painful Periods	—Piles
—Leucorrhœa	—Obesity
—Whitish Dis-charge	—Skin Disease
—Itching Parts	—Impure Blood
—Hot Flashes	—Rheumatism

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one which you suffer most.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. FERRY, Digin, Park St., Chicago, Ill.

How to Jolly Girls is what every young man wants to know. my "BOOK OF TOASTS" is the best girl jollier. 10c. 3 for 25c. ACME R. HOUSE, 1703 Cold Spring Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 709, Augusta, Maine.

MOTHERS Are Your Children Troubled with Weak Kidneys? If so our harmless remedy will cure them. 50c package FREE. C. H. ROWAN DRUG CO., Dept. 17, 53 River St., Chicago, Ill.

LEUCORRHEA (WHITES) CURED. No Douching. No Drugging. New DISCOVERY. Sent for Fifty cents. THE JOHN HOLMES DRUG CO., 1012A, St. Louis, Missouri.

AGENTS WANTED Sell our Big \$1.00 Bottles Sarsaparilla for 20 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 39 E. Lake St., Chicago.

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see your fellow, best girl or any object through cloth wood or stone, any distance; all climates, lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price, 25c. stamps or silver. KATHOS CO., 325 Temple Court, N. Y. City.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical systems and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832-21E, Van Buren St., Chicago.

CANCER BOOK SENT FREE Explains the Combination Medical Treatment for Cancer. Contains scores of testimonials from persons cured years ago with whom you may correspond or go to see. The past 12 years of my professional life has been devoted to the exclusive study and treatment of Cancer in Kansas City. DR. O. A. JOHNSON, 1820 Main St., Suite 342, Kansas City, Mo.

GOITRE TRIAL TREATMENT Free

To prove that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus proving to you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE home treatment. You risk nothing. I prove that your goitre can be cured. Address

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist, 615 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

FIVE FINE BOOKS
TWO BEAUTIFUL COLORED
PHOTOGRAVURES



THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS

A stirring sea tale that will make the blood tingle. The romance of an island that was shrouded in mystery and that proved to be the very storm center of thrilling adventures; an island that was strangely found and still more strangely lost. If you have the sort of blood that beats faster at the recital of a great narrative of mystery and adventures, you cannot afford to miss "The Island of Diamonds." It is Harry Danforth at his very best. To readers familiar with his work, the story can have no higher praise.

MY MOTHER'S RIVAL

No writer better understands the quick and sure way to a reader's emotions than does Charlotte M. Braeme. All her books throbs with heart interest of the most entrancing, enthralling sort. In "My Mother's Rival," she has written one of her greatest stories. It stirs with the great pulse of human nature and is a tale of rare beauty and intense fascination. There is also about it an element of the supernatural that leaves one with a feeling of almost frightened wonder.

THE LITTLE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE

Our mothers read and loved the books of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. So will our grandchildren. For such stories as hers can never die. They are fraught with a sweetness, a loveliness and a sustained interest that makes them classics for all times. And "The Little Rough-Cast House" is said by competent critics to be the finest piece of work Mrs. Southworth has ever done. It is a story to read—re-read—and then to pass on as a treat to one's best friend.

THE DEVIL'S ANVIL

This is a story that carries the reader through all phases of life, from cottage to palace. And through many a thrilling scene it passes. The description of the horrors of a burning ship in mid ocean is one not lightly forgotten. In fact the whole book bears the reader along on a ceaseless rush of action that grips him from the first page to the very last. It is the masterpiece of Mary Kyle Dallas's many notable books.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE

The signature "The Duchess," to any story is as sure a sign of excellence as is the "sterling" stamp on a piece of silver. "Sweet is True Love," is in the tale of two splendidly normal and attractive young people who smashed their way through a host of obstacles to win each other. All the world loves a lover; and all the world loves a well-written love story. Here is a love story that will set the slowest old heart to fluttering.

Each story is complete, in bound booklet form, with illustrations conveniently arranged in an artistic portfolio. A very beautiful TEN COLOR ART POSTER, GAINSBORG PORTRAIT, size four by five and one-half inches, forms each portfolio, and this very beautiful subject is READILY REMOVED FOR FRAMING.

Another, larger and similarly BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, size six by eight inches, is included also in each portfolio and is very SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. Either or both are excellent for PICTURE PUZZLES, as they are artistic subjects, beautifully printed on HEAVY PAPER.

Good wholesome stories by FASCINATING WRITERS such as HOLMES, BRAEME and others, appeal to all, and this UNIQUE METHOD of distributing them in PORTFOLIOS WITH TWO FREE ART PICTURES, adds additional value and interest to the liberal offers we make.

THESE FIVE NOVELS contain as many words of fiction as two average \$1.50 novels.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send one bona fide new subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents for 18 months, for one

John Paul Jones

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

his skill and fighting qualities but also by reason of his knowledge of the French language, his delightful wit, consummate tact and courtly manners which would have great influence in establishing prestige for America at the courts of the old world.

So Jones was selected for this important service. The first of our thirty-two gun frigates, then about to be launched, should have been given him for this purpose, but instead the little ship "Ranger," eighteen guns and 131 men, then building and nearly completed at Portsmouth, N. H., was assigned to him. This was a great disappointment to Jones, but he found consolation in the fact that she was very fast and as fine and handsome a ship of her size as there was afloat.

Strangely enough it happened that on June 14, 1777, Congress coupled the appointment of Jones to the command of the Ranger with the resolution establishing the stars and stripes as the national flag. Undoubtedly this remarkable combination was a mere coincidence, but Jones hailed it as a great distinction. He exclaimed: "That flag and I are twins. We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

Captain Jones was as popular with the ladies of New Hampshire as with those of Virginia, and the patriotic daughters of Portsmouth immediately made him a flag from slices of their best silk gowns, which he bestowed with due ceremony on the Ranger on July 4, 1777, to celebrate the first anniversary of Independence Day, as shown in our title page illustration. It has been claimed that this was the first time that the Stars and Stripes were raised on an American ship of war. Jones loved and revered our new national emblem, but this beautiful silk flag he cherished with a sentiment akin to adoration, and well he might consider its origin and the memorable events with which it became associated and the honors paid it. He bore it across the Atlantic on the Ranger, the first American war ship to appear in Europe, where it received from the guns of the French naval squadron and forts the first salute ever given our country's flag by a foreign government.

It was his battle flag under which he fought his hardest fights and won his greatest victories, until he gave it to go to an ocean grave with his good ship Bon Homme Richard as she sank a conqueror after her marvelous victory over the Serapis and carried to their last resting place in the depths of the sea those of her brave crew that had died in the most notable battle ever fought between two ships. The Bon Homme Richard bears the proud distinction of being the only ship that ever conquered and captured the ship that sunk her in battle.

As Jones stood on the quarter deck of the Serapis after the terrible battle in which he had captured her and watched his own shattered ship sink, he thus described the scene in his diary: "No one was now left on the Richard but our dead. * * * * * Our torn and tattered flag was flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the Bon Homme Richard was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And as I had given the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding sheet."

On his return to America after the war he explained to the young ladies of Portsmouth that it had been his ardent desire to bring home that flag with all its glories and give it back into the fair hands that had given it to him. "But," said he, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it dying, the glory of taking it with them."

"You did exactly right, Commodore!" exclaimed Miss Langdon. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FREE

Portfolio of Separate and Complete Stories and Art Pictures.

Graphic Library Tales for the family and home circle. **FIVE WORLD FAMOUS STORIES**, embracing LOVE, MYSTERY, TRAGEDY, RICHES and PATHOS, with the following popular titles:

by Harry Danforth

by Charlotte M. Braeme

by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth

by Mary Kyle Dallas

by The Duchess

WE INVITE

Every Thin Man and Woman Here.
Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense.



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I now weigh about 160 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 180 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I have rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 25 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE writes:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 130 pounds and now, I weigh 160 and feel better than I have for five years. I'm now as fleshly as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-N, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

Perfect Salve for Sores

Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Boiled Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever, Sores and all Ulcers, Ulcers of the skin and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic letters from grateful users. You'll write us one, too when you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c.

J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 168, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Don't Let Them All Get By

Make a serious try and capture some of the cash prizes that we are paying each month now. Others find it easy. Why not you? Read our Grand Prize Offer. Enter now for this month's cash prizes. Each month's contest is separate for a separate list of cash prizes, so that those who enter this month stand an equal chance for this month's prizes. Come on in and get your name in the list of prize-winners.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT, and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with 25 cents, before the twentieth of March, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail BRIGHT COLORED and decorative—embellished, EMBOSSED in many BRILLIANT kinds of ink, with PRETTY SILVER and GOLD EFFECTS, having inscriptions such as MY SWEETHEART, and many other tokens of LOVE to-dote assortments of VALENTINES, CUPID DARTS and HEARTS you every saw. In fact, all the appropriate Greetings that go with the VALENTINE SEASON.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE,

perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

CUT IT OUT



CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE VALENTINE CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of March

A FIRST PRIZE OF \$3.00 cash

For second best a prize of 2.00 "

For third best a prize of 1.00 "

For fourth best a prize of 1.00 "

For fifth best a prize of 1.00 "

For each of the 10 next best a prize of .50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY VALENTINE CARDS come to you by return mail SURE,

if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. C., Augusta, Maine.

Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money.

Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



Opal.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side, same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings, you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections. Opal, Emerald and Ruby with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings Are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.



Emerald.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



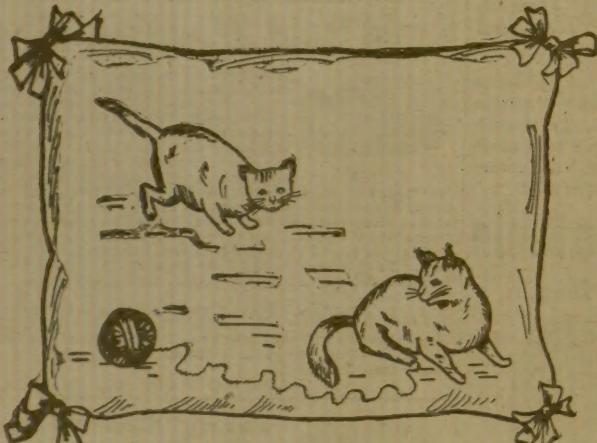
WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF

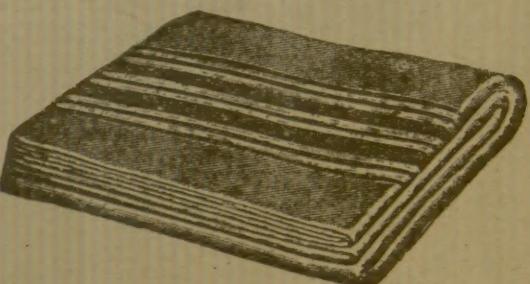
HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY



Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square.

Send a new 15-months 25-cent subscriber with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will give you the above described pillow. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



A Soft, Warm White Blanket

Well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the corners worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and ascertain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest wool flannelette, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blanket has with the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA

I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest
Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe my Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed
Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes
with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered Hat; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE for Only Six Subscribers
I Can Say Papa and Mama and
also Close My Eyes



Cathedral Angel Chimes

Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty.

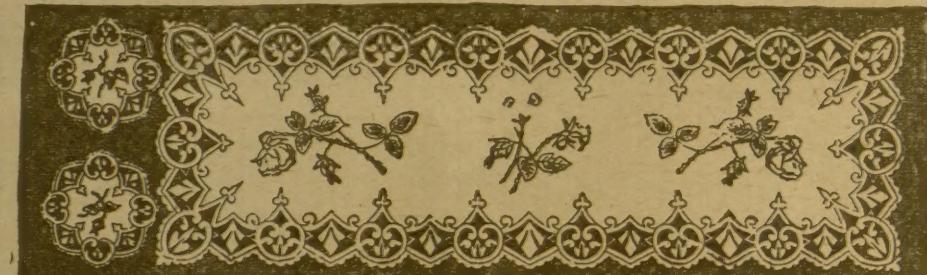
Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candlesticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with Trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal. The Turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

The Chimes are so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flame on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends depth to the picture or scene. The machine should be in every home at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece, and can never tire of the sweet chimes tinkling. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

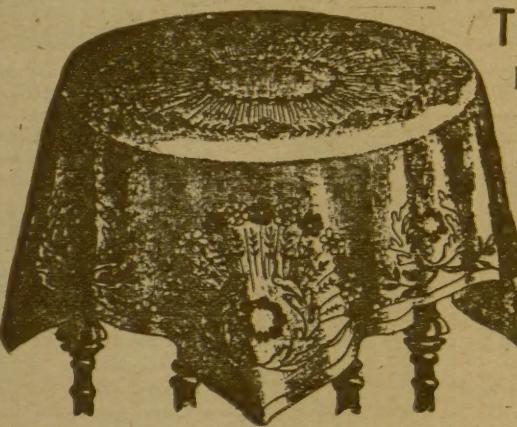
Club Offer. For a club of four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SIDEBOARD AND BUREAU SCARF



Also two nine-inch doilies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large doily designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two doilies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

Special Offer: For a club of two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT we send this stamped pattern free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Exquisite Table Cover In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed Outline for Embroidery

Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what anyone needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFERS: If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the highly polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for a moment's time.

The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern French Gray finish enable you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or a few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.



Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Table-spoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, a Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c, fifteen-months subscriptions.

Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are.

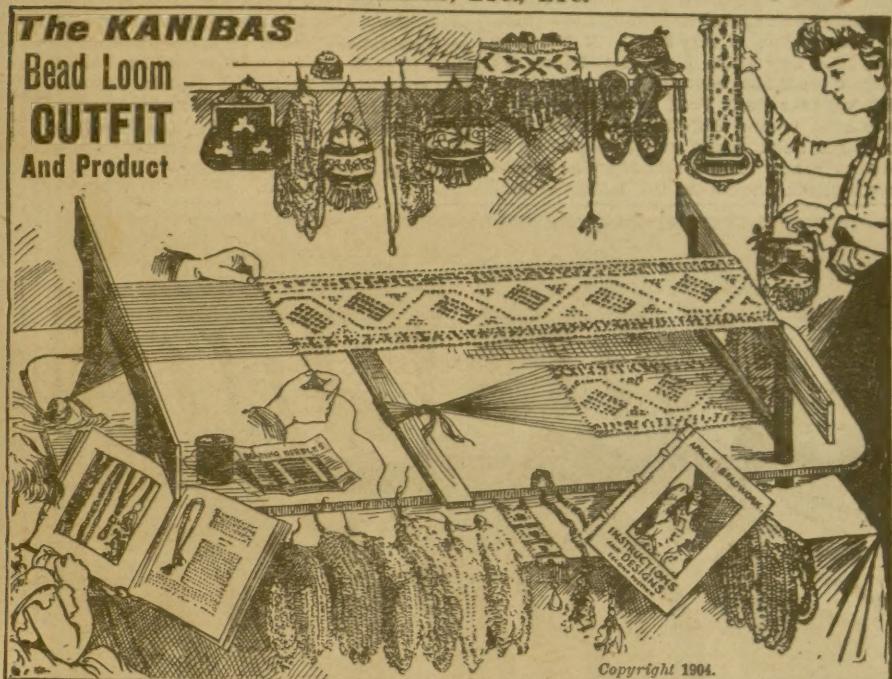
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS FREE & LOOM OUTFIT

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOR WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS

Bead Loom OUTFIT And Product



The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a **Wonderful Loom Invention** for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the **Penobscot Indians of Maine** as well as the **Apache Tribes**, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of **Venetian Beadwork** to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of **beautiful color** such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That **beadwork is entirely practical** can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more **profitable employment** or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of materials all that is necessary in a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the **invention of this Bead Loom**, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of **our grandmothers' beautiful designs** can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the **regular Bead Needle**. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The **Kanibas Loom** as illustrated shows the method of working the beads holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in making a Belt or Woven Chain. The Outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 3 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 2 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Strong Bead Thread, and the **Apache Bead-worker of Instruction and Designs**. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photogravure cover and contains **seventy-five different cuts and designs** in popular beadwork, giving full easy detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the **Latest Washington Bags** illustrated from these old **Revolutionary articles themselves** that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of **Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuff Links, Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc.**, giving full directions for all designs. All the popular **Secret Order Emblems** can be worked with great effect in beads for Fobs, Chains, etc., and this book shows **Masonic, Odd Fellow, Royal Arcanum**, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these **Fourteen Thousand Beads** with the **Loom and Book of Directions**. Thread, Needles, in fact, the **entire outfit** above described absolutely **Free**. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead Instructions and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish
for Salad, Fruit,
Nuts and Candy.

The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jello, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

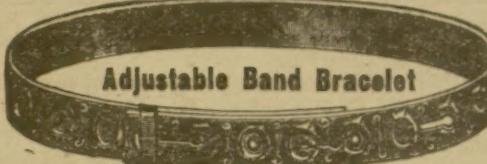
Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist



As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. **Warranted for five years**; meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

Club Offer. **beautiful Bracelets free.** It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 25 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

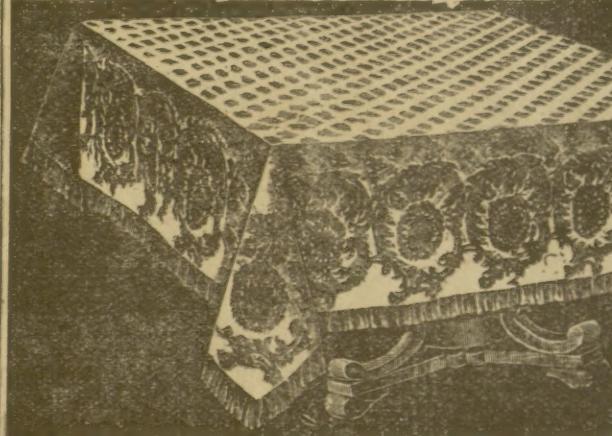
Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the greatest variety of ready-made and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 2 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality Toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lentils. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 1 Doz. Skirt Pins. 1 Doz. Embroidery Cotton. 1 Doz. Six Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curliers. 1 Spool Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoelaces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles described. A nice present for mother.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-mo subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.



Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

Club Offer. Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

Art in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big treat on. People at a distance have hard times getting the goods to sell to raise a fallow. We have a lot of silk and satin to sell now. Our packages contain from 90 to 160 pieces of the best quality assured goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and make money doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully packed, and especially added to all sorts of fancy silk and medie-

work. Many ladies sell taffeta, fancy pillows, etc., at a great

price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for 15c.

Grand Offer: If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright

and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silk Free. In order to work your stamped satin and

other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright

colors. This silk is worth nearly twice as much as the silk you buy. If you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many more

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WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

GENTLEMEN:—The Stock Food that you sent me several weeks ago works to perfection, as my stock is in much better condition with less grain than when I commenced to feed it.

Yours respectfully, FRANK RAND.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed find draft for \$13.00 in payment for Stock Food. I have used two pails of your Stock Food; it is certainly fine. I have used almost everything on the market, but nothing to compare with the Wilbur Stock Food. My milk cows, calves, hogs and colts,

after feeding three days, I noticed the change. It has saved me many a sack of grain. My horses are sleek and nice, also are working hard every day.

Will enclose watch certificate and thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours very truly, Kremmling, Colo. (Signed) CASPER SCHWAB.

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I have used Wilbur Stock Food and can say I will use it as long as I have any stock, whatever kind it may be, to feed. Feed your chickens and get more eggs; feed your horse, and he will do more work; feed your cow and she will give more milk; feed your hog and he will give

more pounds of pork, and to make a long story short, you can't afford to be without it. So please hurry my five pail order to me.

Sincerely yours, JAMES J. WAGNER.

ACADIA, OKLAHOMA.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Received my watch in good condition and was surprised to find it so nice, and I appreciate it very much. It has kept good time ever since I got it and don't see how you could have sent it.

I think your Stock Food is the best made. Have used several different kinds of Stock Food, but never found any that will do as much as yours. I have sold ten pigs (would have been six months old the middle of Feb-

ruary) and they weighed 200 pounds apiece. Some wanted to know how I fattened them and what I fed them that made them grow so fast, and, of course, I had to tell them it was Wilbur Stock Food.

I have seven head of horses and they are rolling fat. When I hitch them up they are so high lived, that I can hardly do anything with them. They are always up and ready to go. Everybody wants to know what keeps them in such good condition and I tell them it is your Stock Food that does it. I have a team that is equal to your champion team on your envelopes. They are fine and eat Stock Food three times a day. I thank you for your past favors and remain,

Your agent, W. M. RANDLE.

I Want to Send You This \$100 Box Free



Wilbur's Stock Food

I want you to know for yourself why

is fed by 500,000 stock raisers daily. I want you to see what it does for your horses, your milch cows, your hogs, your sheep and your poultry.

I want to prove to you beyond all doubt, that Wilbur's Stock Food is a wonderful feed saver, fattener and positive preventive of disease.

I want you to find out by actual test that my food makes money for you every time you feed it.

That's why I'll send this big box absolutely free to you and to every reader of this paper, who fills out and sends me the coupon shown below.

\$10

Given Away in Cash Prizes

\$1000.00 in Gold

We will give away 127 Cash Prizes from \$1.00 to \$500.00 each to users of Wilbur's Stock Food this season. YOU may win the big \$500.00 First Prize. We will send you full details of this Great Prize Offer if you send the coupon for this Free Box of Stock Food or write us at once.

Fill out and mail the coupon today

FREE \$100 BOX COUPON

**E. B. MARSHALL, President,
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.,
441 Huron-St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

Please send me the FREE \$1.00 box of Wilbur's Stock Food; also full particulars of free cash prizes.

My Name _____

P. O. _____ R. F. D. _____

Freight Sta. _____ State _____

I own _____ horses _____ cattle _____ hogs _____ poultry.

\$1000.00 in Gold

Given Away in Cash Prizes

We will give away 127 Cash Prizes from \$1.00 to \$500.00 each to users of Wilbur's Stock Food this season. YOU may win the big \$500.00 First Prize. We will send you full details of this Great Prize Offer if you send the coupon for this Free Box of Stock Food or write us at once.

Fill out and mail the coupon today

**E. B. MARSHALL, President
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., 441 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.**